INDIAN WARS
OF THE
NORTHWEST.

BLEDSOE.

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First edition, a slight repair has been made in one page of the table of contents but does not effect the text. A well written and authoritative account from the trip of Dr. Josiah Gregg to the end of the two years war.

Oct. 1936.

1476. **INDS.** Bledsoe (A. J.). Indian Wars f the Northwest. A California Sketch. 8vo, p. 477, cl. San Francisco, 1885. 25.00
A book rarely met with; it contains the Overnd expedition of the Gregg party in 1849, the rrible privations endured and the death by startion of Dr. Josiah Gregg; The Redding expedion and Events of the Klamath War, the War with e Win-Toons, etc.

C. Hart Merriam -

INDIAN WARS

OF THE

NORTHWEST.

A CALIFORNIA SKETCH.

BY

A. J. BLEDSOE.

SAN FRANCISCO:
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1885.

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By A. J. BLEDSOE.

TO

THE PIONEERS OF CALIFORNIA,

AND TO THEIR DESCENDANTS,

THE NATIVE SONS OF THE GOLDEN WEST,

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

ERRATA.

Page 28. For "prior to the first day of January, 1885," read "1855."

Pages 107, 111, 120. For "Robert T. Lamott," read "Robert S. La Motte."

Page 63. For "T. W. Brown," read "T. M. Brown."

Page 70. It is erroneous to class N. Duperu among the dead. He is now living, at San Francisco.

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THE PIONEERS.

Introductory to "Indian Wars of The Northwest."

An old-time writer of romance, whose volumes are favorites of mine, once, in the introductory chapter to a book of his, expressed this opinion:—

"The truth seems to be, that, when he casts his leaves forth upon the wind, the author addresses, not the many who will fling aside his volume, or never take it up, but the few who will understand him better than his schoolmates or lifemates. Some authors, indeed, do far more than this, and indulge themselves in such confidential depths of revelation as could fittingly be addressed only and exclusively to the one heart and mind of perfect sympathy; as if the printed book, thrown at large on the wide world, were certain to find out the divided segment of the writer's own nature, and complete his circle of existence by bringing him into communion with it. It is scarcely decorous, however, to speak all, even where we speak impersonally. But, as thoughts are frozen and utterance benumbed, unless the speaker stand in some true relation with his audience, it may be pardonable to imagine that a friend, a kind and apprehensive, though not the closest friend, is listening to our talk; and then, a native reserve being thawed by this genial

consciousness, we may prate of the circumstances that lie around us, and even of ourself, but still keep the inmost Me behind its veil. To this extent, and within these limits, an author, methinks, may be autobiographical, without violating either the reader's rights or his own."

With a precedent of such distinguished eminence at my back, I shall offer no apology for assuming to establish, through the medium of an introductory chapter, a more or less personal relation with my readers. First, let me say, that one year ago I had no definite purpose of leaving the narrow field of journalism for the broad field of a higher literature; and, perhaps, now that I have done so, the first production of the matured thought will be the last. I had indeed thought much of the work I finally undertook to do, but to my inexperienced view the project seemed so stupendous as to be utterly impracticable. Nor can I claim the full meed of praise or blame which usually falls to the lot of an author. It was rather in the character of editor that I engaged in the literary work resulting in this volume—putting together in a connected way such historic incidents as fell from the lips of aged men or were discovered between the lines of faded manuscripts and old papers.

The narrow field of journalism—always narrow—is much too narrow for a young man of proper ambition, if he desires to keep his self-respect; and a position as editor of a country daily is not long to be endured by any person of pronounced opinions and aggressive spirit.

Resolved, as I was, to drop journalism and take up the law, I was at a loss what to do with the superfluous time which young practitioners who are waiting for clients generally have at their disposal. Since early youth my time had been passed in the active life of the printing-office, from the duties of the office "devil" to the editorial chair; and when I had, finally, in a literal and spiritual sense, shaken the dust of the sanctum from my feet, at least a portion of my former activity must somehow find new expression. Then it was that the hitherto half-formed and vaguely outlined idea of this volume took definite shape in my mind. The earliest and most pleasing recollections of my boyhood were grouped around pioneer tales. Often in the picture gallery of my memory appeared one scene, to be dwelt upon and retained to the last moment in the passing shadows of the mind:

Winter. A homestead in the West. Without, snow, and wind, and darkness. Within, light, and warmth, and cheerfulness. A wide, open fire-place, where the hickory logs snap and sparkle in the heat. Children in the room. And sitting in their accustomed corners by the fire two old people, who, for nearly four decades, had journeyed through the world as man and wife—who, looking at the glowing coals and in each other's eyes, drew from the storehouse of their memories strange tales of years long past, rich in the lore and reminiscence of life on the frontier; until we children, drawing closer, listened with all our ears while they talked of times preceding by two decades the war with Mexico; of men whose bones

and deeds had been covered by the earth years and years before we were born; of scenes in the history of border States—border States no longer—that even then were dim on history's page; of brave and daring pioneers, who had crossed the Mississippi, or explored the wilds of the Missouri; of Daniel Boone and Crockett; of Indian wars, occurring when these two old people were young, or related to them by relatives as old as they; of the Florida wars, and of expeditions to the frontier of the Carolinas; of early settlements in the remotest territory of the Louisiana Purchase; of adventurous families who had cut their way into the wilderness and made themselves a home; of men whose deeds had made them heroes, of women whose true devotion had made them little less than ministering angels. New and pliant minds received indelible impressions from those stories old. Upon my own mind—I must confess it—the impression was so vivid that I would scarcely have wondered if sometime the people of whom they talked had shambled from their graves and marched in dumb review before us. Upon my mind—I must confess it—the impression was so strong that a secret desire possessed me to write in a book those narratives of earlier days than ours, and so give them the world-wide recognition which I felt assured their merit demanded. A childish thought, undoubtedly; but conceived, as such thoughts generally are, in the purest spirit of philanthropy.

The experience of maturer years obliterated quite the purpose of my conceit, yet the impressions of

childhood remained firm and lasting. So, when I had finally broken the shackles that bound me in the thralldom of journalistic duty, and was casting about for some employment to fill up superfluous time in the commencement of my new profession of the law, it was natural that my mind should revert to the project of book-writing which had occupied it in boyhood. Here, then, was my opportunity. A little reflection convinced me that narratives of events transpiring a half a century ago, imperfectly remembered, seen but dimly through the mists of many years, would meet a cold reception in the hurrying, bustling, practical age of the present. And now, having decided upon a record of local interest and comparatively recent date, thirty years even seems a long leap back into the past; and I should scarcely essay to make it, were not a local interest attaching to the excursion.

I do not pretend to say that much might not have been written under the title of this book which I have left unwritten. Nor do I propose to adopt the practice of many writers, who, realizing the shortcomings of the human intellect, and being half-ashamed of them, apologize to their readers for not attaining a higher degree of excellence. Rather would I launch my literary craft without a word concerning its defects or its merits, knowing, as I do, that the rough waves of public opinion will very soon test its seaworthiness.

It is not to be expected that the work will have a general circulation. Its interest is, in the main, of a local nature only. I shall feel perfectly and thoroughly

satisfied if the circulation of the work is extensive among my friends and neighbors. What better fame can a man acquire than the good opinion of his neighbors? And if the favoring breeze of public commendation shall, perchance, fill the sails of this creation of my labor, that will be most satisfactory which emanates from the people I know and appreciate. I have endeavored to sketch, in a manner that would not be entirely devoid of interest, the facts and incidents and reminiscences attainable from the material at my command. There were doubtless many incidents of the earliest settlement of the northern coast, not obtained by me, which would be intensely interesting could they be portrayed by a faithful pen and transferred to the pages of a book; but time, ruthless in its destroying touch, has covered many a guiding landmark under the weight of accumulated years—and in the memory of men, likewise, has been obliterated many a landmark in the landscape of the mind. Only such scattered fragments as have escaped the universal destruction and building up anew, attendant upon the evolution of the years, may now find a place in the chronicles of pioneer life in California. As through the open windows of a car we catch glimpses, brief yet vivid, of the country through which we pass, so through the open vistas of time may we gain an occasional view, transient and fleeting, of a past that has been dead these many years.

Pioneer societies perpetuate on the Pacific Coast the associations and deeds of those who settled the country. In the centennial year of American independence the Society of Humboldt County Pioneers was organized in the City of Eureka. Some account of the organization of the society, and brief biographical reference to a few of its prominent members, should be a fitting and appropriate introduction to a narrative of pioneer days.

The Society of Humboldt County Pioneers was organized on the 22d day of January, 1876, and re-organized and incorporated on the 12th day of May, 1881. The initiatory steps for the organization of the Society were taken on the 8th of January, 1876, in the city of Eureka. A meeting notice had been published over the signatures of Judges J. E. Wyman and A. J. Huestis, Major E. H. Howard, Captain H. H. Buhne and F. S. Duff, and the meeting itself was held at the business office of Major Howard, who was chosen Secretary, Judge Huestis being Chairman. A committee was selected to draw up a Constitution and By-laws, to be submitted at an adjourned meeting on the 22d of the same month. The adjourned meeting was held at the City Hall in Eureka, when the Constitution and By-laws were submitted and adopted. The election for permanent officers to serve during the first year of the Society's existence was then held. A. J. Huestis was elected President, Jas. Hanna, Byron Deming and J. E. Wyman Vice-Presidents, E. H. Howard Secretary, R. W. Brett Treasurer, C. W. Long Marshal, and Z. Cullburg, C. S. Ricks, George

Graham, Jas. Russ, F. S. Duff and A. Brizard the Board of Directors.

From the date of its organization until 1881 the Society held numerous meetings, business and social, and the latter were characterized by excellent literary programmes and imposing civic display. In the year 1881 it became apparent that the Society was outgrowing its somewhat irregular and imperfect organization; and at the earnest solicitation of some of the most enthusiastic members, a meeting was held on the 14th of April, for the purpose of perfecting and strengthening the organization. Several changes in the organic laws of the Society were here suggested, and a committee was appointed to report at a meeting on the 12th of May a plan for the reorganization of the Society and its incorporation under the laws of the State. On the 12th of May, which was the time for the fifth annual meeting of the Society, the committee appointed on the 14th of April made a report and a new Constitution and Articles of Incorporation were considered and adopted. Under Article II. of the Constitution, (1) "Any person who was a resident of the territory now known as the county of Humboldt prior to the 1st day of January, 1855, (2) or was a resident of Trinity county at the time Humboldt county was a part thereof, and has since become a resident of Humboldt county as now established, (3) and his or her descendant of full age, (4) and the husband or wife of such person or descendant, (5) and members of the First Battalion of Mountaineers, California Volunteers, honorably discharged, are eligible

to become members; and (6) honorary members may be admitted without these qualifications, and life members on such terms as may be fixed by the By-laws." The range of membership was thus made wide enough to embrace elements that would keep the Society alive long after the original Pioneers had passed away, and wide enough, also, to give ample scope for the introduction of youthful ambition and energy.

Since the date of the reorganization and incorporation, 1881, the Society has flourished and grown; its membership including, at the present time, the majority of those who found the country in its wild, natural condition, and have brought it up to the dignity and prosperity of civilized culture. The annual meetings of the Society, especially, have been important and highly interesting. The county of Humboldt was established by Act of the Legislature, on the 12th of May, 1853, and for that reason the Society set apart this day as the time for annual meetings. In giving some idea of the character of these meetings, and as throwing some additional light on the organization and objects of the Society itself, I have obtained official minutes of the annual gathering of 1882. On the 12th of May, of that year, the Pioneers and their friends met at Russ Hall, in the city of Eureka, for the announced purpose of talking over old times and having a general reunion. Preceding the speech-making, some old-fashioned songs, "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot," "The Dearest Spot," and others of like character, were sung by a glee club. The meeting was called to order by John Vance, who made a brief

address of welcome and congratulation. Mr. Vance then introduced Rev. J. S. Todd, of Arcata, who spoke as follows:

"*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

"I feel somewhat embarrassed today. Preachers are not generally embarrassed, because they have so much speaking to do, and appear so often, that they do not become embarrassed. But this is something new to me—new faces and a new subject. The committee asked me, Mr. President, to make an address on this occasion. I said, No. My duties for the last few weeks, and, in fact, for nearly all winter, were so hard, that I had not the time to prepare an address that I think any Pioneer would like to hear. I am embarrassed, too, because I don't know that I can claim to be a Pioneer. I did not understand how it was exactly, until it was explained to me by your committee. When I came here, in 1868,* I did not invest in lands, nor in steamboats, nor in railroads, nor in homesteads, nor in farms: I didn't go to work in that manner, but I invested in one of your true, simon-pure girls. Mr. President, it has been some time since I made that purchase; and I can say to this audience, that if they ever made such an investment, and are as well satisfied as I am, the name of Pioneer will go down to hundreds of generations. I suppose that is the reason you permitted me to become a member of your Society; and I thank you for the honor. When I was invited to make a speech on this occasion, I thought I would look over my burial roll. Since I have been

among you, I have laid in the dust over one hundred of your citizens; and in that one hundred—I counted as near as I could—I thought there were fifty that had come, or their parents had come, to this country between the years of 1849 and 1851; and you may know from that, that I am somewhat acquainted with the history of you Pioneers; for when a minister pays the last solemn tribute of respect to the departed, it is his business to inquire into the history of that person—when he came to this country, and what he has done; and a great many whose names are remembered with pleasure—names that are identified with the interests of this country, and even of this county—I have buried in the silent grave, with my tears and my prayers; and with my consolations, I have done all I could to comfort and sustain.

"I have been so long among you, though not as a pioneer, I feel that I have become a pioneer. I am a pioneer by instinct. These mountains I love, these hills I love, and these redwoods. Everything connected with this county I love. I went away; I thought there was, perhaps, a better place than Humboldt county. I went to an old-settled place, but I sighed for these mountains, and I sighed for these bald-headed men, whom the President of this Society has spoken to you to-day about. I sighed for the society of these men. I wanted to be back, and the first opportunity that presented itself, I rushed back to these old spots and to the men that have built up this great county. The President of this Society said that he wanted to give the traditions—no, not the traditions,

but the facts—of the settlement of this county to the rising generation. That is a duty that we owe to our children, and I think they will appreciate it much better than we do. It takes many years for a country to have a history, and as it becomes settled up, and as our mutual interests become harmonized and strengthened, then we can enter upon an intellectual and moral development; for I find in the history of any country the material is first, the intellectual is next, and then, I believe, the spiritual. I ought to speak, of course, for the ministry; but I do not happen to be a pioneer. I was not like the apostle who went into a new place so that he would not build upon another man's foundation. I had to build upon another man's foundation. There had been pioneers before me, who had reared a superstructure to the God and Christ I worship. I am thankful to these pioneers, who built the ships and railroads and the saw-mills. I am thankful when I speak of the religious element in this county. I am thankful that they reared spires to heaven, and that they laid religious foundations, as well as material and intellectual. And I can say for the Church, at least, that their memory will be held in fond remembrance by the Church for all that they have done to build up the influence of the blessed Master; and I trust that the trials, and the difficulties and the troubles and the anxieties which the fathers of this county have endured may be handed down, and the succeeding generations will appreciate it much more than we do, and in years to come there will be a history—an honorable history—to be transmitted to coming generations. I thank you, Mr.

President, for having the honor of being a member of this Society, and I assure you that I will do all I can to transmit to my own children and to yours the great good which you have done in this county."

The next speaker was Judge J. P. Haynes, who said:

"*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

"Some two or three days since a friend said to me: 'I see that you Pioneers are going to have a little celebration on the 12th of this month, and you are to deliver an address on that occasion.' I replied to him: 'It is true that the Pioneers propose to have a little time on the 12th; but, my friend, I apprehend you are mistaken as to your assertion that I am to deliver an address on that occasion.' He replied: 'I saw it in the newspaper, and I took it for granted that it was so.' I turned my attention to the columns of the newspaper, and to my great surprise I saw that my name was announced, in connection with others, whose duty it would be to address their brothers of the Pioneer Association, and those citizens who might honor us with their presence to-day. I was taken considerably by surprise. I had not been consulted, and I had not even been notified by the committee that it was expected that I should deliver an address, and consequently I feel a good deal of that embarrassment which Brother Todd spoke of when he was on the stand. I feel so much embarrassed, indeed, that I feel small enough almost to creep into this big fiddle lying

over here on my right. But I said to Brother Todd, when he was inclined to complain, as I was, of this want of notice, and the little time given us to prepare our speeches, 'Oh,' said I, 'that is an old pioneer trick—that is a touch of the olden time. You would remember, if you had been in this country as long as I have, that in early days there never was a more liberal-hearted or more open-handed people than the pioneers of California.' They were free with their own, and sometimes I must say—truth compels me to say—they were inclined to be a little liberal with the things that belonged to somebody else. There was a good neighborly feeling all through the country. If a man happened to be in need of anything he didn't have in his cabin, he would go over to his next neighbor, and if he saw the article he wanted, he would help himself without ceremony; and if the neighbor was placed in the same position at any subsequent time, he would return the compliment by going over and helping himself to anything he wanted; and, as our departed friend Brett used to say, 'It was all right.' Very well. I understand this is to be a sort of free-and-easy arrangement—a kind of go-as-you-please concern, as they say in California. They have departed from the usual rules adopted on such occasions. As a general thing, when we come together for the purpose of celebrating an anniversary occasion, some one is selected as speaker, or 'orator of the day,' as they call him, grandiloquently. He is supposed to prepare an extensive speech, and dwell at length on such subjects as are proper to talk of on the occasion. But this com-

mittee, true to the instincts of pioneers, have departed from the beaten path and struck out on a new one of their own originating. So they said: 'We will call the pioneers and their friends together, and we will have something like an old-fashioned Methodist class meeting, where the people talk after the minister himself has addressed the audience, where each one in turn is called upon to express their feelings to the brethren that surround them.' A good many years ago I used to attend those meetings. I was more in the habit of attending church then than I have been in modern days. I was very much interested in those meetings, for men who were not supposed to have any of the faculties of an orator, or the ability to make anything like a speech, under the influence of their religious zeal and the feeling that possessed them on those occasions would address the audience and make speeches as eloquent and as logical and convincing as the minister himself. I hope some of that sort of feeling will be infused into our brother pioneers to-day. There are men who cannot make a set speech, yet if you were to be with them sometimes when they are sitting around the stove or fire-place, and hear them spin their yarns—of the old days and the hardships, of the perils and the dangers they encountered, by reason of the savages that inhabited the country with them—you would find it the most interesting talk you could listen to. If they can't make any speeches, they can tell us at least a few of those yarns, as they would talk them over at home, and it would be found as interesting as a regular set speech, if not more so. I remem-

ber that a good many years ago, in the section of country where I was born and raised, when I was quite a little boy, there were a few very old people living in the country at that time—men and women whose heads were gray, and who were tottering almost on the verge of the grave—people who had left their homes on the Atlantic slope away back in 1765, 1770, and 1775, and had crossed over the mountains, and dared all the dangers of the wilderness, and come over that great and unknown country now designated as the Mississippi Valley. They were the pioneers of the country; and the most interesting period of my life, I think, was when I used to be sitting around one of those broad, hospitable western fire-places, and listening to the old people telling the adventures they had met with in early days when they settled the country. We felt admiration, we felt respect for them; we felt sympathy for them by reason of the hardships they had endured in opening up that vast country, and it was for that that we idolized them after they were dead and gone.

"I hope, Mr. President, when we grow old as they grew old, we will be looked up to with the respect that they were, by reason of the fact that we came into this county at its earliest age. I don't know but that I may consume too much of the time of this audience; I do not like to encroach upon the time allotted to others; but there are certain peculiarities pertaining to the old pioneer settlers of this country which it will, perhaps, be as well to give a brief reference to. I am talking of that wonderful versatility of

genius--I suppose you might call it so—which enabled every man to adapt himself to the emergencies of the occasion in which he was placed. For instance, a man did not pretend to confine himself to one particular calling, or to his profession, or to his trade. Every one of the first arrivals wanted to go to the mines. If he succeeded there, very well; but you know there was not one in a thousand, perhaps, that made a final success of it. Well, a man who was a lawyer by profession, when he came here had got beyond an organized Court, and sometimes beyond an organized government. There was nothing in his profession for him to do. A physician would come out, but the country was so healthy that there was no occasion for his services. If he still remained in the country, and could not find anything in his line, he would do the next best thing. If he could not practice the medical profession, if an opportunity afforded he would agree to drive an ox team; and if a lawyer could not practice law, he would make shakes or shingles for some one. They were always perfectly willing to take up with anything that would make a living. I had a pretty strong illustration of this before I came to the State of California. When we were on our way out to this country, coming by the Isthmus, by some means or other we had all been advised in the city of New York, before we sailed from there, not to buy a full ticket all the way through to California. They advised us to buy a ticket to Panama, and when at Panama we could get a ticket to San Francisco cheaper, because the emigrants, a good many of them,

got disgusted when they reached Panama, and would sell out their ticket, and the rest of it would take us to San Francisco. There was quite a party of us associated, coming to this country together, who went by that advice. We bought these half-way tickets. When we got to Panama, there was an immense crowd of people there, but there were very few of them going back. They were all going to the land of gold. We were deceived and left—were at the Isthmus a month or more before we started for California. We didn't have a great deal of money left then, and the passage was so high that we found all of us could not go. We collected together and divided up our little fund as far as it would go, and we found we had enough to purchase tickets for all except one. There was one unfortunate member of the party whom we could not furnish with a ticket, our money being exhausted. We were feeling very bad about it. The steamer was to start the next morning, and as we shook hands with our friend, our sympathies were aroused in his behalf, but we could not help him. We all felt very sad when we parted. We went to the steamer in those days in one of those steamer-boats or sail-boats —they were small boats—while the steamer lay some considerable distance out. It was dark before we all got aboard. Pretty soon after getting aboard I retired to my state-room, and the next morning when I woke up we were on our way, and a good many miles from land. I got up early and walked out on deck. It was just a little after daylight, and who should I see standing on the deck but our friend Jim, whom we

had left at Panama under such adverse circumstances. The way he was walking the deck, the Captain himself didn't appear half so pompous as our friend Jim. He was pompous enough to be not only the Captain, but the owner of the boat—not only that one, but all the line that ran between San Francisco and Panama. I was surprised, and said: 'Hallo, Jim, how did you come here?' 'I am better off than any of you,' said he. 'How is that?' I asked. 'I shipped as butcher,' he replied, 'and will get $100 and my passage.' I had happened to be acquainted with that young man from infancy, and all the knowledge he had ever had of butchering was such as he had learned when a boy. He had taken his pocket-knife and helped the old man slit the ears of a hog or calf, to put a mark on them. That is all the knowledge he ever had of the art or mystery of butchering. This only shows the character of our people.

"There was another peculiarity of early days that perhaps it would be as well for me to revert to, and that was that you never could tell much about a man from his external appearance. In the mines you saw people every day whose garb was peculiar. They looked coarse and rough in external appearance, but you could not tell anything about them from their appearance. In the States and countries you came from, in meeting a man you could form some idea as to what manner of man he was. You could place some estimate on his intellect, or on his moral character, or social standing; you could form some opinion. But that rule did not apply in California at all. You

could not begin to tell what a man was from his appearance, with his long beard growing way down on his breast, his moustache reaching back to his ears, with his red or blue shirt, and with his pants patched with the traditional self-raising flour sack you have heard so much about. This man may have been an educated gentleman, and may have received an education at the most learned institution in the country. He may have been a man of high social position and of vast intellectual power. But there was nothing that indicated this. You could not tell what his character or standing or ability was. I had an illustration of that in my own person. I was going across the mountains very early in 1852, and a part of my trip was from the good old mining town of Shasta to Weaverville. The mines had been discovered in Trinity some time before that, and new finds had been recently made; consequently there was a good deal of emigration up from the Sacramento Valley, around by Shasta and Weaverville. I had not been very long out of the city when I got up there. There were a great many people traveling this trail—in fact, you could scarcely go half a dozen rods but you would meet someone, or someone would overtake you. In fact, you could see someone go over that trail all the time, and meet just as many as you would in passing up or down Third street in your town to-day. I had not been a great while out of the city of San Francisco, and I had not yet shed my city rig. I had on a plug hat, and I had on a white shirt, and a very long black coat that came

down about half-way between my knees and feet. I was going along the trail, when I was overtaken by a man. He came along and looked at me—looked up at the hat and at the white shirt collar, that seemed to attract his attention next. Still, he could not make me out. I was evidently a puzzle to him. Finally he looked down and saw the long-tailed coat, and at once I saw a gleam of intelligence in his eye. He thought he had spotted me. He said: 'Where are you going, my friend?' 'I am going over here to Weaverville,' I replied. He looked again. 'Oh,' said he, 'you are going over there to open out for the boys, aren't you?' Said I: 'Going over to open out for the boys? Explain yourself. I don't understand the meaning of your expression.' Well, he gave me a kind of quizzical look, and putting his hands this way (illustrating) said: 'Going to give the boys a little game?' Said I: 'Oh no, my friend, you are very much mistaken; that is not my business at all.' He looked at me, and then at the hat, and then at the white shirt collar; and then he took a long look at that long-tailed black coat, and said: 'I take it back, and I beg your pardon, my friend; I presume you are a minister of the gospel?' I said: 'Wrong again; just as badly mistaken in the last guess as you were in the first.' The fact was, everybody was dressed as I have described; and, as I afterwards learned, there were only two professions that wore plug hats and white shirts and long-tailed black coats at that time. That is where he made the mistake; and ladies and gentlemen I believe I have not worn a

plug hat or a long-tailed black coat from that day to this, because I was sailing under false colors, and I do not like to sail under false colors at all. Great goodness! Here I have been talking all this foolishness, and there sits that reporter. That lets me out.

"While I have been talking to you here, I have been trying to think of some very pretty poetry that I thought I would wind up on. Sometimes when they make a regular set speech, they take delight in winding up with a grand flourish of poetry. That reminds me that in my quarter of the country I once knew an old man. He was a very wicked old man—a pretty hard case. He told this anecdote about himself: He was traveling one time, and was crossing a bridge—a narrow bridge and a rather risky sort of a concern—and all at once he heard a kind of a crash, and looking ahead of him he saw that the supports, or props, of the bridge were giving way. There was a tremendous swollen winter torrent running a great many feet beneath him, and he began to think his final day had come. He said he thought he had been a very wicked man, and it was time for him to pray if he ever expected to pray, but he said there was the trouble. He never had been a praying man, and he could not for the life of him think of a suitable prayer. At last there came into his mind a little prayer his mother had learned him when he was a little boy at her knee. It began, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' and he said: 'I didn't think it was appropriate for the occasion, and so I didn't say it.' And so I don't think my poetry is appropriate for the occasion. So I leave it

to those that follow me to give you a little poetry, if they think it necessary to do so. Mr. Chairman, I have addressed the audience in a rambling, rollicking spirit, and perhaps have taken up more time than I should. Some of us have been living in this county a good many years—over thirty years. There are men and women in this audience who were born and who have children that were born years after some of us came to this coast. This admonishes us that time is passing swiftly. As we grow old the days and the months and the years seem to be shorter. The sunshine in the morning does not seem so bright to our eyes as it was thirty years ago and more when we came to the country. The dew does not form such beautiful sparkling diamonds on the grass in the early morning as it did then. Age is beginning to tell on a good many of the pioneers, and a great many of them have gone. We have passed the meridian of life. We have got to the top of the divide between birth and death, and as we go down on the other side we seem to move with accelerated speed. And it will not be a great while until we shall reach the narrow pit at the bottom of the hill. We hope and believe that we have done our part in the opening and settling of this country; and as has been remarked by the eloquent gentleman who addressed you previously to myself, it is to be hoped that the men who will take our places will fulfill the duties of life in a manner honorable to themselves and that will bring honor to our memories."

The last address of the day was delivered by E. H. Howard, and was in the following words:

"*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—*

"The first settlement in a country always marks an important era in its history. Our New England forefathers were pilgrims of persecution from their homes, and pioneers to that inhospitable shore, who sought more elbow room, so to speak, for their consciences, and to have the enjoyment of their religion, with none to molest or to make afraid. On account of some supposed flavor of sanctity in their character they were called Puritans. On the other hand, the forefathers of the Pacific—for it does not take long to become forefathers here—came in quest of more elbow-room for the pursuit of wealth, and so have come to be known as the Argonauts. Somehow, pioneers, in their history as in their lives, have always had a pretty hard time of it, and been exposed to the charge of doing some very hard and wicked things. Our Puritan ancestors, no doubt, wrestled stoutly for the blessing of Heaven and each other's spiritual welfare, and made vigorous use of the means at hand for the converting of the natives. But when they failed to fetch the red man to his knees by preaching and praying, the persuasive method of powder and ball was a most effectual one in completing his conversion on the battle-field. We read that they converted heretic Quakers and Baptists into exile from their communities, and witches, fastened to the stake, and fenced in with blazing fagots, they converted into innocent ashes. As between the Argonauts and Puritans, I don't know but that in many respects the Argonauts have the best of it. Surely the Argonauts never charged anyone with witchcraft; neither did

they persecute in the name of the Lord, nor in any other name, any man or woman for religion's sake And now come the home missionaries. I defy you to name a spot on the face of the globe where there is so large an organization as in California for the conversion of the 'Heathen Chinee'—back to his native country. As members of this organization we have assumed the name of Pioneers, and in a certain sense we are, but it must be conceded that we are not the pioneers of discovery on this coast, but pioneers only as to its settlement. It must be conceded that other men before us were the pioneers of discovery on this western shore. It was Spain who, with her daring warriors, first penetrated this continent. It was her expeditionary bands, led by such adventurers as Cortez and Pizarro, who swept with fire and sword from the domain of Montezuma and the Incas a higher civilization than they brought. They ravaged the country from ocean to ocean, and wherever in the annals of Spanish discovery we trace her career in the New World, we find that civilization has ever halted on the heels of her conquests. There is one fact that I think it would be well to call your attention to, that it was just fifty years after the discovery of this continent, and about thirty years after Balboa, standing upon the heights of Darien, gazed upon a western sea flashing at his feet, that the first discovery on the coast line of this State was that lying within the boundary of our own county, and now known as Cape Mendocino, one of the boldest headlands of this coast, and one of the most westerly settlements of the English-speaking

people. This was in 1542. Not until 1769, when the Jesuit fathers planted the first mission within the present borders of this State, had any attempt at settlement been made. For one hundred and fifty years preceding that event no ray of civilization had ever penetrated this solitary domain. No human footstep save that of the savage had ever trod the dim paths of its mountain recesses and forests, nor had any sound of civilized life from fireside, field or temple found an echo in its unvisited depths. Seemingly, it was a land that had passed out of the remembrance of men. It was a domain abandoned to the savages, with its untold treasures waiting for the coming race, for the Argonauts of '49 and '50, to break the seal under which they had lain for ages.

"And here we stand—we can go no further. Practically, the advice that Greeley gave, 'Go West, young man,' here has found its limitation, where Nature has set her mountain buttresses against the sea, and erected her eternal monuments to our territorial empire on the West. Any further advance must be with the ocean under our feet and our nearest continental neighbors eight thousand miles away. Looking at the subject in a more general light, we must acknowledge that the plucky and energetic Anglo-American, in settlement and civilization, has eclipsed every other people in the elevation of his race and the grandeur of his territorial possessions. No matter what has been his motive, whether of gain or adventure, he has always contrived to hold the ground on which he has set up his door posts and planted his household gods.

No returning wave of population has given signal of retreat or surrender. He loves his country for itself—he loves it all the more for the vastness of its virgin solitudes. They present new fields whereon to impress the stalwart heroism and virtues of individual character, where, as the founder of new communities, he can contemplate from his primitive cabin the multiplied homes and industries that owe their beginning to the experiences in which he has borne a part The American reverses the rule of the Roman as given us by Sevilla—he conquers where he inhabits, not in the sense implied by the historian, by the force of his arms, but by the force of his civilization. The settlement of the country has ever led him foremost, even to its remotest corners, and, although at times our territorial rights have been doubtful, he never felt a want of confidence in his mission as a pioneer. Even as to the country here to the north of us—Washington Territory and Oregon — when it was occupied or held by a treaty of joint occupation with Great Britain, in discussing the abrogation of that treaty, John Quincy Adams, on the floor of Congress, declared that we need have no fear as to whose possession it would ultimately fall; that 'any people who would cross a continent of three thousand miles, dragging their prairie-schooners with ox-teams, to make that far land their home, would conquer it in their chambers.' The prophecy has been more than fulfilled. From the rock of the Pilgrims to our lines on the Pacific no barriers of distance or danger have kept him back or held him in pause. He has a

warrant for his possessions in that primal command which bade our first parents go forth and cultivate the earth. In the olden time armies were accustomed to be in the van of settlement and colonization, but on this continent, so far as our country is concerned, the settler has always been a long way ahead of the soldier. It is by institutions molded to protect the natural rights of man, and at the same time preserve the peaceful policy of an enlightened civilization, that he has built up new commonwealths, and compelled the agencies of intelligence and matter to yield their tribute to his prosperity. He has sounded the desert, and waters have burst from its surface to bless it with fertility for the husbandman. He has smitten the rock and mountain, and out of their bosom have come glittering ingots to reward the toil of the miner. In short, the triumphs of the pioneers have not been lighted up by the firebrands of war, but throughout the steady march of the century, as now, the schoolhouse, the pulpit and the press have illuminated his pathway and achieved his proudest victories."

As a matter of interest, worthy of preservation, a list of pioneer members of the Pioneer Society, prepared on the date of the reorganization, May 12th, 1881, is given below.

	Place of Nativity.	Date of arrival in California.	Date of arrival in Humboldt County.
Averell D. D.	Maine	December, 1849	June, 1850
Allard Richard	New Hampshire	February, 1853	December, 1853.
Brizard Alex	France	September, 1849	August, 1850

	Place of Nativity.	Date of arrival in California.	Date of arrival in Humboldt County.
Brown J. H	Illinois	August, 1850	January, 1851
Bull J. C., Sr.	Massachusetts	November, 1850	May, 1854
Bull J. C., Jr,	"	"	" "
Buhne H. H	Denmark	June, 1849	April, 1850
Brett R. W	England	1849	" "
Beckwith L. C	Connecticut	December, 1849	July, 1851
Barnum G. N	New York	April, 1854	April, 1854
Brown T. M	Tennessee	October, 1849	March, 1850
Cullberg I	Sweden	November, 1853	November, 1853.
Clark Jonathan	Indiana	November, 1849	June, 1850
Comstock H. S	Pennsylvania	April, 1853	November, 1854.
Connick Harris	New Brunswick	July, 1857	July, 1857
Daniels H. S	New Hampshire	February, 1853	April, 1853
Deming Byron	Vermont	July, 1850	March, 1851
Dart H. J	Connecticut	May, 1850	October, 1852
DeHaven J. J	Missouri	August, 1849	June, 1853
Duff F. S	New Brunswick	July, 1849	" 1850
Dungan J. H	Kentucky	February, 1852	February, 1853
Espie W. C	Ireland	October, 1849	November, 1852.
Fay Geo. M	Connecticut	August, 1852	October, 1852
Fay Nahum	"	November, 1852	April, 1853
Foss T. H	Maine	April, 1850	August, 1852
Falor M. J	Ohio	August, 1850	September, 1851.
Gastman Henry	Germany	September, 1854	1854.
Gardner C. J	Massachusetts	April, 1850	January, 1853
Graham Geo	Virginia	July, 1852	March, 1853
Graham Thos. R	Mississippi	December, 1853	December, 1853.
Gannon James	Ireland	August, 1854	October, 1854
Hale Edward	New York	December, 1849	March, 1852
Hansen John	Hanover	July, 1849	September, 1853.
Hanna James	Pennsylvania	May, 1850	February, 1854
Hanna Wm. P	"	September, 1856	October, 1857
Hasty Cyrus L	Maine	June, 1852	July, 1852
Howard E. H	New York	September, 1849	April, 1850
Huestis A. J	New Hampshire	October, 1849	June, 1850
Huestis W. F	Virginia	" "	" "
Jackson Chas	Maine	May, 1854	June, 1854
Jansen Otto E	Denmark	August, 1850	January, 1851
Jones D. R	Wales	April, 1850	June, 1850
Kelsey D. B	Maine	September, 1849	March, 1853
Keleher John	New Brunswick	March, 1852	January, 1853
Kimball J. H	Massachusetts	March, 1850	March, 1853
Kingston Henry	Pennsylvania	July, 1853	August, 1853

	Place of Nativity.	Date of arrival in California.	Date of arrival in Humboldt County.
LeMinn J. J. B	New Brunswick	May, 1850	March, 1853
Lowell David B	Maine	November, 1851	January, 1852
Light James	"	October, 1846	August, 1850
Long Chas. W	New Brunswick	August, 1850	September, 1850.
Long W. S	Pennsylvania	October, 1854	October, 1854
Lucus Moses	Massachusetts	July, 1849	July, 1850
McKenna W. J	Australia	August, 1849	January, 1853
McKenna James	California		" "
Munson Daniel	Maine	May, 1852	May, 1853
Murray J. S	Scotland	August, 1849	December, 1850
Murray J. S., Jr	Great Britain	" "	May, 1851
Monroe Alonzo	Connecticut	February, 1850	June, 1852
Marble A. P	New York	November, 1852	February, 1853
Minor Isaac	Pennsylvania	March, 1852	December, 1853.
Morrison Donald	New Brunswick	1849	June, 1850
Osgood B. F	Massachusetts	January, 1850	October, 1852
Pardee A. L	New York	" 1852	August, "
Peuter P. F	Ireland	April, 1854	1855
Pollard B. H. C	Kentucky	1850	1853
Patrick Marshall	Illinois	1852	1853
Ricks C. S	Indiana	August, 1849	July, 1850
Richardson Chas	Maine	November, 1853	November, 1853.
Russ Joseph	"	March, 1850	" 1852.
Robinson W. S	Virginia	1850	1852
Rohner Henry	Switzerland	1849	1851
Sevier A. D	Indiana	September, 1850	March, 1851
Southmayde J. L	New Hampshire	March, 1853	July, 1853
Schmidt J. C	Wurtemburg	November, 1850	1850
Smiley J. C	Maine	February, 1850	January, 1853.
Stokes B. M	Virginia	September, 1854	1854
Stokes J. P	Missouri	1854	1854
Sweasey Richard	Indiana	August, 1850	August, 1855
Spear A. C	New York	July, 1851	July, 1852
Showers J. O	New York	1850	February, 1851
Scott H. P	Germany	July, 1849	January, "
Tilley Geo. H	Rhode Island	September, 1849	May, 1850
Tydd Peter	Ireland	" 1852	February, 1853
Vance John	Nova Scotia	July, 1850	" 1852
Walsh Thomas	Ireland	February, 1851	March, 1853
Whaley J. A	New York	December, 1849	June, 1850
West W. A	Connecticut	1849	1851
Waite B. L	New York	September, 1850	March, 1851
Warren Jno. P	Ohio	September, 1852	September, 1854.

	Place of Nativity.	Date of arrival in California.	Date of arrival in Humboldt County.
Wiggins Chase	Maine		1852.
Wyman J. E	Massachusetts	May, 1850	May, 1851
Wiley Reason	Illinois	October, 1849	December, 1852.
Wiley Austin	"	" 1852	October, 1853.
Windler Louis	Germany	1851	1852
Wood Gabriel	Prussia	September, 1851	March, 1853
Watson Jno. A	New Hampshire	October, 1851	February, 1852
Young Jno. T	Connecticut	" 1849	May, 1850

NOTE.—The above list does not include the descendants of Pioneers, nor does it include any who arrived in Humboldt county after the year 1857, nor does it include those who have joined the Society since its reorganization in 1881.

The life history of each of the pioneers, if elaborated with the detail of actual experience, would of itself be intensely interesting. It is not the purpose of this work to do more than sketch, very briefly, some outlines of a few individual careers in Humboldt county.

One of the most enterprising settlers of pioneer days is Joseph Russ. A native of Maine, born in 1825, he had reached his majority when the California gold excitement occurred. He had already engaged in various business enterprises in Maine and Massachusetts, and when the exodus of gold-hunters commenced from the former State he was prepared to go, not with empty hands, but with material for a good start in the world. He purchased in Maine the framework of a large business house, and also a lot of flour, sailing

with his goods on the bark *Midas* for the voyage around Cape Horn. The voyage around the Horn was made without difficulty or accident in five months, the vessel arriving at San Francisco on the 15th of March, 1850. For two years Mr. Russ experienced the ups and downs of California life, engaging in mining, merchandising, cattle-driving, and various other enterprises. In the fall of 1852 he purchased a band of cattle and started for Humboldt county, going across the mountains to Eel River Valley. While there he made many trips through the surrounding country, and he and a party of friends went into winter quarters on the site of the present town of Ferndale. In the spring of 1853 Mr. Russ associated himself with Berry Adams and took a large drove of cattle into Humboldt from the Sacramento Valley. Since that time he has been in business continuously, uniformly successful, and he is now ranked as a millionaire. His worldly possessions embrace many thousand acres of land, including twenty-one dairy ranches upon which 2,000 cows are milked, and he is also the owner of valuable real estate used for other purposes. Being a millionaire, and having raised himself from comparative poverty to great wealth without the aid of such advantages as early education and culture may give, it is natural that Mr. Russ should enjoy the confidence of the people, particularly as he is noted for the generosity of his disposition and the honesty of his business transactions. In 1873 he was elected to represent Humboldt county in the State Legislature, and in 1875 he was nominated by acclamation as

the Republican candidate for the State Senate. At the election he was defeated, his opponent, Judge McGarvey, receiving a small majority. In 1880 Mr. Russ was one of the delegates from California to the Republican Convention at Chicago, and in 1884 he was again called to active political life by election to the State Legislature. In all the walks of life he has been a good illustration of the class known in America as "self-made men," and none of the pioneers of California have contributed more liberally to the welfare and prosperity of the Commonwealth, and especially have the relations between himself and the hundreds of men in his employ been cordial, friendly, and mutually advantageous.

I trust the indulgent reader will pardon me if I cite the name of H. H. Buhne as that of my ideal of a typical pioneer, nor is it with any desire to flatter Mr. Buhne that I thus segregate and distinguish him from the mass of his early companions. Yet his life has been so remarkable, so full of adventurous enterprises, and is being crowned with such exuberant measure of success in his declining years—a success that has not chilled his heart, nor turned him against those upon whom fortune has not smiled—that it would be strange indeed if one who knew him well should withhold for mere prudential reasons the just meed of honor which is due him. Mr. Buhne was born in Denmark, in 1822. Coming from a seafaring race, and of a seafaring family, his youth was passed on the ocean. After several years' service as cabin boy and before the mast he entered a school of navigation in June, 1845, and in October of the

same year received a certificate of competency as a seaman. Then followed a year of roving in foreign waters: including a cruise in a whaling ship, as First Officer, to the South Seas; a shipwreck on one of the Cape Verde Islands; a voyage in a small schooner from the scene of the wreck to Salt Island, one of the Cape Verde group; another voyage in a Bremen bark to Rio Janeiro; and a trip before the mast from there to Hamburg, from whence he returned to his home. In July, 1846, the restless sailor shipped as Third Officer in the whaling ship *Clementine*, for the Arctic Ocean. After a long cruise in the Arctic, the *Clementine* entered the bay of San Francisco, in the month of November, 1847. From that time until the discovery and settlement of Humboldt Buhne's life was a succession of active enterprises on sea and land. While the *Clementine* was swinging at anchor in the harbor of San Francisco the ship's doctor deserted her and went to Sonoma. Buhne and a boat's crew were detailed to pursue the deserter and bring him back. After a chase of two days through the adjacent country the pursuers returned to Sonoma without the fugitive. At Sonoma the boat's crew deserted, and Buhne and the constable who accompanied him were compelled to go back to the ship minus the doctor and minus the sailors who had manned their boat. After three weeks spent at San Francisco the *Clementine* sailed for Magdalena Bay on another whaling voyage, and in March, 1848, the vessel went to the Sandwich Islands. Here Buhne left her, reshipping as Second Officer on the Dutch ship *Zudipole*, which sailed on a

whaling voyage in April. When the whaling season was ended the *Zudipole* sailed for the Navigator Islands, arriving there in December, 1848. It was here that the news of the discovery of gold in California reached the crew of the vessel. Sailing to a port on the coast of Chili, the cargo of the ship, oil and whalebone, was sent to Amsterdam, and then negotiations were opened for carrying passengers and freight to San Francisco. Here Mr. Buhne was also promoted to the position of first officer of the ship. In June, 1849, the *Zudipole* arrived at San Francisco with 150 passengers. Buhne and some of his companions left the ship and went to the mines. Accustomed to the sea all his life long, as he had been, Buhne could not thrive, physically or financially, away from the breath of the salt sea breeze, and after a month passed in the mining camps near Auburn he was seized with a violent sickness which continued for two weeks. When he was well enough to move about he went to Auburn, and stayed with a friend until he could secure a conveyance to Sacramento, from whence he went down the river to San Francisco. There he found a boarding house, kept by two of his old shipmates, and remained with them during his illness and slow recovery. Five or six months of hardship and sickness had not been sufficient to crush his stout spirit, but had given him a renewed liking for the sea; and it was not long before he again trod the deck of a ship, this time as Second Officer of the *Laura Virginia*. The cruise of the vessel, and Mr. Buhne's participation in the discoveries made by her crew, are detailed in the second

chapter of this book. The vicissitudes of fortune are exemplified in the adventures that befell Buhne after the discovery of Humboldt Bay. In May, 1850, he was badly wounded by an arrow from an Indian bow. One of his business adventures was the piloting of vessels in and out of the bay. This business he followed until he had accumulated several hundred dollars in cash. He then went to San Francisco and purchased a stock of groceries, loading on the schooner *Caroline* for Humboldt Bay. The vessel was wrecked and the goods lost. Sick and penniless, Buhne reached San Francisco, where he met the master of the brig *Newcastle,* who invited him on board that vessel until his health was recovered. In a short time he shipped in a small schooner, as Mate, for Humboldt Bay. In 1851 he went to Trinity River, working in the mines at Big Bar and Cox's Bar. He was not successful, and soon returned to Humboldt Bay, where he took command of the brig *Colorado.* Soon after assuming command of the ship the master of the *Holmes* requested help in getting his vessel to sea. Buhne yielded to a request for his services, and was on board when the vessel was cast into the breakers on the South Spit. The masts were cut away, and the vessel lay in a perilous position during the whole of one night, the crew being unable to leave her. On the following day an attempt was made to launch a boat. In lowering the boat into the water the bows were stove, and Buhne and one of the crew jumped into the boat to bail the water out. The boat capsized and Buhne and his companion clung to the bottom until they were washed off by the

breakers. The boat was regained, and again they were washed off, this being repeated several times. Finally his companion was washed away by the waves, and Buhne was left alone on the bottom of the boat. Drifting around for many hours, the boat was washed ashore, and when Buhne, who was unconscious and insensible, recovered his senses, he was in the boat high and dry. Too weak to walk, he crawled up among the sand-dunes, and, completely exhausted, went to sleep. Indians awakened him, and he asked their assistance in getting back to Humboldt Point. At first they could not be persuaded to assist him, but after a pow-wow among themselves they motioned for him to get up and follow them; and when they saw his inability to walk, they carried and dragged him along the sand-spit to a point half the distance across. Here the Indians left him for a few minutes, when two sailors from the wreck, who were searching for his body, stumbled upon him. The sailors carried him to the bay and rowed across to Humboldt Point. It had been supposed by the people there that he was drowned, and flags on the shipping in the harbor were at half-mast when the two sailors arrived with him. When Buhne recovered from the exhaustion and nervous strain occasioned by his last perilous experience, he abandoned the command of the *Colorado*, and contracted with the business men on the bay to act as pilot for the harbor. His first piloting was done in a small boat, with which he crossed and recrossed the bar, always attended by more or less danger. As the commerce and industry of the port increased, it be-

came necessary to provide better facilities, and steam-tugs were brought to the bay, Captain Buhne taking command of the first to arrive. From that time forth his fortunes prospered. Wealth is now his, and health, and a happy home, and for many years to come, in the ordinary course of life, should he be the most conspicuous example among the Pioneers of name and fortune won by hard endeavor and honest toil.

Of the Laura Virginia Association, and one of its original projectors, was Elias H. Howard, a pioneer who yet lives in the community he helped to found. He was born in New York, in 1818. He removed to the West in 1844, and to California in 1849, arriving at San Francisco in December of that year. At San Francisco he engaged in the practice of law, his partner being Stephen J. Field, at present on the Supreme Court Bench. The firm did not hold together long, both partners being attracted away by the prevailing gold excitement. It was in March, 1850, that Mr. Howard cast his fortunes with the Laura Virginia Association and joined the expedition that was destined to work out such momentous results. From the discovery of the Bay by sea until the present time Howard has been active in political life. At a meeting of the Laura Virginia Association, held on the shores of the unexplored and mysterious bay, he was elected Alcalde, and in nearly two years later, in 1852, he was elected Public Administrator for the County of Trinity, which then included the present territory of Humboldt. In 1856–'57 he was District Attorney of

Humboldt county, and in 1858–'59 was County Superintendent of Schools. A Republican in politics, he was for several years Chairman of the County Committee. Later, the city of Eureka having assumed the duties and responsibilities of a metropolis, he served as Police Judge, and at the present time is a Justice of the Peace for the Township.

John Vance, a pioneer mill-owner and successful business man, is a native of Nova Scotia, born in 1821, who located first in the United States at Roxbury, Massachusetts. In July, 1849, he arrived at San Francisco, and in the summer of 1852 located at Eureka. His subsequent career has been that of a man strong in his own judgment and completely self-reliant. By mere force of will-power he has conquered and overcome obstacles that would have defeated many other men; and the results of his energy and pluck are visible in mills, railroads, hotels, ships and stores. He built the first railroad in Humboldt County, and his lumber was the first product of the mills to appear in foreign markets. In all the commercial interests of the county of special importance his name has figured prominently.

Isaac Minor is another of the Pioneers who is actively engaged in the manufacture of the staple commercial article of the county, lumber, and who experienced all the hardships of frontier life on the Northwest coast. A native of Pennsylvania, he left that State for California in 1852, arriving in Humboldt

county in December, 1853. For a number of years he engaged in the business of packing to the mines, afterwards settling on a stock ranch, where he remained until the Indians destroyed the property whose accumulation had required the work of years. Thence removing to a farm near Union, he was successful in agricultural pursuits, and from 1875 to the present time he has been equally successful in the lumber business.

In the summer of 1850 a merchandising firm opened business in Eureka under the name of Crozier & Ricks. One of the partners, C. S. Ricks, has been and is so intimately connected with the commercial and industrial history of the place that to pass him by with casual notice would be obviously improper. The firm of Crozier & Ricks exhibited unbounded confidence in the place, acquiring, as a business speculation, an undivided one-half interest in the original town site of Eureka. Mr. Ricks soon afterwards purchased the interest of his partner therein, and by liberality and enterprise he induced settlement and investment in Eureka. For a third of a century he has given his time and ability to the improvement of the city and the advancement of his own business interests. Blocks of fire-proof stores, dozens of tenement houses, a large livery stable, and one of the most complete water-works in the State, have grown up under his business management. Honored, as many of the pioneer residents have been, with the political choice of the people, he represented Humboldt two terms in

the State Legislature, and in 1861 he was appointed to fill a vacancy as District Attorney, which office he held for one term.

The oldest member of the Humboldt legal fraternity, and, barring the infirmities of age, one of the brightest minds of all the bright men of the Pacific Coast, another of the Pioneers, James Hanna, deserves the feeble tribute of the pen. He was born in 1806, in Philadelphia, or, more properly speaking, in the District of Southwark, then some distance from the corporate limits of the city itself, but now a part of it. His early life was full of stirring political scenes, and had he remained in Pennsylvania till the slavery agitation reached its climax, he would undoubtedly have attained a high rank among the advocates of freedom. He received such general education as the private schools of his time afforded, and in 1820 a position was obtained for him as clerk in a large mercantile house in Philadelphia. He remained there six years, during that time making two voyages to the West Indies as supercargo. In 1826 he engaged for the first time in politics, making stump speeches in behalf of the Whig party. He commenced the study of law in 1829, being admitted to the Philadelphia bar in 1832. In the same year, 1832, he was elected by the Whigs to represent his county in the Pennsylvania Legislature. One year later he was the Whig candidate for the State Senate, and was defeated. Again, in 1835, he was nominated for the Senate by the Whigs and received a certificate of election. He was admitted to a

seat in the Senate chamber, but was ousted from the office by his opponent, who contested the election and won his case. Until 1850, Hanna's life was thenceforward not particularly eventful. Then he left Philadelphia and went to San Francisco, and in 1854 arrived at Eureka. During the subsequent period to the present, he has been noted as a lawyer of exceptional ability, an orator of eminent merit and power, brilliant with the flashings of a strong and cultured intellect, a citizen of admirable reputation for honor and integrity. In politics he is a Republican, having willingly assumed relationship with that party when the Whigs ceased to exist as an independent organization. He served one term as District Attorney of Humboldt county. Of late years he has persistently refused to accept nomination for official position. His ability, his integrity, his wealth of years and learning, have created for him a niche in public estimation which will be hard to fill when he is gone.

Arriving at Humboldt Bay in August, 1850, and locating at Union, A. Brizard was one of the early pioneers. He was a native of France, born in Bordeaux in 1839. A boy in years when he came to Humboldt county, he was a man in experience before the permanent settlement of the county had been assured against the obstructing presence of Indians and the absence of organized government. The severe winter of 1852–'53 he spent in the Trinity River mines, and from that time till the year 1858 his life was full of the peculiar hardships of early settlement. In 1858 he engaged in

mercantile business at Union, where he has since resided.

A man who is known to everybody in the three Northwest counties of California, T. W. Brown, present Sheriff of Humboldt, is a good specimen of the vigorous and well-preserved pioneer. His life has been a most eventful one, and if all the stories of pioneer days that fall from his lips were gathered in a book, it would be a very interesting, though possibly somewhat profane, volume. He is, as I have said, a good specimen of the vigorous and well-preserved pioneer. To a native energy of character is added the self-reliance which a life-time on the border is apt to give a man. It is not surprising that for an exceptionally long period he has been exceptionally successful in his career as a public man and politician. For a longer period than any other man in the State of California he has held the office of Sheriff. Born in the West, in 1829, he saw much of the pioneer life of the border States and Territories, and when, in 1849, he crossed the plains to California, it was not with inexperienced feet that he penetrated the wild mountains of the Northern coast. He was soon familiar with the vast territory which now comprises the counties of Shasta, Trinity, Del Norte and Humboldt, and for thirteen years he was Sheriff of Klamath county. Since his removal to Humboldt county he has been Sheriff over eight years, aggregating a term of over twenty years' active service in that important public office.

In September, 1850, Charles W. Long arrived at Humboldt Bay, and ever since he has been identified prominently with the growth of the country. Like nearly all of the pioneers, his business pursuits have been various and attended with diversified success or failure. But whether failure or success attended his lumbering, farming or merchandising enterprises, his name and means were always connected in some way with the settlement and the development of the country.

Henry Rohner is another of the Pioneers who experienced a full share of pioneer hardships, and has attained a success in life commensurate with his experience. When he settled in Humboldt county in 1852 and located a farm in Eel River Valley the country was as truly a wilderness as were the barren plains he had crossed between the Missouri and the Pacific. His farming operations were repeatedly suspended or interrupted until 1862, when his permanent career as a farmer and business man was commenced. He has the honor of being the acknowledged founder of the town of Rohnerville, where he built the first store and engaged in merchandising during several years; and occupying a portion of the farm where he tilled the soil by day and stood guard over his family by night, twenty-two years ago, is the flourishing village of Springville, where his present comfortable home is situated.

Isaac Cullberg, a native of Sweden, a resident of Union, located there in 1853, engaging in farming for

the first three years, and then in the merchandising business. His business interests have been interwoven with the progress of the county and his public-spirited enterprise has contributed much to the development of its resources. He recently retired from business with a comfortable competency and a beautiful home, to pass the remainder of his days in a quiet and repose unknown to his earlier years.

A. Wiley, a pioneer of '53, is one of the oldest newspaper publishers in California. In 1855 he was engaged in publishing the Humboldt *Times*, which had been founded by Dr. Coleman a year before, Walter Van Dyke being a partner in the enterprise with him. In the political history of the county, as well as in the journalistic field, Mr. Wiley's name has figured with some prominence. He was elected to the Legislature from Humboldt county in 1863, and was made Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs. In April, 1864, he received appointment as Superintendent of Indian Affairs for California. Resuming the newspaper business in 1865, he purchased an interest in the San Francisco *Call*, which he held for about a year, when he sold out and returned to Humboldt county. For a number of years he was engaged in farming and various business pursuits, until in 1880 he took charge of the Arcata *Leader*, a weekly paper then published at the old town of Union. He published that paper one year, when, in partnership with W. L. Heney, he established the *Telephone* at Eureka, which was afterwards merged in the *Times*, and is now published by Wiley & Heney as the *Times-Telephone*.

John P. Haynes, who has filled a large place in the history of Northern California, came to the State in the spring of '52. He was born in Kentucky in 1826; joined a Volunteer Company and served through the Mexican war; studied law at the University of Louisville and graduated in 1851. His first permanent location in California was in Klamath county, where he mined during the summer of '52, and in the Fall was elected to the office of District Attorney. In 1853 he removed to Crescent City, and was reëlected District Attorney, and again, upon the organization of Del Norte county, he served a third term in the same capacity. In 1858 he was a candidate for District Judge, his opponent, Wm. R. Turner, defeating him by a majority of two votes. A year later he was elected Senator from the 12th District, which comprised the counties of Del Norte, Klamath and Siskiyou. Nine years afterwards, in 1868, he was appointed by Governor Haight Judge of the 8th District, composed of the counties of Del Norte, Klamath and Humboldt, the incumbent having resigned the office. He was elected by the people to the same office in 1869, and was reëlected in 1875. He removed from Crescent City to Eureka in 1869, and when the office of District Judge was abolished by the adoption of the New Constitution, he was elected Superior Judge of the county of Humboldt, continuing in that office until in the election of 1884 he was defeated at the polls by J. J. DeHaven. In politics a Democrat, Judge Haynes has been consistent, a thing that cannot be said of some of his political colleagues of early days. In all

his private and public life he has been known and recognized as a thoroughly conscientious and honorable man, and when the fortunes of politics removed him from his judicial seat he took with him into private life the good will and best wishes of the people, of whatever political complexion and belief. An honored Pioneer, his name will deserve a prominent place in the records of the Humboldt Society long after the grave shall have closed over his mortal form.

Humboldt Bar was not as well known to early navigators as it is to seamen of today; its treacherous channels and shifting sands had not been surveyed and mapped out for their guidance; consequently there were frequent wrecks among the breakers near the entrance and on the sand-spits on either side, where the surf soon ground and pounded furiously to pieces the luckless craft that had missed its bearings. A Massachusetts vessel, the *Susan Wardwell*, attempting to cross the bar in March, 1851, was wrecked in the breakers, three men being lost. Capt. C. Wasgatt, who had brought the vessel around Cape Horn a year before, was true to his post as long as any hope remained for his ship; and through fourteen hours he drifted with her in the angry sea. He then succeeded in leaving the wreck unharmed, and entering the Eel River country, settled there, living now at the village of Hydesville.

A. Berding, of Eel River Valley, is one of the Pioneers, having arrived in Humboldt county in 1857. He is a prosperous business man of the Valley.

Henry H. Ticknor, a sailor, born in New York in 1814, arrived at Humboldt in 1852. He was identified with the early agricultural development of the country bordering the bay, and with the industrial growth of the upper Eel River country.

Franklin G. Boynton settled in Eel River Valley in 1857, and is not only a pioneer of Humboldt county, but a '49 er of California as well.

Samuel Strong, a native of Ohio, is one of the pioneer farmers of Humboldt, arriving here in 1853, being engaged in agricultural pursuits from that time to the present.

Leonard S. Hicks, W. S. Robinson, David R. Roberts, Salmon Brown, Richard Johnson, Jackson Sawyer, J. G. Kenyon, William Campton, Francis Francis and J. C. Smiley are also pioneer residents who have done much to develop the country.

At Table Bluff lives a pioneer who may be said to represent a class—a very small class—unique even in the history of the West, prolific as it has been in the strangest forms of human character. Seth Kinman, the pioneer referred to, was born in Pennsylvania in 1815, and came to California in 1849. In 1852 he located in Humboldt county, making a contract with Col. Buchanan, commanding at Fort Humboldt, to furnish the post with bear and elk meat. He acquired the art of making chairs from the horns of elk and

deer, curiously combined in some instances with the skins and heads of grizzly and black bear. One of these chairs gained for him a national renown. It was made of buck horns, and was presented by Kinman to President Buchanan, in the month of May, 1857. Kinman, through the instrumentality of Peter Donahue, of San Francisco, was sent with the chair to Washington, and made the presentation in person. His brief speech to the President, delivered in the rudest vernacular of the West, was replied to in a courteous and complimentary manner. General Denver, who had introduced Kinman, now introduced Dr. O. W. Wozencraft, of California, who assured the President that the best regards of the people of his State accompanied the chair. During the whole of Buchanan's administration, the chair occupied a conspicuous position in the East Room of the White House. A mania for chair making possessed Kinman from that time forth. He made a chair of elk-horns, which he took to Washington and presented to Abraham Lincoln in 1864, made a huge grizzly bear chair and presented it to Andrew Johnson in 1865, and in 1876 presented an elk-horn chair to President Hayes. Kinman's home at Table Bluff is a veritable museum of curiosities gathered in the chase, and an evening spent with him affords one the opportunity to listen for hours to thrilling stories of hunting adventures and Indian fights on the border. During the Indian wars in Northern California he acted as guide to various expeditions.

There are other members of the Pioneer Society whose names and history are worthy of extended notice. Many of them are mentioned in the pages recording events of the Indian wars, their adventures and services forming the most interesting chapters of pioneer history. And there are the names and deeds of dead pioneers! How many have passed to the bourne beyond the grave! The list is long and prominent. Through a retrospective view will pass the names of a score of pioneers who braved the dangers of the wilderness and paved the way for civilization—the names of A. J. Huestis, a county officer and Judge many years ago; Dr. Jonathan Clark, first Postmaster on Humboldt Bay, military surgeon at Fort Humboldt, Mayor of the city of Eureka, county and State legislator; J. E. Wyman, pioneer lawyer, Judge and editor; Jacob DeHaven and L. K. Wood, county officers of the early days; John A. Watson, a pioneer resident of Trinity and Humboldt; Albert Delaseaux and J. P. Albee, both cruelly murdered by Indians; N. Duperu and John Van Aernam; Alexander Gilmore and S. Lewis Shaw; Jonathan Freese and Alonzo Monroe and John Burman—and so we might go on with an ever-lengthening list until we had reached back to the very earliest deaths of pioneers on the Northern coast, back to the names of men who died just when they had reached their promised land, whose trial-worn bodies have been hidden by the kindly earth for more than thirty years.

I cannot close this introduction without inscribing something in the nature of a card of thanks to those who have kindly assisted me with material for the preparation of this volume. For data on the organization of the Pioneer Society I am indebted to the published writings of E. H. Howard and W. F. Huestis; the record of Dr. Gregg's party of explorers I obtained from the document published many years ago by L. K. Wood, one of the party, whose exact language I have not hesitated in many instances to use, as being more striking and graphic than any I could employ; the account of the cruise of the *Laura Virginia*, and of the business affairs and discoveries of the Laura Virginia Association, was obtained from E. H. Howard and H. H. Buhne; to Robert Walker I am indebted for much valuable information concerning the Klamath War, to Col. S. G. Whipple for information concerning the organization of the Mountaineer Battalion, and to Mrs. S. Daby, W. T. Olmstead and George Zehndner for the particulars of their own thrilling adventures; John W. Cooper has placed me under obligation for material which I could not have obtained elsewhere, and so has John W. Davis; other information, data and material, too various for separate mention, have been freely afforded me by G. F. Muhlberg, I. W. Hempfield, E. Sharp, P. B. McConnaha, Henry Rohner, C. W. Long, W. H. Pratt, J. B. Brown, Wm. Nixon, John Harpst, Jas. H. Boutelle, T. J. Titlow, C. Hanson, J. F. Denny, and others; and to A. Wiley, W. L. Heney and J. C. Bull, Jr., I am indebted for the use and inspection of files of old

newspapers. To all who have aided a doubtful undertaking with their undoubted assistance and encouragement I tender my sincere regard and thanks.

EUREKA, May 1, 1884.

Indian Wars of the Northwest.

CHAPTER I.

Annals of Discovery—Dr. Gregg's Party.

Pioneers of Rich Bar.—A starved-out camp.—An expedition to the sea.—Dr. Josiah Gregg, of Missouri.—The 5th of November, 1849.—Across the Coast Range.—How the South Fork of Trinity was discovered.—Suffering of the explorers.—In the Redwoods.—Ocean's welcome roar.—Discovery of Trinidad, Little River, Mad River and Humboldt Bay.—Factions in the party.—L. K. Wood, of Kentucky.—David A. Buck, of New York.—Discovery of the Van Duzen.—A controversy and a separation.—A combat with grizzlies.—Terrible condition of L. K. Wood and adventures of his party.—Death of Dr. Gregg by starvation.

Indian Wars in America have always preceded peaceful civilization. Wherever the white man has sought to establish his home the Indian has been compelled to move on with his wigwam and his primitive customs. So it has been in the California territory lying on the sea-coast between the 41st and 42d parallels. The Indian, uncertain in his movements, idle in his habits, instinctively learns to dread the approach

of a busy and permanent population. And too often is it true that the pioneers of civilization, rudely unmindful of the prior rights of those who first possessed the soil, see in the savage inhabitant of a new country only a legitimate object of oppression and injury. Not that a conflict between the whites and the Indians—as inevitable as the rising and the setting of the sun—could in any manner be averted; yet unwarranted acts of violence have frequently precipitated troubles which might have been delayed for years.

The very early history of the pioneers who opened the way to settlement and civilization in the California territory now comprised in the counties of Humboldt, Trinity and Del Norte, whose best energies were expended in the development of the country, presented an exception to the long list of lawless adventurers who disgraced the annals of discovery. The discoverers and early settlers of Humboldt, especially, were men of character, men of ambition, men of almost indomitable will and of never-flagging perseverance. They were attracted hither by their thirst for gold, and, too, by an adventurous spirit of enterprise that prompted them to seek out untrodden paths. A book on the early history of this country, though it profess to deal solely with Indian affairs, would not be complete if it gave but a passing notice to the first pioneers and the eventful period of their advent.

A third of a century ago the Northern coast of California was a primeval wilderness, inhabited only by wild beasts and wilder Indians. Visited it had been,

seen from afar off by storm-driven mariners, but not until the year 1849 could the claim of discovery be made by any living person. In that year, during the month of October, a party of explorers was organized at Rich Bar, a mining camp on the Trinity River. The details of the organization of an expedition that was finally to reach the sea are peculiar. The population of Rich Bar was about forty miners, who were in a miserable condition, poorly clad, and without provisions. Some of the more hardy and adventurous grew tired of the prospect before them, and lent a willing ear to the stories told by friendly Indians who had once visited the sea. Not more than eight suns distant, said the Indians, the ocean was; and also a large and beautiful bay, surrounded by fertile and extensive prairie lands. Such stories the Indians told as fired the imagination of the Whites and urged on a desire to quit their uncomfortable residence at Rich Bar. The rains of the winter season set in, attended by sleet and snow. The provisions, scarce at the commencement of the rains, seemed now to be beyond possibility of replenishment. It was proposed that an expedition be organized to search for the bay described by the Indians. Among those who were most active in organizing the expedition was one Josiah Gregg, a physician by profession, formerly of Missouri. He was a man of firm character, extensive information, and possessing natural qualifications for leadership in pioneer enterprises. Upon him fell the duty of command. The day fixed for the start was the 5th of November. Twenty-four of the forty men in the

camp agreed to join the expedition under the leadership of Dr. Gregg. The day of departure arrived, but with it came no change in the weather. The rain still fell in torrents. Two Indian guides, whose services had been secured, refused to travel in such weather, and sixteen of the white men who had volunteered for the expedition announced their determination to withdraw, thus reducing the party to eight. The expedition now consisted of the following persons: Dr. Josiah Gregg, of Missouri; Thomas Seabring, of Illinois; David A. Buck, of New York; J. B. Truesdell, of Oregon; Charles C. Southard, of Boston; Isaac Wilson, of Missouri; L. K. Wood, of Kentucky; and another man by the name of Van Duzen.

It was determined to make a start, in spite of the inclement weather and unfavorable prospects. An inventory of the provisions showed flour, pork and beans sufficient for ten days' rations for eight men. No time was lost, and on this memorable day, the 5th of November, 1849, commenced an expedition of which one of the party afterwards remarked, that "the marked and prominent features were constant and unmitigated toil, hardship, privation and suffering." Before them, and all around them, rose mountains, huge and rugged, furrowed down their rocky sides with deep-cut gorges and impassable cañons. The first day's journey was up the east side of a high mountain, the ground for a long distance up being completely saturated with water. The ascent of the mountain was tedious, difficult, and at times dangerous. Before reaching the summit, snow took the

place of slippery mud, but without increasing the ease of the ascent. If there had been a trail, it was now completely obliterated, and the party were compelled to grope their way through the snow drifts, up the icy inclines. At length they reached the summit and looked away toward the West. As they gazed upon the wild and rugged country spread out before them, and thought that all those snow-crested mountains lay between them and the sea, it was natural that a feeling of dread should come over them, and doubts as to the result of the expedition they had undertaken. But the time for reconsideration had passed. They must push on.

At an early hour on the morning of the second day the little party, having camped on the Summit the night before, began their descent of the mountain. But the descent of the first mountain was only the beginning of a second ascent, as tedious and difficult and dangerous as the other. The mountains constituting the Coast Range are nearly parallel with each other, and likewise parallel with the sea; so that, as the general direction of the coast is nearly North and South, and the course of the party was nearly West, they were compelled to pass over a continual succession of mountains.

Nothing beside the ordinary routine of traveling, and stretching their wearied limbs on the snow at night, occurred during the four days' marching. As the shades of night were gathering on the sixth day, and while the party were passing over a sterile, rocky country, a sound was heard like the rolling and break-

ing of the surf on a distant sea-shore. A halt was made for the night, and early on the following morning David A. Buck was delegated to ascertain if the ocean was anywhere within sight. He left the camp alone, and in the afternoon he returned and reported the discovery of a large stream, which, swollen by the rains, rushed with a mighty roar through the mountain gorges. He had discovered the South Fork of Trinity River.

Again did the expedition continue on its way, descending the South Fork to its junction with the main Trinity. There they crossed the stream, climbing a steep bank on the opposite shore. At the top of this bank they came suddenly upon an Indian rancheria, or village. The whites were surprised, and so were the Indians. The latter had never seen a white man, and when they appeared a scene of the wildest confusion ensued. Warriors, squaws and papooses joined in a mad flight from the place; some plunging headlong into the river, not venturing to look behind them until they had reached a considerable elevation on the mountain side, while others sought a hiding place in the thickets and among the rocks. The whites attempted to induce the Indians to return, indicating by signs that no harm was intended them, but with no avail. Then the whites, not knowing how much of their journey yet remained to be accomplished, and being almost destitute of provisions, proceeded to levy toll on the Indians by appropriating a quantity of smoked salmon found in the huts. A short distance from the Indian rancheria a camp was made for the

night. It was now the turn of the whites to be surprised. There came marching towards the camp in the dusk of the evening some eighty savage warriors, with painted faces and bodies, looking like so many demons, armed and prepared for battle. The whites were in a predicament. Every rifle belonging to the party had been rendered useless by water when crossing the river, and the only hope of safety seemed to to lie in a bold and indifferent attitude. Signs were made that the Indians should not enter the camp. They halted, and two of the whites advanced towards them, holding up to their view some beads and other fancy articles. With these they were highly pleased and soon became apparently friendly. The chief or spokesman of the warriors represented as well as he could in the absence of intelligible language that the Indian people were very numerous; that the whites were in their power and at their mercy. The whites answered, employing intelligible signs, that one of their guns could kill as many of the Indians at a single shot as would stand one behind another. The chief was not satisfied, and demanded an exhibition of the wonderful power of the gun. Here was another predicament. The guns were all wet and nothing could be done with them in that condition, and if the Indians insisted on witnessing an exhibition on the spot the chances were against the whites. A parley was conducted with the chief, and after much persuasion he consented to postpone his demand until the following morning. At the first signs in the East of coming day the party were up and ready to start; but

the Indians, as if anticipating that the engagement of the previous evening might be broken, had already assembled in large numbers in the vicinity of the camp. The whites saw that a refusal to satisfy the curiosity of the savages would be a hazardous thing, and handing a small piece of paper to an Indian, one of the party directed him to place it on a tree sixty paces distant. The shot was fired, perforating the paper and entering the tree. The Indians were terror-stricken. They had not expected a noise from the gun, and the report, more than the hole in the tree caused by the shot, seemed to inspire a profound awe and veneration. The Indians offered the greatest respect and volunteered what advice they might by signs and gestures. It had been the intention of the whites to follow Trinity River down to its mouth, its course at this point being Northwest. Against this the Indians cautioned them, asserting that there were large tribes of natives scattered all along the river to its mouth, who would certainly oppose a passage through their country, and they also informed the whites that the best route to the sea, both in point of distance and on account of the Indians, was to leave the river and go Westward.

Two days' travel toward the west from the point where the strange Indians had been encountered, and the party discovered that their stock of provisions was exhausted. Flour, pork, beans, all were gone. On the night of the 13th of November the party retired supperless to bed. The animals fared better, feeding on the fine grass with which the hills were covered. During the succeeding day a halt was

several times made for the purpose of considering a proposition to return, but as often was the proposition voted down, under the belief that the sea could be reached in much less time than would be required to return to the river. All day long the party picked their way through an almost impenetrable forest, and when at night they reached a little opening in the woods and pitched their tents, the exhaustion of hunger was added to their other discomforts. Again did they retire supperless to an uneasy slumber. On the following morning the whole party started out in search of game, and after a short hunt succeeded in killing several deer. Their hunger being appeased, they set about curing a quantity of venison for future use. Several days were consumed in this work, when, packing their animals and proceeding on foot, they pushed on towards the distant sea. Finally, the venison which had been cured was all consumed, and the second, third and fourth days of enforced fasting came and passed. As if to add to their distress, grass disappeared, and the animals suffered intensely from want of food. Nothing could be obtained for them but leaves, and in places even these could be procured only by cutting down tall trees. Two of the horses gave out and were left behind.

Next occurred one of those happy mutations in their singular fortune that gave them hope where they had entertained despair and encouraged them to persevere to the end. They reached another mountain prairie where there was an abundance of game and grass. In this place they remained three days,

collecting and preparing meat for use while traveling. Having prepared as large a quantity of meat as their animals could carry, the party broke camp and proceeded on their voyage. Where they were was a matter of conjecture. Where the bay was for which they were searching was also a matter of conjecture —indeed, it grew to be almost mythical, so endless seemed the long chain of mountains, so mysterious and world-wide the forest depths.

For ten more days the party struggled on through the forests and across the mountains. Disappointment was their constant companion. For ten days they saw no living thing that could be made available or useful for food, and in less than a week the cured meat was consumed. They were then compelled to subsist on a species of nut, resembling the acorn, bitter and unpalatable. On the tenth day there was another change for the better. Weary and footsore, exhausted and weak, the explorers reached another opening in the forest, and without waiting to select a camping place they hastened in search of game. Ascending a rocky eminence that overlooked the surrounding country for a considerable distance a most attractive scene was presented to their view. They saw herds of deer and bands of elk feeding close at hand. After a brief consultation it was determined to attack the elk, and the party accordingly separated in order to approach one large band from different directions.

In less than half an hour the report of a rifle rang out on the air, and was quickly followed by two more. L. K. Wood heard the shots, and judging from the

direction of the sound that they were fired by Van Duzen, he hastened to the assistance of his comrade. He had gone but a few steps when he saw Van Duzen facing two ferocious-looking grizzly bear and loading his rifle, while near by lay three other bear, two dead and one with its back broken. Van Duzen called on Wood to stop where he was. The latter did not heed the warning, preferring to venture a shot at one of the surviving bear. The shot was fatal to the shaggy monster and brought him dead to the ground; and at the same moment Mr. Wilson, who had been attracted to the spot by the frequent firing, sent a ball through the heart of the remaining bear. There was feasting on bear meat that night, supplemented by venison brought in by others of the party.

At the end of five days, which had been well spent in curing meat, camp was broken and the expedition continued. Progress up to this time had been very slow. The distance traveled had not exceeded an average of seven miles a day. The character of the country now presented a change, the mountain ridges being less high and abrupt than those already passed. But as the party got on lower ground the timber became thicker and thicker. Nature had not then been disturbed in her solitudes, and so luxuriant was the growth of the redwoods, so interwoven the dense undergrowth, so nearly impassable the frequent barriers of fallen trees, that the utmost exertions could not accomplish more than two miles of travel through the forest in a day. There were no trails; immense quantities of fallen timber encumbered the ground in almost in-

extricable confusion, in many instances the logs being piled one upon another in such a manner that the only alternative was to literally cut a way through. To go around them was often as impossible as it would have been to go over them. Two men were therefore sent ahead with axes, who, as occasion required, would chop into and slab off sufficient to construct a sort of platform, by means of which the pack animals were driven up on the logs and forced to jump off on the opposite side.

On the evening of the third day from their "bear camp," as the explorers called the spot where they had killed the grizzlies, their ears were greeted with the welcome sound of the surf. On the morning of the fourth day Mr. Wilson and Mr. Van Duzen proposed to go to the coast in advance of the party, and at the same time to mark out the best route for the animals. This proposition was agreed to, and the two men left camp. In the evening of the same day they returned, bringing the tidings that they had reached the seashore, not more than six miles away. The morning of the fifth day found the explorers, with light hearts and buoyant hopes, ready to continue their arduous journey. For three days they attempted to get their horses through the redwood forests. Exhaustion and starvation had reduced the animals to the last extremity. Three died, and the remainder were so weak that the least obstacle would cause them to fall, requiring much time and labor to get them on their feet again. At length the worn-out men and horses issued from their dismal forest prison, and caught at the same instant a

view of "ocean's changing wonders." The point at which they reached the sea was at the mouth of a small stream now known as Little River. From this stream the party pushed on Northward, following the coast about eleven miles, where a lake or lagoon arrested further progress. Perceiving that it would be impossible to proceed further North without encountering the dreaded redwood forests, they determined to retrace their steps and go South along the coast to San Francisco, if such a voyage should be possible. Traveling South about eight miles, they camped on a headland which they had passed on their way North, which they called "Gregg's Point," but which is now known by the name given it by its Spanish discoverers, Trinidad.

It would be a natural expectation of anyone reading these pages to learn that the utmost harmony existed among the members of the little expedition which had so bravely, and at so great a sacrifice of health and comfort, struggled over mountains and through forests till they reached the sea. Unfortunately the pleasure of so recording is denied to the historian. During the two days in which the party camped at Trinidad there were many evidences of growing discontent, and when the journey was resumed an open disruption occurred. While crossing a deep gulch near the Point, two of Dr. Gregg's mules mired down, and he called lustily for assistance. Not one of the party would aid him. One and all declared that they would no longer give aid to man or beast, and that from that time forward each would constitute a com-

pany to himself, under obligations to no one, free to act as best suited his own notions. In obedience to this resolve, one of the party, L. K. Wood, visited the chief of a tribe of Indians who lived close at hand, and gave him to understand that he desired to remain with him awhile. Wood also asked protection from the Indian, and a place in his wigwam, agreeing to furnish as compensation all the elk meat that might be demanded. The Indian chief readily consented to Wood's proposition, giving many friendly assurances that no harm should come to him. The agreement thus made was not, as it happened, destined to be fulfilled. Notwithstanding the disaffection of the company for each other, when they began to get ready for another start it appeared that there was no other alternative than for them to travel together. So when the others saw that Wood was not making preparations to go with them, and on the contrary seemed inclined to remain where he was, they remonstrated with him, and demanded the reason for his conduct. He told them of the agreement he had made with the Indian chief, and of his determination to remain at Trinidad. All were violently opposed to the arrangement, and they urged, as a reason why Wood should not persist in his determination, that when they were all together they were not sufficiently strong to pass through the Indian country in safety if the savages saw fit to oppose them. They also urged that for Wood to remain with the Indians at Trinidad was to abandon himself to certain destruction, while at the same time it decreased the probability of any

of the party reaching the settlements in safety. Wood replied that he had no horse that could travel, that he was not able to walk, and that he would rather be killed by the Indians than again incur the risk of starvation. Truesdell, who had two animals left, offered to sell one of them to Wood for one hundred dollars, provided he would agree to remain with the party. After much controversy the offer made by Truesdell was accepted and Wood continued with the party.

The first serious difficulty having been overcome, the party passed on down the coast, crossing Little River in safety. A few miles South of Little River another stream was reached—a large river, running bank full, swollen by heavy rains. The party had kept as near the sea as possible, and it was decided to attempt a crossing near its mouth. And now the harmony which had existed for a short time was again disturbed. Dr. Gregg wished to ascertain the latitude of the river's mouth, but the remainder of the company declined to wait for him. Regardless of their opposition, he proceeded to unpack his instruments and prepare for his observations. His companions were equally obstinate in adhering to their determination to go on without delay. Their animals were crossed over, and placing themselves and their blankets in canoes they pushed off from the bank. Dr. Gregg, convinced that he would be left behind, hastily caught up his instruments and ran for the canoes, and after wading several steps in the water, he was taken on board. Arrived on the opposite shore, a scene of

passion and excitement ensued. The doctor, an old man, braved his younger companions, and denounced them in bitter terms for what he deemed their unkindness to himself. Hot words passed from both sides, until some of the party, at best not too amiable in their dispositions, half decided to inflict summary punishment on the old physician by consigning him and his instruments to the river. Undoubtedly this would have been done had not wiser councils prevailed. The quarrel was smoothed over, but the stream, in commemoration of the difficulty, was called Mad River, which name it bears to this day.

That night a camp was made in the sand-hills a mile back from the beach. Neither the condition nor temper of the party was such as to give much encouragement to any of them. The constant trial, suffering and danger to which they were exposed had worn them out physically and mentally. The main object of the expedition, the discovery of the bay described to them by the Trinity River Indians, had been quite forgotten ; the only thought of the explorers now was, how they should extricate themselves from the situation they were in and exchange it for one of more comfort and less danger. Immediately after camping Mr. Buck and Mr. Wood went in search of water for drinking purposes. A short distance from camp the two men separated, Buck going in one direction and Wood in another. In a few minutes Wood came to a slough which contained water not altogether agreeable to the taste, but which he concluded might answer every necessary purpose. He returned to the camp with some

of the slough water. Mr. Buck came in and placed his kettle of water before the company without saying a word. Doctor Gregg, not relishing the water Wood had brought, was the first to drink from Buck's kettle. He had no sooner drank than he turned fiercely on Buck and asked: "Where did you get that water?" Buck replied: "About a half a mile from here." The doctor remarked: "You certainly did not get it out of the ocean, and we would like to know where you did get it." Buck answered: "I dipped it out of a bay of smooth water." The curiosity of the explorers was greatly excited. Buck was sullen and cross, and refused to gratify them by explanations. It was dark, he said, and he could not tell the extent of the bay; that it was a bay he was morally certain. All this occurred on the night of the 20th of December, 1849, and on this date, therefore, was the first discovery of the bay by Americans. So, to David A. Buck, of New York, must be ascribed the honor of being the first American discoverer that trod the shores of this far-western harbor. The explorers did not forget to christen the body of water thus accidentally discovered by one of themselves. They gave it the name of "Trinity Bay," which was afterwards permanently changed to "Humboldt."

At daylight on the morning of the 21st of December the camp was moved over to the bay on a strip of sandy beach now known as the Peninsula. Here the party remained during the day. Indians came to the camp, curious to see the white men. From the Indians the white men learned that they could not go

further down the beach, on account of the entrance to the bay, which was just below them; and they intimated, also, that the entrance could not be crossed, for the water there was deeper than the trees growing on the peninsula were tall. To satisfy himself, Mr. Buck went down to the entrance, and when he returned he confirmed the statements of the Indians, and expressed the opinion that it would be dangerous to attempt to cross to the opposite shore.

Early on the next morning the party started Northward around the bay, keeping as near the water as the many small sloughs would permit. After making their way through bush and swamp, swimming sloughs and nearly drowning themselves, they arrived on the evening of the second day at a beautiful plateau skirting the Northeast end of the bay. Here they camped, and here it was that the town of Union (now Arcata) was located. The next day being the 25th of December, an elk's head was roasted in the ashes for a Christmas feast. On the 26th of December the party, following an indistinct Indian trail through the woods back of where the city of Eureka is now situated, reached the bay again where the town of Bucksport was afterwards located, giving the place its name in honor of David A. Buck, the discoverer of the bay.

It now became necessary to decide upon some plan of future action. When the expedition was organized the explorers had resolved that if they succeeded in reaching the bay, and provided the surrounding country was adapted to agricultural purposes, they would locate land for themselves and lay

out a town. The deplorable condition in which they now found themselves—with health and strength exhausted and impaired, and with ammunition nearly gone—induced them to abandon their first intention, and to use all possible dispatch in making their way to the settlements. Accordingly they turned their faces towards the South, hoping to reach the settlements on San Francisco Bay. Their progress was extremely slow, rain falling almost incessantly and causing travel to be difficult and wearisome. On the third day after leaving the bay a large river arrested further progress. Approaching the river's bank the party came suddenly upon two very old Indians, who, seeing white men for the first time, fell to the ground as if they had been shot. The white men dismounted and made the old Indians rise, giving them to understand that they were their friends, but it was with much difficulty that the superstitious fears of the savages could be restrained. The two Indians were loaded with eels, which, they informed the white men, had been obtained from the river. The party were ravenously hungry, and helping themselves to the eels, a feast was soon enjoyed. The Indians were then induced to set the party across the river in canoes, swimming the mules. Just above the point where the crossing was made a tributary emptied into the stream, and this was named the Van Duzen. The large stream was named Eel River, from the fact that the party lived on eels for several days, obtaining them from the Indians in exchange for beads and small pieces of iron.

An unfortunate controversy arose among the members of the expedition during their stay on Eel River. It was in relation to the course to be traveled in order to reach the nearest settlement. Some contended that the best way was directly down the coast to San Francisco. Others maintained that the shortest and most advantageous route would be to proceed up the river as far as its course seemed to warrant, and then leaving it, to take a Southerly direction to the settlements. A harsh, fierce quarrel ensued. Neither faction would yield to the other. Finally, all prospects of reconciliation having been abandoned, four of the explorers, Seabring, Buck, Wilson and Wood, resolved to continue on their journey together, following up Eel River. The other members of the expedition, Dr. Gregg, Van Duzen, Southard and Truesdell, announced their determination of traveling along the coast. Equally divided in their quarrel, the factions of the expedition separated and each went its way.

The remaining experiences of the first named, or Eel River party, present a series of terrible hardships and sufferings—terrible even to the contemplation of those who live in a happier time, when civilization has been achieved by the pioneer. On the first day after the party left the camp on Eel River a severe snow-storm commenced, which in a short time completely obliterated every sign of a trail and hid from their view every land-mark that could guide them in their course. The snow, blown fiercely on biting winds, blocked up the paths and drifted in great heaps in the

hollows. They could not go on. Hungry and cold, surrounded by the most gloomy and disheartening prospects, the four men made another camp—fast being hemmed in by snow, without food either for themselves or their animals. Five days passed before they were able to move from this camp. While the snow was not too deep the mules pawed the ground bare and obtained enough grass to prevent starvation. The men were fortunate enough to kill a small deer, sufficient to supply sustenance for life if not for strength. By the time they could extricate themselves from their unfortunate situation in the snow there was nothing left of the deer meat but the skin. Leaving this perilous camp the men continued their course up the river as best they could—sometimes aided by an Indian, sometimes following blindly the trail of elk, and at other times cutting a road with their axes. For several days all that they had or could obtain to subsist on was the deer skin they had saved and a few acorns. When the necessity became extreme, they cut the deer skin in pieces, boiled them in water, and drank the water and chewed the hide. They saw many grizzly bears, and on the second day out from the snow-camp they determined, weak as they were, to attack eight of the monsters they saw standing in a little mountain prairie at the foot of a ravine. It was agreed that Wilson, Seabring and Wood should make the attack. The courage of Seabring did not prove equal to a hand-to-hand conflict with the grizzlies, so he sought safety for himself by climbing a tree. Wilson and Wood advanced within three hundred yards of the nearest bear,

where a consultation was held concerning the mode of making the attack. Of the party which had originally started from Trinity River, L. K. Wood was recognized as the bravest and coolest, and it is not surprising that the most dangerous feature of any undertaking was always assigned to him. In this instance it was arranged that Wood should advance as close as possible, fire at a bear, and then seek the most available tree for safety. Wood consented readily to the arrangement, with the exception of the latter part. Indeed, he was so completely prostrated by exposure and hunger, that had he felt disposed to run his limbs could not have executed their functions. Being a man of superior courage and much obstinancy, it was not at all probable that he would refuse to face whatever danger might come. The two men, Wilson and Wood, advanced to within fifty paces of the grizzlies, when Wood leveled his rifle at the nearest one and fired. The shot was apparently fatal, for the grizzly fell, biting and tearing the earth as though in the agonies of death. Wilson adjured Wood to "run! run!" Instead of complying with this advice Wood commenced reloading his rifle. Wilson now discharged his rifle and brought down a bear. When the first shot was fired, five of the grizzlies had retreated up the mountain. Two had been shot and were stretched out on the ground, and a third yet remained, erect, deliberately sitting back on her haunches, and evidently not feeling disposed to yield the ground without a contest, all the while turning her glaring eyes first on her fallen companions and then on the men. Wilson

was afraid to face her and ran for a tree. Unfortunately for Wood, he could not get the ball down on the powder he had placed in his gun, and while in this predicament the bear came rushing at him. Wood succeeded in getting beyond her reach in a small buckeye tree. He now made another effort to force the ball down in his rifle, but with no better success than at first, and he was therefore compelled to use his gun to beat the bear off as she attacked the tree for the purpose of breaking it down or shaking him out of it. This was kept up for two or three minutes, when, to Wood's horror and surprise, he saw the bear he had shot leap to its feet and come bounding toward the tree. No blow that he might inflict on the wounded and maddened bear could resist or even check her. The first spring she made on the tree broke it down, and the two bears jumped for Wood. He gained his feet before they could get hold of him and ran down the mountain in the direction of a small tree some thirty yards away. He could distinctly feel the breath of the wounded bear as she grabbed at his heels. He reached the tree without being caught, seized hold of the trunk, and swung his body around so as to afford the bear room to pass him, which she did, going headlong down the mountain twenty yards before she could turn back. Wood exerted all his energies to climb the tree, but before he could get six feet from the ground the other bear seized him by the right ankle. By this time the wounded bear had returned, and, as he fell, grabbed at his face. He dodged, and she caught him by the left shoulder. The moments that followed

were the most critical that can be imagined, but during all the time Wood's presence of mind did not forsake him. Immediately after one bear had caught him by the shoulder, the other still having hold of his ankle, the two pulled against each other as if to tear him into pieces. In this way they stripped him of his clothes, dislocated his hip, and inflicted many flesh-wounds. They seemed unwilling to take hold of his flesh, for when they had almost entirely divested him of his clothes they both left him, the bear that had not been shot disappearing in the ravine. The wounded bear walked slowly up the hillside about a hundred yards, and then deliberately seated herself and fastened her gaze on Wood. He lay still and motionless. After remaining in this situation for several minutes Wood ventured to move. The first motion brought the bear on him again, roaring furiously. She placed her nose violently against his side, and then raised her head and gave vent to frightful and unearthly yells. Wood kept his presence of mind and remained perfectly quiet, hoping the bear would leave him; in this hope he was not disappointed, for after standing over him a few moments the brute again walked away. Wood now determined to put himself beyond her reach if it were possible for him to do so. Up to this time he had been unconscious of the extent of the injuries he had received. Not until he attempted to rise and found that he could not use his right leg, was his true condition known to him. Turning to look about and assure himself that his enemy had disappeared, his heart grew sick and faint—not more than

a hundred yards distant he saw the bear sitting defiantly erect, with glaring eyes fixed full upon him. Slowly and most carefully, his injured limb swollen, inflamed and painful, he dragged himself over the ground to the little tree from which he had been pulled by the bear, and after much difficulty succeeded in climbing it about eight feet. In the meanwhile Wilson had left his tree and now approached the one into which Wood had climbed. The bear, seeing him, came bounding toward him with the greatest ferocity. Wood called to Wilson to run for an adjoining tree, and he did so, being barely able to get beyond reach of the infuriated bear. The bear seated herself under the trees and kept her eyes steadily on the two men, uttering an angry howl as either of them attempted to move. A few minutes passed like so many hours, when, to the great relief and joy of the men, the bear left the spot and disappeared in the distance. Now that all fear of further visits from the bear was past, Wood began fully to realize his condition, the wounds he had received becoming momentarily more painful. Seabring and Buck coming up, Wood was carried some distance down the mountain, where there was a place suitable for camping. Here the party remained twelve days, subsisting entirely on the meat afforded by the grizzly Wilson had shot.

It now became a source of much anxiety to know when and how they should leave this spot, and what disposition they should make of Wood, for he grew rapidly worse instead of better. At first it was thought that, by remaining in camp ten or twelve

days, Wood's injuries might be so far healed as to enable them to continue their journey. No one supposed that the injuries he had received were as serious as they now proved to be. At the expiration of twelve days, Wood's condition having in no way improved, his companions consulted him in regard to the course which ought to be pursued. Each insisted that it was absolutely necessary that no more time should be lost in camp; that they were destitute of clothing and without shoes to protect their feet from the thorns and briers that were ever in their path; that all were daily feeling the effects of fast-failing health and strength; and that the fact of very seriously impaired powers of endurance was only too evident to them all. They stated, also, that their ammunition was nearly exhausted, and when it was gone starvation would be certain in these wilds. The meaning of this representation was obvious to Wood, and in reply he stated to his companions that they had remained with him as long as he could expect or ask; that they ought to save themselves if they could; but, as they had seen proper to speak of the matter, he would ask of them one more favor. He desired to suggest two ways in which they could dispose of him, either of which he would prefer to being abandoned to his fate in the condition and place in which he then was. The first suggestion was, to endeavor to induce the Indians who had visited them during their stay here to take care of him until they could go to the settlements and return. The second suggestion was, in case the Indians refused to take care of him, to put an end to his sufferings. The

first of these suggestions was cheerfully acquiesced in by each of the three men, though nothing was said by them in regard to the latter; the idea of putting their comrade's sufferings to an end by taking his life was not yet to be seriously considered. The first suggestion was acted upon promptly. The chief of the neighboring Indians was sought, and Wood's proposition submitted to him. The Indian chief readily assented to the application for aid, and promised to faithfully attend to Wood and supply him with food until the other three white men could return from the settlements. He agreed to come on the following morning and convey Wood to his rancheria, which was about three miles further up the river.

At the appointed time the Indian chief presented himself, together with three of his men, and expressed his readiness to fulfill his agreement, but demanded some presents before taking Wood to his rancheria. All the beads in the possession of the party were gathered together and given to the Indians. They were not sufficient to satisfy their demands. They still wanted more. Their demand for more was repeated and complied with, until everything the men had, except such articles as necessity absolutely required them to retain, was given up, in order to avoid offending the chief. At length, when it was plain that they had gotten all they could, the chief turned to his companions and bade them return to the rancheria. He immediately followed them, leaving the whites to regret the folly of reposing too much confidence in heartless savages.

While the Indians were ransacking the camp Wood dragged himself upon a litter which had been prepared for him. He had no thought of treachery on the part of the Indians until he saw them depart with their booty. When he fully understood that the Indian chief had actually repudiated his agreement, and knew that his first suggestion had come to naught, he concluded that now he should either be abandoned to endure the gnawing pangs of hunger, and at last perish alone, a victim of starvation, or that he should be released from his torture by shooting.

For a space there was a solemn and profound silence in the little camp—a silence which no one seemed disposed to interrupt. Wood turned his face from his companions, that they might not be embarrassed in their consultations or in carrying into execution any plan they might agree upon. The men talked in whispers. There was a difference of opinion in regard to the course which ought now to be adopted. They agreed that it would be a deplorable necessity which would compel them to abandon their comrade, but under the circumstances no other course presented itself to their minds. The discussion was finally ended by the determination of Wilson, who announced that he should not leave Wood, and should carry him in some way, if he was able and willing to endure the pain. Seabring then went to Wood and inquired for his opinion on the subject of carrying him with them. He replied to Seabring's inquiries, that they might take him to the river, where they had already secured a canoe for the purpose of crossing,

and that he would then tell them whether he could further endure the pain caused by travel. In the event of not being able to continue with them, all he had to ask of them was to leave him in the canoe, to drift whither fate might direct.

Much time was consumed in lifting Wood to his seat in the saddle, and it was necessary to tie him on with cords, the fearful agony he endured making him as helpless as a child. Seabring led his horse down the mountain, and after a long and tedious march they reached the river and camped. On the next morning Wood was again consulted and asked if he felt able to continue on the journey. He replied that as long as he lived, if it so pleased them, he desired to have them carry him on, and if he should die he wanted them to cut the cords with which he was bound and pass on; he could not ask or expect them to bury him, for they had no implements with which to dig a grave. In accordance with his desire he was again bound on his horse and packed until another camp was reached, enjoying an occasional respite to allow his stiffened limbs to recover from the effects of being confined in one position. In this manner they traveled through the wild and unsettled country for ten days—following down the Russian River a long distance and then turning Southwards towards Sonoma. On the tenth day they came to the farm of Mrs. Mark West, thirty miles from the town of Sonoma. Mrs. West, a very worthy woman, watched over and diligently cared for Wood during six weeks of intense suffering, when he was sufficiently recovered to go to his friends in San Francisco.

It will now be necessary to say something of the other faction of the original party, who separated from their comrades on the banks of Eel River. They attempted to follow along the mountain chains near the coast, but were very slow in their progress on account of the snow on the high ridges. The steep rocky points and deep gulches and cañons made traveling so extremely difficult that they abandoned the route, after struggling along for several days, and took another course which would lead them to the Sacramento Valley. Their ammunition gave out, and hunger was the result. One day Dr. Gregg, that brave old man who had assumed command of the expedition when it started from the Trinity, fell from his horse and died without speaking. His death was caused by starvation. His surviving companions dug a hole with sticks and put his body under ground, and then they covered the spot with rocks to prevent animals from molesting it. Van Duzen, Southard and Truesdell reached the Sacramento Valley a few days later than the arrival of the other party in the Sonoma Valley.

Thus ended one of the most perilous journeys that ever attended pioneer discovery in any country. Occupying many weeks, full of exciting incidents and cruel suffering, it will stand on the records of Northwestern California as a lasting memorial to the wonderful powers of endurance and the indomitable will of the men who constituted the vanguard of our civilization. Scattered now the few who are living, forgotten except by their deeds those who are dead, the pioneers of this expedition shall yet live in the monu-

ments of enterprise and achievements of industry so lavishly distributed on the soil they discovered. Their deeds were not new in the history of American conquest. They were but following the example of thousands whose work had already been accomplished and whose life pilgrimage was ended. Yet their memory deserves to be enshrined in the proud regard of the generation which now reaps the harvest from the seed they planted a third of a century ago.

CHAPTER II.

ANNALS OF DISCOVERY — THE CRUISE OF THE LAURA VIRGINIA.

A glance at the map.—A long stretch of unknown coast.—The search for the mouth of the Trinity.—The Laura Virginia Association.—Two Boards of Trustees.—Lieutenant Douglass Ottinger, U. S. N.—Remarkable voyage of the "Laura Virginia."—Burial of Lieutenant Bache.—E. H. Howard's expedition from Trinidad.—Rival ships at sea.—The "General Morgan" and the "J. M. Ryerson."—Off the bar.—A brave man needed.—H. H. Buhne, Second Officer.—The ship's boats cross the Bar"—The 14th of April.—The "Laura Virginia" at anchor in the Bay.—Humboldt City.—Business of the Laura Virginia Association.—How steamers were subsidized.—Rise and fall of a metropolis.

As this volume proposes to deal mainly with facts from the history of the territory now comprised within the limits of Humboldt county, it will be eminently proper for the reader to acquire, at the outset, some idea of its vast extent and prominent natural features by a glance at a modern map. Beginning at the South, we find that the division line between Mendocino and Humboldt counties is marked by the fortieth parallel; that the boundary line on the North is near the forty-second parallel; and tracing its extent in miles, we find that the county has a total length of

one hundred miles and a width of forty miles. It is bounded on the North by Del Norte and Siskiyou counties; on the South by Mendocino; on the East by Siskiyou and Trinity; and on the West by the Pacific Ocean. It has been carefully estimated from reliable figures that Humboldt county contains 3,590 square miles, or 2,297,600 acres of land; that it has one hundred and seventy-five miles of tide land; that it is three times as large as the State of Rhode Island, one and one-half times as large as Delaware, nearly as large as Connecticut, and half as large as Massachusetts. This vast territory is drained by numerous streams that flow into the bay and the ocean. First on the North is Klamath River, dividing Humboldt from Del Norte, the largest stream between the Sacramento and the Columbia. Following the coast line South, we find, in distances of from fifteen to forty miles, Redwood Creek, Little, Mad, Eel, and Mattole Rivers, besides a number of smaller streams emptying into Humboldt Bay.

From an historic point of view the Northwest coast presents many features of extraordinary interest. Its discovery and its early settlement contained elements of romance enough to fill a library with the adventures of gold-hunters, the struggles of pioneers, the discoveries of voyagers by sea who sailed wherever the wind listed. There are authentic accounts of Spanish ships, driven by storms, running in under the Humboldt coast; and to Spanish discovery must be attributed the first definite location of at least two prominent features of the coast line—Cape Mendocino and the

port of Trinidad. It was the 11th day of June, 1775, the Sunday of the Holy Trinity, that Bruno Ezerta and Juan de Bodega sailed North in their ships, passing the unknown bay to the South, and anchored in the open harbor which they named Trinidad. Nearly three-quarters of a century later occurred the Trinity River gold excitement, the cause of numberless expeditions to re-discover and locate Trinidad, and to find the mouth of the Trinity River, supposed to empty into the sea, a natural highway to the mines.

As late as 1850 there was a coast line of seven hundred miles between Fort Ross and the mouth of the Columbia River, of which there was no exact topographical knowledge. Its prominent headlands were defined on the marine charts with nothing more than approximate accuracy, and had been serviceable as danger signals of what was supposed to be a savage, inhospitable lee shore, rather than as welcome guides to commercial intercourse with any known harbor within its limits. Not a solitary white settlement existed—not a white person was living on the shores of the Pacific in all that distance of seven hundred miles. It was an open field for adventure, and, taken in connection with the exciting discoveries of the precious metals already made at the head of the Sacramento and other streams of the interior flowing Westward, it naturally suggested many possible advantages to the locator of its most available point for ocean traffic. Already a large mining population in the wilds of Trinity and Siskiyou was dependent on the slow and expensive interior route for travel and the

transportation of supplies. It was believed that a coast route by water would make a diversion of this trade. San Francisco, of course, was to be the starting-point for enterprises of this kind and of the required capital to conduct them. Each of the several expeditions by sea sent out from San Francisco in the winter of '49–'50 had for its leading inducement the hope of discovering coastwise communication with the mines in the mountains by some navigable stream, and, perhaps, of founding new cities that should thereafter shine as brilliant settings on this remote rim of American territory.

Among the first expeditions for the exploration by sea of the northern coast was one made under the auspices of the Laura Virginia Association. The Association was organized with two Boards of Trustees, one to reside in San Francisco, and one to go with the expedition.

The Trustees residing in San Francisco were Captain Joseph L. Folsom, U. S. A., President; Chas. B. Young, Secretary; C. B. Gallagher and —— Simmons. The Trustees accompanying the expedition were E. H. Howard, President; W. H. Havens and Robert T. Lamott. The members of the Association, but recently arrived from the East and elsewhere, were adventurous in spirit and bold in enterprise, and they projected a voyage of general discovery, having special reference to the selection of some harbor as a depot for the distribution of merchandise to the mining districts of Northern California. The mines of the Trinity and the Klamath, far up those streams, were

even then famous for their real and reputed wealth. They were isolated, and hemmed in by stupendous mountain chains. To reach them by way of the Sacramento Valley and Shasta was to endure the perils and sufferings of a long journey through an unsettled country. As yet, no road had been blazed through the forests to the sea, nor had the Gregg party yet made known the result of their voyage of exploration. The Trinity was supposed to empty directly into the sea, as the Klamath did, and the mouths of neither had been located. Situated in a basin of the Trinity, ninety miles from the sea, was the mining camp of Weaverville, and still farther North and East were other regions rich in mineral wealth. To these remote localities the transportation of supplies was chiefly carried on by way of Red Bluff, the outlying settlement of the Sacramento Valley, and thence by pack-mules over a succession of rugged mountains that swarmed with hostile Indians. To divert the extensive trade of that part of the State into a more economical channel, and to discover a landing place from the sea, were the primary objects of the Laura Virginia Association. An ocean voyage, prompted in some degree by love of adventure but more by love of gold, was to be the first visible effort of the Association to win renown.

Anchored in the Bay of San Francisco was a staunch Baltimore-built craft of one hundred and twenty tons burden, the *Laura Virginia*, which was chartered by the Association, and gave it a name. Lieutenant Douglass Ottinger, of the U. S. revenue cutter *Frolic*

on leave of absence, volunteered to take command of the vessel, and after taking on a cargo of general merchandise the expedition sailed from San Francisco in the latter part of March, 1850. The vessel was provisioned for a two months' voyage with fifty passengers. During the first day out there was a Southeast wind and rain, but on the second day the storm ceased and there was a light Northwest breeze and clear skies. So far as could be observed from the vessel, running close in shore, the coast up to the latitude of Cape Mendocino presented no break or depression indicative of any considerable valley or affluent of the sea. Cape Mendocino passed, the uniformity of the coast line ceased, the mountains sweeping inland and making a grand curve to the Northward.

While sailing up the coast North of Cape Mendocino, Lieutenant Ottinger saw the mouth of Eel River and came to anchor two miles off the bar. The next day three other vessels also anchored in the same locality. A boat from one of them—the *General Morgan*—crossed the bar and entered the river. Seeing the *General Morgan's* boat cross the river bar safely, Lieutenant Ottinger launched two boats for the same purpose, one commanded by himself and one by Albert Swain. On the bar the breakers capsized Swain's boat, which was in advance, and Lieutenant Ottinger put back to the ship. Upon reaching the vessel, he informed the second officer, H. H. Buhne, of what had occurred, and requested him to take a crew and try to save the men who were clinging to the capsized boat. Buhne willingly consented to undertake the task, and

with his boat he went among the breakers and rescued from their perilous position four of the men—L. M. Burson, N. Duperu, Albert Swain and a man named Bell. The fifth man of the crew, J. S. Rowen, was drowned.

Captain Ottinger abandoned the exploration of Eel River to the more fortunate seamen who had safely crossed the bar and headed his own vessel North. Sailing close in to the shore, he saw distinctly the waters of what he conceived to be a large bay, but he could not see any entrance to it. This inability to discover the entrance at that time was afterwards attributed to the fact that breakers on both the North and South spits were rolling heavily, the breakers from the South lapping over those from the North, and thus hiding the channel from the view of the discoverers on board the *Laura Virginia.*

The vessel sailed on up to Trinidad, and from thence fifty miles farther North to the open roadstead where Crescent City is now situated. Here there was one vessel, the *Cameo*, at anchor, and another, the *Paragon*, stranded on the beach. A boat was sent off to the shore, where the crew were informed that a boat from another vessel had capsized while attempting to make the landing a few days before and several persons were drowned. A search on the beach resulted in the discovery of the lifeless body of one of the unfortunate party—Lieutenant R. Bache, who had been an attache of the United States Coast Survey. A plain coffin was prepared and the remains were buried, Lieutenant Ottinger officiating in the reading of the ritual service of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Remaining in the roadstead two days, the *Laura Virginia* sailed down the coast to Trinidad. While running down the coast the crew noticed a streak of fresh-looking water making out from the land, and by examination ascertained that it came from a large river North of Trinidad. Lieutenant Ottinger ordered Second Officer Buhne to take a boat and sound the bar, but instructed him not to attempt a crossing. Buhne followed instructions and returned to the ship. The river whose mouth was thus discovered was the Klamath.

When the vessel arrived at Trinidad it was decided that a party should be landed there, whose duty it should be to explore on foot the coast line South to the bay which had been seen from the deck of the ship. From those who volunteered there were selected by E. H. Howard, who had the personal direction of that expedition, H. W. Havens, Samuel B. Tucker, Robert Lamott, S. W. Shaw and a Mr. Peebles. Supplied with provisions and ammunition, the five men followed Howard and marched South down the beach. It was agreed with Captain Ottinger that the *Laura Virginia* should return to Trinidad and take the party on board. Three or four hours' travel brought the party to the crossing of Mad River, whose Southern bank they perceived was lined with canoes, drawn up on the dry land, and in the background was a large rancheria of many lodges and hundreds of inhabitants. Yell after yell rang out from the rancheria when the whites appeared on the opposite shore, and scores of excited natives thronged the water's edge. Squaws with their papooses were seen scampering from their

lodges to the rear, while the warriors, grasping bows and quivers, assembled in hasty pow-wow on the bank. The whites knew not how to talk to them; and they were equally at a loss how to talk to the whites. In pantomime the intelligence was sent across the stream by the whites that they meant no harm and only wanted to cross to the Indian rancheria. After much parleying in dumb show, which half satisfied but did not convince the natives, several canoes were manned and struck out across the swollen and eddying stream. There was a repetition on shore of the previous pantomime, the superstitious fear of the savages being exceedingly difficult to overcome. White men they had never seen, unless, perchance, Dr. Gregg's party had crossed their river here, and their observation of the strange visitors was accompanied by many ejaculations of wonder and surprise. Finally consenting to take the six men across the stream, motions and signs were made which signified the desire of the Indians that one only should cross at a time. The canoes were brought close to the bank and the whites motioned to get in. Here was a predicament which had not been foreseen. To go across one at a time might be to court the treachery of the Indians, and perhaps to meet death in its most terrible form. A vigorous protest was made to the proposition, and the Indians very reluctantly consented to take all of them across at the same time. Carried safely to the Southern shore of the stream, the whites were surrounded by the curious natives, curious even to touch them and feel if they were really men and not fantastic figures from an In-

dian's dream. Taking advantage of their superstitious regard, the whites anxiously undertook to impress them with a sense of supernatural power. They told the savage warriors, by expressive pantomime, that six white men could defeat in battle a thousand braves. A striking device to reach the superstitious veneration of the Indians was suggested by a surveyor's compass in the hands of one of the party. An eager circle of warriors, young and old, crowd around the whites while one of them explains the connection of the little instrument with the Great Spirit of the earth and sky, and seeks to fix his own identity as the "medicine man" of the travelers. The compass is placed on the ground, and as the needle trembles and flutters on its pivot the Indians watch with increasing wonder. The white "medicine man" takes a knife and moves the blade slowly around the disk of the compass. Slowly, with little quivering stops, like warning fingers pointed at individual braves, the needle follows the knife blade around the circle. Filled with a profound feeling of awe, the warriors see the knife withdrawn and the needle settle to its quiet rest. The white "medicine man" lifts the instrument to his ear, as if thus communicating with the Great Spirit; the Indians themselves draw nearer, eager to catch a stray whisper from the Unseen World, though it be in an unknown tongue; the "medicine man" withdraws the instrument and gravely endeavors to make them understand that all their secret thoughts and purposes are revealed to him through its agency. The ruse is successful. The untutored mind of the savage, deriv-

ing from all nature continual additions to his superstitious lore, sees in the little mechanical instrument a revelation of divine wisdom and power. He regards the whites with an awe which is not unmixed with reverence. This one experiment would doubtless have been sufficient to preserve the whites from the danger of an attack, but it was thought best to give another proof of their ability to protect themselves. A target is set up and pierced by bullet after bullet at sixty yards. A flock of geese go sailing over the spot. A good shot brings one fluttering to the ground. The natives are now thoroughly convinced of the supernatural attributes of their white visitors. They are safe from all danger while in the vicinity of this rancheria.

Leaving a few presents at the rancheria, given to those who appeared to have authority, the party proceeded on their way Southward, keeping on the beach, which was smooth and free from troublesome obstructions. They were followed several miles by many of the natives, whose curiosity was not yet perfectly satisfied. Stealthily running from hillock to hillock, on a parallel line with the whites, the heads of the curious Indians would now and then be seen, just raised above a bank of drifted sand, the eager eyes watching, with all the fierceness their Creator gave them, every movement of the whites. Late in the afternoon of the same day the party saw the entrance to the bay.

Howard's party had accomplished the object of their mission, and it was with light hearts and high hopes that they started back to Trinidad on the following

morning, having camped the night before near the spot where the Humboldt Light House now stands. Traveling on the beach, and meeting with no difficulties, they reached Trinidad before night, keeping their own counsel, and revealing to no one the result of their journey. On the next day the *Laura Virginia* anchored in the harbor, and the ship's boat was sent to take the party on board.

Lieutenant Ottinger was confirmed in his opinion that a large bay lay in the basin South of Trinidad by the report he received from Howard's party. On the 9th day of April, 1850, the unanimous voice of those on board the *Laura Virginia* decided that an attempt should be made to cross the bar and enter the bay. It was determined to send one of the ship's boats first, before attempting either to cross with passengers or take the vessel in. Who could best command the boat and direct the crew to a safe termination of what might prove to be a perilous undertaking? This grave question met with the serious consideration it deserved, and the choice to which the company came was a most happy one. It was agreed that Second Officer Buhne possessed the qualifications necessary to an acceptable leader in the expedition across the unknown and perhaps perilous bar. He was known to be a good sailor, inured to the dangers and hardships of the sea, a brave man, and a man of common sense. His

selection as the proper person to take the pioneer boat across the bar was a wise and judicious proceeding.

Between ten and eleven o'clock on the morning of the 9th of April the boat was launched, and Buhne, with Wm. Broderson, James Baker, an Englishman named Palmer, and one other man whose name has been forgotten by the survivors, for his crew, started across the bar. Skillful seamanship carried the boat safely across the bar and into the harbor. The crew landed at a point opposite the entrance—for many years known as Humboldt Point, and now called Buhne's Point—where they remained till one o'clock in the afternoon, when, taking advantage of high water, the boat was headed for the sea. Buhne made soundings on the bar and found four and a half fathoms of water in a well-defined channel. Going on board the ship, he reported to Lieutenant Ottinger what he had seen and done, and it was decided that another trip should be made on the same day, this time with two boats, loaded with passengers, tents, provisions, etc. The two boats, Buhne commanding the one in advance, then crossed the bar and landed on the north beach at half past seven o'clock. On the next morning the whole party went across to the point and pitched their tents. Here they all remained three days. On the 12th a vessel was seen off the bar, and Buhne with his boat's crew went out to her, supposing that she was the *Laura Virginia*. It was not that vessel, but was the *Whiting*, sailing towards Eel River, ambitious to be the first vessel to enter that stream. The Captain of the *Whiting*, like the offi-

cers of a rival vessel, the *J. M. Ryerson,* believed that this river was the Trinity; and if they had observed the basin to the North with any interest, it was only indicative to them of a shallow lagoon or basin. It was late in the afternoon, and Buhne and his crew boarded the *Whiting*, remaining there all night. They were reticent of their own previous movements. It would not do for them to relate where they had been or what was their success. The members of every expedition then exploring the coast considered themselves morally bound to keep a profound secret any discovery or location made by them. Precisely why this was so cannot be easily accounted for at the present day. A lively imagination can indeed surmise various reasons for secrecy. Each expedition was animated by a more or less envious jealousy of every other expedition, and every commander of a vessel was firmly convinced that the honor of first sailing into a bay or river ought to belong to him. No troublesome questions were asked of Buhne or his crew, the crew of the *Whiting* probably surmising that they had been away from their vessel on an excursion, and the night was passed quietly as the guests of the vessel. On the morning of the next day, the 13th, the *Whiting* was near Eel River, and the crew saw with disgust the *J. M. Ryerson* sail across the bar and into the river before them.

Wishing to come up with his own vessel as soon as he could, Buhne parted company with the *Whiting* and proceeded North in the small boat. In the afternoon the *Laura Virginia* came down from the North,

took Buhne and his crew on board, and stood off to sea during the night. The tide and wind being favorable at noon of the next day, April 14th, 1850, Second Officer Buhne took the wheel and guided the *Laura Virginia* into the bay, where she anchored near the point on which the tents of the passengers were plainly visible.

The 14th of April was a proud day for the Laura Virginia Association. Captain Ottinger, and every one of the officers and members of the expedition, felt highly elated because of the success which had attended their voyage. What grand castles they built in the air is not for our generation to know; and perhaps it is well that we draw not back too rudely the curtain of time that hides them from our view, for in the very act of exposing the unsubstantial glory of their hopes, we might, perchance, uncover to the world some day-dreams of our own. The company, as a matter of course, thought their fortunes were made, and they proceeded to take possession of sufficient land for the site of the city that was to be. After considerable discussion the bay was christened, likewise the city. Both were named "Humboldt," in honor of the distinguished naturalist of that name, at the earnest solicitation of a member of the expedition whose enthusiastic admiration for the illustrous Prussian was as boundless as the latter's knowledge. Afterwards the Association voted to give the Baron Von Humboldt a choice lot in the city of his name; and a deed of the same was written and sent to him, with a full account of the adventures of the company, for which the

Association in due season received his kind acknowledgements over his own signature.

As set forth in the articles of the Association, when any important discoveries were made the members accompanying the expedition were to select and take possession of such lands and locations as they should deem most eligible for commercial or agricultural purposes. Each locator was to hold his claim for the joint benefit of all the members, until, by a subsequent allotment, he should have his interest defined in severalty, with due regard to rights and shares in town sites as well as in the exterior lands. A certain proportion (one-sixteenth) of the whole was reserved as a contingent, chargeable with such extraordinary expenses as the making of trails and bridges, the necessary requirements of protection against native enemies, and all matters of a public nature in which the benefit of the community was distinguished from that of the individual. Lands were accordingly located on the shore of the bay, opposite the entrance, covering a shore-line of four miles, and extending back indefinitely. Humboldt Point was a central location, and here the city was located. A town sprang up under the magical activity of the pioneers. An imposing array of buildings and tents were erected along the city front, and preparations were soon completed to send out a party to open a trail to the gold mines of the Trinity.

The first summer witnessed considerable increase in the population of the Bay, and of Humboldt City. The resident members of the Laura Virginia Association directed their best energies to the promotion of its in-

terests, and when contracts for public work were made that could not be satisfied out of the interest in contingent shares an order was drawn against the Board of Trustees in San Francisco. Among many obligations of this kind, the following is given to show the practical operations between the two Boards of Trustees before referred to:

"$300.

To Messrs. Folsom, Gallagher, and Simmons, Trustees of Laura Virginia Association:—

Please pay to Mr. Geo. O. Whitney three hundred dollars, and charge the same to Contingent Fund of said Association.

E. H. Howard,
Robt. T. Lamott,
H. W. Havens,
Trustees L. V. Association.

Humboldt, June 19th, 1850.

P. S.—The above order is drawn for amount of expenses incurred in opening a road to the mines, we as Trustees deeming it better to raise the money from individual members than to draw upon the lots, which at this time are not as convertible into cash as they will be, we have reason to hope, a short time hence.

Respectfully, etc.,
E. H. Howard,
Robt. T. Lamott,
H. W. Havens.

Humboldt, June 19th, 1850."

Similar demands to the amount of several thousand dollars were referred to the San Francisco Trustees to be provided for and paid. The correctness of the accounts was never brought in question, but after more or less delay they were sent back to the Humboldt Board with instructions that they be paid out of the sale of contingent city lots. The Trustees on the Bay always had been empowered to dispose of any part of this interest and apply the proceeds to the uses for which it had been reserved, but to give it an assured value work of local and public necessity had to be first done. When it was apparent that no advances of cash would be forthcoming from San Francisco, that the discoverers at Humboldt were acting only as a convenient appendage to headquarters, and without reimbursement they were expected to take all the risks, spend their time, do the trail making, the surveying, etc., with the privilege thrown in of footing the incidental expenses, it was agreed to disagree. As an association on the original basis the Laura Virginia scheme was brought to an end.

No longer handicapped by the useless machinery of business with the San Francisco Board, the affairs of the Humboldt Trustees went smoothly. Humboldt City presented daily indications of reaching the rank of populous and prosperous towns. There was no relaxation of enterprising efforts to advance the welfare of the community, and the estimate which the outside public put upon the prospective importance of Humboldt may be approximated from correspondence which passed between E. H. Howard and San

Francisco parties. A letter from D. W. Coit, a San Francisco member of the Association, read thirty-four years after it was written, has a curious interest. An influential and leading citizen of San Francisco at that date, Mr. Coit wrote:

"SAN FRANCISCO, May 3d, 1851.

E. H. HOWARD, Esq.:

Dear Sir:—I received some little time ago from you a petition to the Agent of the Postoffice Department with respect to the establishment of a postoffice at Humboldt, and in compliance with your request have handed it about to the parties interested here for their signatures to be added to the list of those obtained by you. I only wait the Agent's return here, which is expected by the next steamer from Panama, to place the matter before him and endeavor to have some prompt action taken in the matter.

You will, I think, be glad to hear that I have been in some degree instrumental in inducing Captain Knight (Agent for P. M. S. Company) to order his Oregon steamers to touch at our port on their way up and down the coast. That company of course look for advantages to their own private interests wherever they can obtain them, and if we wish to secure their stopping at our place exclusively, and with regularity on their trips, we must make some concessions of lots, and so I have assured Capt. Knight we should be prepared to do so under some positive engagement on his part. He is not prepared to say at present that they will construct improvements on

the water for the accommodation of their steamers, though he hinted at this in the remark, that they should require one entire block (three water-lots and the corresponding lots above tide water) to meet their wants. Without anything being definitely settled between us, Capt. Knight agrees that the *Columbia*, which leaves on Monday next for Oregon, shall touch at Humboldt for the purpose of her Captain (Le Roy) making a survey of the bay and noting the advantages of the different places on it which set up claims to prominence. Capt. Le Roy, from a conversation I have had with him, will go impressed favorably toward our place; but there is no question that it will be politic to make him directly interested in the place, by giving him individually such an interest as shall enlist him for us—I should say at least a half a share. His report to Capt. Knight and to the company will be very important; then he will always exercise great influence with the passengers which he will bring to the Bay from hence, as well as from Oregon. This I look upon as a very important turning time in our affairs: and this new arrangement proposed may be the pivot on which our whole success and prosperity may turn.

I trust you have not got me down on your proscription list as one not ready and willing at all times to do my share in building up (what is to be, and must be) the first seaport between the Bay of San Francisco and the Columbia River.

Believe me, dear sir,

Your very obedient servant,

D. W. Coit."

In the belief that a liberal subsidy would secure regular steamer communication with the metropolis, and be followed by some if not all of the benefits indicated by Mr. Coit, the Laura Virginia Association donated to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company the desired water frontage and town lots, and in good faith the company for a season performed their part of the contract.

Humboldt City for a year or more kept in advance of any other town on the Bay. Stores, pack trains, mechanics' shops and saloons gave unmistakable signs of business progress. But that could only last while the town could control the trade with the mines. The advantage of a nearer route, and an Indian trail from the head of the Bay that was practicable without costly improvements, settled the rivalry in favor of Union and against Humboldt City. The castles in the air built by its founders soon tumbled down about them, Union and Eureka divided the business of the Bay, the city that was to be faded from the visionary projects of the adventurers' dream. Humboldt City succumbed to the inexorable decrees of fate, and to-day the scene of its once bustling life is abandoned to its original pastoral simplicity.

If a complete account of the doings of the Laura Virginia Association, its meetings and proceedings, were given to the world, it would, beyond a doubt, be intensely interesting to the reader of to-day. Would that a pen in young fingers might chronicle every minute detail of that old society! But it has passed away, and with it a majority of its projectors. Some

few remain—like land-marks in the more substantial form of old houses—to be sadly missed when the whirligig of time sweeps them from the earth. A few are yet in the prime of manhood, albeit on the shady side of life. Even to them, looking back through the long vista of a third of a century gone, their pioneer Association must seem like the unsubstantial creation of a dream, and like the substance that dreams are made of the cruise of the *Laura Virginia.*

CHAPTER III.

ANNALS OF DISCOVERY—EARLY SETTLEMENTS AND VOYAGES BY SEA AND LAND.

Major P. B. Reading.—Mining excitement on the Trinity River.—Embryo cities in newly discovered territory.—Bucksport, Union and Eureka.—The Brannan brothers.—Warnerville and Klamath City.

A magical effect of the name of Trinity is that it calls to the mind of every one conversant with the history of Northwest California a host of pioneer scenes and reminiscences. Not the least interesting are the expeditions of discovery which had their ending or beginning on the banks of the Trinity River. The trappers of the Hudson Bay Company were familiar with the larger streams in the neighborhood of the Shasta Valley and had visited the Trinity, but to the mining excitement occurring several years after the first visit by trappers is correctly attributed the permanent settlement of the Trinity, the Salmon and the Klamath. The first mining on the Trinity of which there is any authentic record was done by a party of trappers and explorers under direction of Major Pearson B. Reading, who settled in Shasta

county in 1847. In the spring of 1845 Reading left Sutter's Fort with 30 men and 100 pack horses for the purpose of trapping the streams of Upper California and Oregon. In the month of May he crossed the mountains from the Sacramento River, near a divide now known as "the backbone," and twenty or thirty miles from there he discovered a large stream which he named the Trinity, supposing that it flowed into Trinidad Bay as marked on the old Spanish charts. He remained on the river three weeks, trapping, no known ledge of gold being acquired. Four years later, in June, 1849, Major Reading, then a rancher in the Shasta Valley, organized a small party and went on an exploring expedition to the Trinity River. The party traveled up the stream a considerable distance and discovered the gold-bearing gravel bars which afterwards made the river famous. Returning to the Sacramento River settlements in August, they spread the news of the gold discovery, and the rush for the Trinity began. From that time there were numerous expeditions of miners and adventurers, who explored the rivers and cañons of the mountainous country between the Sacramento and the sea. To Reading's expedition and the reports communicated to the Sacramento settlements by its members is attributed, also, the subsequent wild search for the mouth of the Trinity. The opinion became general that the river discovered by Reading emptied its waters into Trinidad Bay, and it was naturally supposed that the best route to the mines would be by way of the river from the ocean. Expedition after expedition was fitted

out by sea to discover the mouth of the Trinity, some on the co-operative plan, some by masters and owners of vessels, who charged enormous prices for passage in their vessels. The *Cameo* sailed up the coast in December, 1849, but returned to San Francisco with the report that no such place as Trinidad Bay could be discovered. Contradictory reports came in, and the *Cameo* at once sailed to the North, followed in quick succession by the *Sierra Nevada*, *James K. Whiting*, *Isabel*, *Arabian*, *General Morgan*, *Hector*, *California*, *J. M. Ryerson*, *Paragon*, *Mailleroy*, *Galinda*, *Patapsco*, and the successful *Laura Virginia*. In March, 1850, the real harbor of Trinidad was discovered by the *Cameo*, and was soon afterwards entered by the *Laura Virginia*, *James R. Whiting* and *California*. The reception in San Francisco of the news of the discovery of Trinidad, and a little later of the discovery by sea of Humboldt Bay, created intense excitement. Trinidad was the name which, above all others, for a short period possessed a charm for adventurous spirits. As if by magic, embryo cities actually sprang up in the newly discovered territory, or were neatly drawn upon paper.

The first town-site which was located on Humboldt Bay was Humboldt City, by the Laura Virginia Association, in April, 1850. Next the towns of Bucksport, Union, and Eureka were located. When the survivors of the Gregg party reached Sonoma, and after L. K. Wood had sufficiently recovered his strength, a party of thirty men was organized to return overland to Humboldt Bay, and on the 19th of April, 1850, the

party reached the bay, having occupied about twenty days in the trip from Sonoma. In the narrative published by Mr. Wood, many years afterwards, he said:

"We saw that the schooner *Laura Virginia* was inside, and that Humboldt Point was occupied by her party. They did not see us, and that they should not we shifted our course more to the North, coming upon the shore of the bay where Bucksport now stands. Here we left four of our number to occupy and make improvements on the land, the others proceeding as fast as possible across the bay at this point, by the help of the Indians, and made our way on foot to the head of the bay, where Arcata (Union) now stands, and which we considered the only place for a town. We arrived here on the 21st of April, and stayed about three days, laying foundations for houses, posting notices with names, dates, etc., in order to show that the land was claimed and occupied; then all returned by the East side of the bay to where we had left the four men."

In the same month (April) the town of Eureka was located on the South side of Humboldt Bay, and Trinidad—first called Warnerville—was located at Trinidad Harbor. Some peculiar circumstances accompanied the location of the latter place. Samuel Brannan had fitted out the *General Morgan*, which was commanded by John Brannan, his brother. Early in April the two Brannans, each with a crew and ship's boat, entered Eel River from their vessel anchored in the offing, naming the stream Brannan River, a name it failed to retain. The Brannans explored the river

the first day and on the second crossed a neck of land at the foot of a high bluff—now called Table Bluff and which they named Brannan Bluff—dragging their boats after them, and crossed Humboldt Bay, from whence they walked up the coast to Trinidad Harbor. There they found R. A. Parker and party, who had entered Trinidad in the *James R. Whiting*. Parker was accompanied by Charles C. Southard, of the old Gregg party, J. C. Campbell, Frank Lemmon, Thomas J. Roach, Robert Atherton, —— Ayres, and William Hawks, and had commenced to lay out a city. The Brannan party were given a hearty welcome and invited to join in laying out the new city. They consented, and survey lines were run and blocks and streets located. When a division of the lots was attempted a controversy arose which terminated disastrously. Parker's party, which was smaller than the Brannan party, wanted an equal division of the lots. The Brannan party objected, and finally left the place in disgust. A few days later an expedition under Captain R. V. Warner arrived on the brig *Isabel* and located what they were pleased to call the City of Warnerville. On the day of the arrival of the brig Captain Warner erected a house and hoisted the American flag. His house was the third one constructed, R. A. Parker having erected the first and a Mr. Van Wyck the second. Warnerville was located and christened on the 10th of April, and on the 13th an Alcalde, Second Alcalde, and a Sheriff were elected by the citizens, one hundred and forty votes being polled. A pack-train arrived from the Trinity during

the same week, bringing glowing reports of the richness of the mines; and with these flattering prospects the harbor of Trinidad and the city of Warnerville started on their career.

Klamath City was one of the ephemeral productions of the mining excitement. When the *Cameo*, driven from Trinidad Head by a storm in March, reached Point St. George, she landed some of her passengers there. These, B. W. Bullet, Herman Ehrenberg, J. T. Tyson, A. Heepe, and a Mr. Gunns, walked down the coast, and about the middle of April arrived at the mouth of the Klamath, which they supposed was the Trinity. After traveling up the stream some distance and locating homesteads near its mouth, the explorers went down to Trinidad, their stories of discovery adding fuel to the feverish excitement which already possessed the place. They and others went up to the mouth of the river and located a new town, which they called Klamath City. Here they were met by Eugene du Bertrand, sole survivor of a boat's crew of five from the *Cameo*, that had come down from Point St. George, and attempting to cross the river bar in the boat had been upset in the breakers. Bertrand, being a good swimmer, saved himself, with the timely assistance of an Indian. Klamath City had a rapid growth and a mushroom existence. It was supposed that the river bars from the mouth up were all rich in gold, consequently prospectors and traders flocked to the new town in large numbers. The frames of houses, ready to be put together on arrival, were shipped from San Francisco, and it is said that

one iron house was imported and erected in the town: as the Indians were living there in great numbers, the owner probably intended to guard against their attacks by inhabiting a castle which would be proof against shot and fire. The growth of Klamath City was not more rapid than its decline. Prospectors at the mouth of the river did not meet with the success they had anticipated, and left for other localities; the river bar was too dangerous to be crossed in safety by large vessels; traders were unable to bring in their wares by sea; explorers departed for other scenes; buildings were taken down and carried away: and in a few months from its location the site of the prospective city was the same primeval solitude broken in upon by the first white explorer. To-day there is not a vestige of the town to be seen, not a single visible testimonial of the busy and exciting scenes that once transpired there.

CHAPTER IV.

Annals of Discovery.—The Extreme Northwest.

The County of Del Norte.—Its first settlement.—Happy Camp.—Crescent City.—The story of the lost cabin.—Captain McDermott.—J. F. Wendell's land grant.—Smith's River Valley.

Intimately connected with the settlement and subsequent history of Humboldt Bay, the extreme Northwest territory of California could not escape the notice of explorers who sailed up the unknown coast in '50 or traveled across the trackless mountains in '49. The county of Del Norte, formerly a part of the old county of Klamath, is situated in the Northwest corner of the State, and the name signifies in English "the North." It is bounded on the East by Siskiyou county, on the West by the Pacific Ocean, on the South by Humboldt and Siskiyou counties, and on the North by the Oregon line. It was a part of Klamath county until the Legislature of 1856–'57 passed a bill providing for the division of that county and the creation of the new county of Del Norte. The bill located the county seat at Crescent City, and ordered an election held in May, 1857, for the first county officers.

The first settlement in the territory comprising Del

Norte county was made in 1851. In the spring of that year a party of prospectors and explorers, consisting of Capt. S. R. Tompkins, Robt. S. Williams, Capt. McDermott, Charles Moore, Thos. J. Roach, Charles Wilson, Charles Southard, two brothers named Swain, —— Taggart, Geo.Wood, W. T. Stevens, B. Ray, Wm. Rumley, W. A. J. Moore, Jerry Lane, John Cox, J. W. Burke, James Buck, and —— Penney, and several others whose names have been lost in the lapse of time, started from Trinidad on an expedition up the Klamath River, camping on every bar which showed the color of the gold they were seeking, and continually compelled to keep guard against prowling Indians. The settlement they ultimately made was preceded by a bloody tragedy. While the men were prospecting two bars near each other, the Indians with many professions of friendship endeavored to induce them to move further up the river, saying that at a distance of less than "one-half a sleep" there were good camping grounds and gold diggings. Three young men, Barney Ray, Moore and Penney, believed the representations of the Indians, went up the river together, and were foully murdered. Immediately after the murder, which occurred a few days after the three young men had arrived at their new location, several of their comrades went up the river to a point directly opposite the place where they had pitched their tent. The party could see the tent still standing, but being unable to hear or see anything of the three occupants, and seeing numbers of Indians skulking about the premises, they surmised that some misfortune had be-

fallen them. Actuated by this belief they returned to camp and organized a party of volunteers to go up the river and ascertain the fate of their friends. Arriving at the tent they learned that their fears had been well founded. The Indians had murdered two of the three men who had believed and followed them, and wounded the other. The body of one, Barney Ray, was buried on the spot, and another, Penney, mortally wounded, was carried down the river on a litter to Wingate's Bar, where he died. The body of Moore was not found at the time, but several weeks afterward the remains of a dead body, supposed to have been his, were found in the river below, so much decayed as to be unrecognizable. The perpetrators of the deed did not go unpunished. The party, determined to avenge the death of their comrades, pursued the Indians, and following their trail up the river discovered their village, a large number of huts indicating the home of a powerful tribe. Satisfied with their discovery, they returned to camp, and the next morning at break of day made an attack on the Indians. The majority of all in the village were killed outright. The Indians had no guns and were at the mercy of the whites.

Two or three weeks after the murder of the three white men and the attack on the Indian village the party of pioneers removed from Wingate's Bar to a camp higher up the stream, to a place which they united in giving the name of Happy Camp. And thus, ushered in by a tragedy of death, the first settlement in the territory of Del Norte was made.

Happy Camp! A name suggestive of cool shades of

forest trees, of sparkling streams from mountain sides; it brings a breath of the bracing air from mountain snows which fanned the cheeks of the hardy pioneer who dared to molest the Indian in his choicest hunting grounds; it suggests a land teeming with game and fruit, and all other rich and beneficent things bestowed by bountiful Nature—a land in which the footsore and weary Argonaut might find rest and happiness and peace. However pleasant and suggestive the name might be, it is certain that the pioneers of Happy Camp met with as many difficulties as others of their class, and the name itself was probably chosen more in a spirit of irony than as an expression of pleasure. It appears that on a certain evening the party, assembled around their camp-fires, were regaling themselves with the contents of a black bottle which passed freely from hand to hand, when some one proposed that the place should have a name. Among others "Happy Camp" was proposed and was adopted. Three hearty cheers were given for Happy Camp, the bottle was passed again, and thus the new mining town received its christening.

After the settlement of Happy Camp, and when settlements had been made at Trinidad and the mouth of the Klamath, the town of Crescent City, on the South side of Point St. George, was located. It is somewhat strange that a permanent settlement was not made here at an earlier date than 1852, for as early as the spring of 1850 several vessels anchored in the roadstead, including the *Paragon*, *Cameo* and *Laura Virginia*. Crescent City had a peculiar and romantic

origin. In 1849–'50 a story was circulated throughout the Pacific Coast, and in many of the Eastern states, rivalling the legend of Captain Kidd's treasure, and equalling in imaginative qualities any fable of the "Arabian Nights." There are many versions of the story, the most generally accepted being to the effect that in the very earliest days of the mining excitement in California, a miner more adventurous than any of his fellows, armed with his rifle and supplied with necessary mining implements, crossed the Coast Range and prospected the gulches and ravines of the foot-hills near the seashore. One lucky day he "struck it rich." The rich earth yielded its yellow treasures in abundance, and the solitary miner erected a cabin in the wilderness, with the sole thought of amassing a fortune and returning to home and friends in the East. And there in the "forest primeval," with the giant trees towering above him, the lonely gold-hunter toiled as if for life, day after day, for many weary months, adding to his store of gold until it amounted to a fabulous sum. The prowling Indian found his retreat at last, and attacking him with overwhelming numbers left him senseless on the ground, apparently dead. The treasure was too well hidden to be easily found, and failing in their search for it, the savages set fire to the cabin, burning it to ashes. When they had gone, the miner recovered consciousness, but not his reason —the light of his mind had gone out, and left a flickering flame of disconnected thought. Bereft of his reason, he wandered out of the forest and into the home of civilization. How he succeeded in finding

his way back to his friends in the East the legend saith not. But (so the story goes) he did succeed in reaching his home, and there, after a brief period, died. Before his death his reason returned to him, and calling his friends around him he told them the story of his hidden treasure, describing minutely the locality of the cabin. And from the account he gave it was evident that the lost cabin was situated somewhere on the Northern coast of California.

So runs the legend of the lost cabin. And however improbable the story may appear, it was, in various forms, circulated far and wide, and many parties were at different times fitted out to search for the bonanza. In the spring of 1851 a party under Captain McDermott were searching for the lost cabin in the vicinity of what is now known as French Hill. Ascending to the top of the hill, they saw before them a broad expanse of ocean, with here and there a depression in the coast line, and at one spot in particular a deep indentation in the rocky coast caused them to conclude that there was to be found a bay of considerable magnitude. The report of this discovery was circulated in the interior, and in September, 1852, another party, composed of Captain Bell, Major J. B. Taylor, Henry Kennedy, Thomas McGrew, James D. Wall, Richard Humphreys, Wm. Osborn and three or four others started for the coast in search of the harbor seen by the McDermott party. They procured the necessary outfit at Althouse, Oregon, and were well prepared for their perilous and fatiguing journey. They were obliged to cut trails for them-

selves and animals, and they met with numerous other obstacles which required great perseverance and labor to surmount. Reaching the coast, they passed through a valley near the sea where large herds of elk were feeding quietly by the way, unmindful of their presence. For this reason they named it Elk Valley, a name it bears at the present time. Arriving at the seashore the party camped on the beach, naming the roadstead to the South of them Paragon Bay. Winter was approaching, and their provisions would be soon exhausted; so they dispatched a messenger, Richard Humphreys, to San Francisco, instructing him to charter a vessel from that port to Paragon Bay. While in San Francisco Richard Humphreys met J. F. Wendell, and induced him to organize an expedition to Paragon Bay. The expedition was soon organized and equipped, and chartering the schooner *Pomona* set sail and arrived at Paragon Bay some time in the Fall of 1852. Nothing was done that year toward surveying and locating a town-site, and it was not until the month of February, 1853, that any move was made in that direction. During the Winter of 1852-'53 A. M. Rosborough purchased a land warrant in J. F. Wendell's name for the 320 acres on which Crescent City now stands, and in February, 1853, the land was surveyed by P. F. Robinson and divided into town lots. Lots in the new town were transferred by deed from J. F. Wendell to W. A Thorp, A. M. Rosborough, G. W. Jordan, A. K. Ward, Richard Humphreys, J. M. Peters, J. K. Irving, J. D. Cook, J. B. Taylor, B. J. Bell, W. S. Watterman, F. E. Weston, P. C. Bryant,

M. Martin, M. Smythe, A. Coyle, C. D. Parton, G. A Guthrie, H. Fellows, T. H. McGrew, D. C. Lewis, H. Kennedy, J. H. Short, D. S. Pomeroy, J. H. Boddeby, S. F. Watts and H. S. Fitch; and it appears from the deeds that all but seven received their lots for a money consideration, ranging from $100 to $1,000, and that but six of the party besides J. F. Wendell were originally interested in the land. The transfer to W. A. Thorp was in consideration of having "rendered services in and about Point St. George," and F. E. Weston, G. W. Jordan, A. K. Ward, Richard Humphreys, J. W. Peters and J. K. Irving received their deeds in consideration of having "contributed equally with J. F. Wendell of their money, labor and materials in fitting out an expedition to Point St. George." Therefore, as only Weston, Jordan, Ward, Humphreys, Peters, Irving and Wendell had originally invested their means in the enterprise, they should be looked upon as the founders of Crescent City. The grant which Wendell had purchased from the State was afterwards declared to be invalid, the United States claiming the title to the land, and those who had invested in town lots were in danger of losing both the lots and their money. An arrangement was finally made by which the Common Council of the town purchased the land from the United States at $2.50 per acre. When the town was finally and permanently located it was named Crescent City, because the bay or roadstead on which it is situated is in the form of a semicircle.

Smith's River Valley, the only other settlement of

importance in the district, was settled in 1853. Among the arrivals at Crescent City during the month of April of that year were Jas. Haight, Daniel Haight, H. Davis, —— Downie and one or two others, who made the first settlement in Smith's River Valley, locating on the North side of Rowdy Creek, a small stream which flows from the mountains diagonally across the valley. The valley itself is about ten miles long and five miles wide. Through the valley runs Smith's River, from which it received its name—a clear, limpid stream, heading away off in the Siskiyou Mountains. This river was one of the numerous threads in the mysterious entanglement of early names and localities which for a long time puzzled explorers and travelers. Like the Trinity and the Klamath, its course was an enigma and its name a riddle. Much speculation has been given to the subject, but no definite conclusion has ever been arrived at as to how or when the river received its name. The most generally accepted theory of its origin is, that sometime in 1838 or 1839 a certain Captain Smith and party, in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, camped on the banks of this river and were murdered by the Indians. At the present time there are no records extant or persons living to substantiate this theory, and, besides, it is evident that it has no foundation in truth. On the contrary, the river undoubtedly owed its name to the ignorance of the early explorers and traders in regard to the typography of the Northern coast. In 1842 Fremont camped on the shore of Klamath Lake, Oregon, and in his account of his second voyage of

exploration he remarks that he was forced to take extra precautions to guard against the Indians, and says: "I was not unmindful of the fate of Captain Smith and party." From this it would appear that a Captain Smith was murdered by the Indians, and it is well known that his name was given to another river, which empties into Rogue River in Oregon. In the time of Fremont's voyage, and long after, a river in Oregon now known as Illinois River was called Smith's River, and it was supposed to empty into the ocean somewhere near the mouth of the present Smith's River. It was natural, therefore, that those who crossed the mountains and traveled down the river to the coast should call the stream Smith's River, believing as they did that the two rivers were one and the same. In the course of time, when the country became better known, the true Smith's River received the name of Illinois, while the Del Norte river retained the former name and has kept it ever since.

CHAPTER V.

The First Four Years of Settlement.—The Indians and their Tribes.

Character of the population.—A slow transition.—Cosmopolitan communities.—Bitter rivalry between jealous towns.—The Indians.—Six general divisions.—Natural consequences of white settlement.

In the four years succeeding the discovery of Humboldt Bay the settlement of the Northwest country was rapid and continual. It was not the permanent settlement of agricultural character, but rather the spasmodic and temporary settlement which comes of mining excitements. Indeed, the early settlement of Humboldt, Klamath and Trinity counties was only the prelude to that permanent growth in population and industry which later years witnessed. All the wide scope of territory tributary to Humboldt Bay, including the Eel River country, the stock-raising section of the Bald Hills, the Klamath River country from the Hoopa Valley to the sea, the Mad River country, and the settlements along the shores of the bay, were undergoing from 1849 to 1854 a constant period of transition from natural wildness and mining fluctuation to the

steady and enduring condition of farming and manufacturing communities. This transition was a slow process. Gold mining was yet in the full tide of its ascendancy, and it was only in mining communities that the whites were assembled together in sufficient numbers for mutual protection against savage Indians and savage Nature. The farmers, few in number and isolated in location, had to contend with difficulties which none but pioneers would dare to face. The villages scattered through the territory were far apart, and were separated by high mountain chains, deep rivers, and dense forests. Every obstruction which uncultivated Nature throws in the way of man, every danger attending the inevitable conflict between the whites and the Indians, was present to defeat and discourage them.

Without going into details which would more properly belong to a professed history of the country, it is sufficient to state that the towns located as Trinidad, Union and Eureka grew into flourishing communities, of most cosmopolitan population and most enterprising character. The mines were the arteries through which they drew their sustenance. Many ships laden with articles for the miners' use crossed the bar of Humboldt Bay or anchored in the roadstead of Trinidad; long cavalcades of heavily-laden mules toiled over the mountains to the head-waters of Mad River, the Salmon, or to the Trinity River mines; periodical gold excitements occasioned periodical seasons of rapid growth and feverish prosperity; and through it all the times grew ripe for a more sober and a more perma-

nent settlement. There were seasons of bitter rivalry between the various towns in the vicinity. Trïnidad, Crescent City, Union, Bucksport and Eureka each claimed to be the proper and natural depot of supplies for the miner and the coming metropolis of the North. This jealousy was most pronounced between the three towns of Union, Bucksport and Eureka. Each felt big with impending greatness, and each desired, above all other things, the dignity of possessing the Court House and Jail. The county of Humboldt was organized in 1853, the town of Union being designated as the county seat. Bucksport and Eureka did not cease their bitter rivalry for the honor, and a contest was begun which resulted in two elections in 1854 to determine the relative claims of the three places. Union received the largest vote and was officially declared to be the county seat. The agitation of the matter continued, the charge of fraud on the part of Union Township being frequently and persistently asserted. The Supervisors refused to erect a Court House in accordance with the wishes of the Unionites, and the controversy went on until it was finally determined by the Legislature of the State. A law was passed at the legislative session of 1855–'56 removing the county seat from Union to Eureka.

The Indian population was known to be largely in excess of the whites, though it was impossible, in consequence of the unstable character of many of the white settlements along the rivers and other gold-bearing streams, to make even a reasonable approximate of the number of the whites. The Indians were dif-

ferently situated. They had not yet received the inexorable decree of the white man, "Move on," and their rancherias presented more of the aspect of permanent settlement than the towns of the pioneers. Their numbers had not yet been decimated by death and disease. There were no restraints of their liberty or mode of living. The "Reservation" system had not yet been enforced by the Government, nor had the military authority extended to them in the remotest degree.

At the beginning of the year 1854 the section of country unprovided with Indian Reservations and uncontrolled by Indian agencies was very extensive. It was drained by the Salmon, Klamath, Trinity, Redwood Mad and Eel rivers and their tributaries, extending South to the Southern vicinity of Cape Mendocino. Ten thousand Indians lived within the boundaries of this region. They were divided into bands or tribes, and again subdivided into rancherias and families innumerable. With regard to their tribal relations and language they composed six general divisions. There were the *Weott* and *Put-ta-wott Co-will*—Eel River and Mad River Indians—who lived near the mouths of the two rivers and on Humboldt Bay, and the *Palik Ai-li-qua*—lower Indians—who ranged along the coast, and along the Klamath River from Trinidad to Bluff Creek, the latter being a small stream eight miles above the confluence of the Trinity and Klamath rivers, sixty miles from the sea. At that point began the territory of the *Car-rook Ar-rah*—North or upper Indians—which extended up the Klamath ninety miles,

being bounded on the North and East by the hunting grounds of the Shasta Indians. The *No-ten-ta-yah No-co-stah*—Trinity Indians—comprising the fourth general division, occupied the Trinity from its junction with the Klamath to the South Fork, and were also scattered over the Bald Hills and in various places on Redwood and Mad rivers. The fifth division, the *Patch-wies*, was a small band located on New River and on the main Trinity above the South Fork. Extending through all that section of country embracing the head-waters of Panther Creek, Redwood, Mad and Eel rivers, was a wing of the powerful tribe known as the *Win-toons*, or Mountain Diggers, and these constituted the sixth division.

When the white men first entered the region of country inhabited by the six grand divisions of aborigines enumerated above, the native population was comparatively immense and individually much superior in everything to the remnant of the race now existing. The men of the race were of good form, swift of foot, keen of eye, athletic, possessed of great powers of endurance, while the opposite sex were also physically well endowed. Prior to that period the natives of the region were as ignorant of the existence of the white race as were the aboriginal inhabitants of the Atlantic side of our continent before the discovery of the new world; and doubtless the former were as profoundly impressed by the advent among them of a new type of humanity, clad in the garb and armed with the weapons of civilization, as were their brethren who witnessed the landing of Europeans in Amer-

ica for the first time. Doubtless great wonder, not unmixed with superstition, as to who these new beings were and from whence they came, filled the savage mind. Be that as it may, it is unquestionable that the Indians at first felt friendly towards the new comers. But this friendly feeling was not long to continue. While granting all that is claimed of intelligence, enterprise, love of adventure, contempt of danger, etc., for those who left home and kindred for a journey to California the plains over, the Isthmus across, or the Horn around, in the memorable days of '49, it must be admitted that many of these energetic and adventurous seekers after the precious metal were not as careful always to respect the rights of those they came in contact with as they were to exact such consideration for themselves. The majority of the immigrants were in favor of dealing fairly and justly with the natives, and failed not to caution their associates who were heedless of consequences or oblivious of right, of the supreme importance, for the common good, of honorable conduct toward the savages, and for a time care was taken not to give cause for complaint. Soon other parties of gold-hunters came, the feeling that caution was necessary wore off, and as had been foreseen by men of experience and good judgment, serious difficulties commenced. From being friendly in feeling and demeanor, willingly serviceable as guides, in crossing streams and in various other ways, the Indians gradually began to show signs of discontent with and dislike of their new acquaintances, grew morose, more and more kept aloof, and in many ways gave

evidence that they considered the white man an unwelcome intruder into the country their race had held owership of and lordly jurisdiction over from time immemorial. This state of feeling was intensified by the continued reprehensible action of individual white men, which early provoked the savages to petty depredations against the property of their civilized neighbors. Among the causes that strengthened the feeling of hatred against the whites and unwillingness that they should permanently settle in the country, which by the summer of 1851 had firmly taken hold of the Indian mind, was the fear that their presence would interfere with the food supply that had heretofore abundantly satisfied the wants of the natives. They cultivated no crops of any kind, but depended entirely for food upon the natural productions, the grand staple of all and most highly prized of which was salmon. As the bear was held in high reverence by eastern tribes, so was the salmon esteemed by the primitve men who dwelt on the banks of the three great rivers of the Pacific. The Indians believed that the establishment of a ferry by rope across a stream would stop salmon from further ascending; and their "medicine men," whose utterances were implicitly relied on—taught them that the salmon had become angered, and would soon desert all the inland waters of the region, because of the use of white men's knives; one of the Indian superstitions being that stone only should be used in dressing a fish, particularly the beloved salmon. The bread supply was afforded by acorns and the seeds of the rich grasses with which

the hill-sides and plains were bountifully covered, and the simple-minded Indian saw with dismay the ax of the invader ruthlessly destroying the fruitful oak, and cattle becoming so many that the seeds would not ripen where the women and children had annually harvested ample store of what was to the natives as choice and important as the cultivated breadstuffs of civilization to more favored peoples. The superiority of firearms over bows and arrows was not unnoticed by those who used the latter weapon, and the fact was soon apparent that the deer and elk were becoming more shy than formerly, that they were even leaving their previous haunts for others remote from the sound of the rifle, which would result at no distant day in the loss to the red man of the pleasures and profits of the chase.

To the foregoing causes of dissatisfaction with which the natives viewed the settlement of the best portions of their country by white men, may properly be added the arrogance of manner the latter had adopted toward them. As the settlements became numerous there gathered to them from different directions men of some former frontier experience on this continent and in Australia and New Zealand, who evidently thought it brave to assert by word and deed that an Indian had no rights; consequently, neither they nor their imitators tried to conciliate the natives by kindness and just dealing. Service was exacted and payment made or withheld as best suited the caprice of the civilized employer at the time. When the natives were complacent they were generally given some recompense, but if they hesitated in obedience they were

liable to coarse abuse. It is true that a majority of the white settlers did not approve of injustice towards the natives of the country, but their disapprobation was generally of a negative character, and being engaged in their several avocations, such matters were allowed to drift along without their active interference. But these things rankled in the savage breast and made the average adult male of the race a sullen, suspicious, disagreeable and unsafe neighbor.

The Digger Indians have been considered the most degraded and ignorant of all the aboriginal inhabitants of the United States, but there is reason to doubt whether the adverse opinions formed concerning their character have always been sanctioned by justice. Degraded they certainly were, in the earliest years of white settlement, yet never so degraded as when the whites had firmly established their own houses over the ruins of Indian rancherias. If sentimentalists have gone to extremes in their judgment of the Indian character, so have those gone to extremes who look only to practical results. The whites found much to condemn in the Digger character, and they might have found, had they been so disposed, some few redeeming traits. One thing which operated strongly to keep the Indians of this coast under the influence of superstitious ignorance, and which at times precipitated difficulties and aggravated injuries, was the fact that there were no chiefs among them such as exist among the Cherokee or Sioux tribes. Certain wealthy Indians, owners of many horses, or successful hunters and fishers, were influential in their districts and exer-

cised a kind of non-official authority over their tribes. But their authority was neither delegated from generations of illustrious ancestors nor won by personal valor as warriors. It partook of a mercenary character, and was neither very binding nor very lasting. The majority of the Indians lived on fish, game, nuts and roots—and when the whites came to settle the country they saw their means of subsistence pass into hands made strong by the customs of civilized government. It was natural that disagreements should occur. The Indians were strongly attached to their homes, they soon imbibed the hereditary antipathy of the Indian race toward the whites, and they had no great chiefs, like the chiefs of many tribes of the East, to treat with the whites on important subjects. On the other hand there were always in the white settlements a few lawless men who had left their abodes in "the States" for crimes against society, and they were continually stirring up hostility between the whites and the Indians which every effort of the peaceably inclined could not subdue.

CHAPTER VI.

The Klamath War.

Tribes of the Klamath River.—Characteristics of the Indians.—Robert Walker's ordeal.—A trial by fire.—Smoke and superstistition.—Col. McKee's oration.—The ferry at Weitchpeck.—Ken-no-wah, Zeh-fip-pah, Ma-roo-kus and Kaw-tap-ish, four noted men.—Blackburn's ferry.—Dangers menacing the whites.—Hostile Red Caps.—A general uprising.—Capt. Judah's negotiations.—Union Volunteers.—Col. Buchanan and his infirmness of purpose.—Capt. Judah relieved.—Contentions among the miners.—The mouth of the Salmon.—Capt. Buzelle and Capt. U. S. Grant.—Moreo and Cappell rancherias.—The month of March.—Confusion among the Volunteers.—Proposition of the Hoopas.—S. G. Whipple appointed Special Indian Agent.—Capt. Judah sent back to the Klamath.—Volunteer companies dismissed.—Klamath Reservation located.—End of the war.

A mystery to early explorers was the Klamath River. Its long, tortuous course, leading away up in the lakes of Southern Oregon, was more than once crossed by the adventurous miner and supposed to be the Trinity or Salmon. Its source was unknown after its mouth had been discovered; and some of those who discovered its mouth supposed that it was the Trinity. Gradually, as the country to the North and South became better known, the Klamath attracted crowds of gold-

hunters, the identity of its tributaries was fixed in the public knowledge, and the Salmon and Trinity were assigned their true positions as feeders of the great stream. The third river in magnitude on the coast of California and Oregon, teeming with fish, and walled in by mountains alive with game, the Klamath was the home of many thousands of Indians, located on either side from the Oregon lakes to the ocean. The Indians of Humboldt Bay held intercourse with the Klamath tribes as far up as the Trinity, and their interests were intermingled in many ways; therefore it is easy to understand that whatever affected the interests of the lower or valley Indians was felt in many remote places by the upper or mountain Indians. What was known as the Klamath war, occurring in 1855, was the first serious trouble between any extensive body of Indians, and its origin may be traced indirectly to difficulties long past, local and personal in themselves, but conveying the hated intelligence to the mountain tribes that the whites were pushing their race to the wall. They had been, from the time of their first intercourse with the whites, extremely sensitive and jealous of any intrusion upon their favorite hunting grounds. Besides, they were the most superstitious of all the tribes in the district, and as early as the spring of 1851 it was considered necessary to keep a detachment of soldiers in the vicinity of Hoopa. Suspicious and watchful, the Indians aggravated real injuries and entertained imaginary grievances.

One mental characteristic of the Indians which made them peculiarly difficult to deal with, was an inability

to distinguish between individuals and a tendency to generalize in considering the most trivial subject. Their tendency to generalize was strikingly exhibited in the case of any injury sustained by themselves. They were unable to distinguish between an individual who had wronged or injured them and the community or race to which that individual belonged. If a white man killed one of their number, they were satisfied if a white man was killed in return. It mattered not that the one who did the killing escaped. "Man for man" was their motto in war and peace. An instance of their superstitious training is afforded by the experience of Robert Walker, a pioneer who located at Weitchpeck, on the Klamath, in the spring of 1851. He lived in a little log cabin on the bank of the river, just below its junction with the Trinity, in company with three other men. It so happened that they had been in their location but a short time when Capt. McMahon, commanding a detachment of troops, surrounded a small rancheria on the river bank and proceeded to inflict a chastisement for some act of the Indians. The rancheria being fired on by the troops, the result was the death of an old squaw. Capt. McMahon then left with his company. During the day Walker and his three companions observed extraordinary activity among the Indians of the neighborhood. It was evidently about something which concerned themselves, for it was observed that they were gathering in large numbers near the cabin. At ten o'clock there were four hundred warriors in the vicinity, stationed within call, and at that hour an old Indian who

appeared to be a leader approached the cabin surrounded by a body-guard. He entered and spoke to Walker, saying that his people believed that the death of the squaw was brought about by the four white men in the cabin. But his people would not kill the white men if they were not guilty. He would appeal to the Mowema, the Great Spirit of his tribe, who would judge between the Indians and the white men. If Walker and his companions were guilty, he said, they must die; if not guilty, they should live. High up on the mountain there grew a kind of wood which was to be the instrument of their trial. His men would gather some of this wood; and then he would go up to the place where the two rivers met, and on the point of land between the waters he would build a fire. If the white men were guilty, the smoke would come down and envelop the cabin; if they were innocent, the Great Spirit would cause the smoke to go the other way. Having made this statement, the Indian was about to leave. At this moment a happy thought was suggested to Walker. He knew that every day at noon during that season of the year a breeze was wafted up the river, regular in its duration and sufficiently strong to carry away from his cabin the smoke from any fire. If he could keep the Indians otherwise engaged until nearly noon, the smoke from their trial fire would go up the river on this breeze. With many questions and answers he engaged the time and attention of his visitors, and was rewarded by noting the minutes pass into hours till the sun was high in the heavens. Then he let the Indians go, with

the assurance of innocence and friendship, and with perfect confidence in the noon breeze as the personal representative of the Great Spirit. The Indians had procured the wood spoken of to the white men, and in a few minutes after the old leader had left the cabin a fire was built on the point of land between the two rivers. Whatever mysterious incantations were performed by the "medicine men" of the tribe, and whatever may have been their secret desire in regard to the matter, the noon breeze, sweeping up the Klamath, befriended and saved the whites. The smoke soon rose, and circled, and was carried away up the stream. So profound was the impression of the Indians, so implicit their faith in the efficacy of fire as a means of communication with the Great Spirit, that they lost no time in going back to the cabin and tendering their friendship to Walker and his companions. The Great Spirit had told them of the white men's innocence, they said; they would be friends with them. Walker presented the spokesman with a lion's skin, and in a week after the Indians returned with a present of smoked salmon. And ever after that occurrence the Klamath Indians assumed a protectorate over the cabin of Walker, regarding him as a man whom the Great Spirit had recommended as a tried and true friend. Thus the superstition of the race was apparent in every act of their lives.

Another characteristic of the Indians was their inability to forget and forgive. If one of their warriors was killed, if one of their squaws was abused, if a rancheria was plundered, they never forgot or forgave.

The decree of vengeance once made by them was fixed and inexorable, and when bad white men imposed on them the good citizen was made to suffer equally with the bad. That the Indians were imposed on and cheated and abused in many instances was no fault of the early settlers. In nearly every case the guilty white men were lawless outcasts, who had no homes to protect or character to lose. Occasionally, too, those who had authority from the Government to deal with the Indians would do so only to deceive them, On one occasion, in the fall of 1852, Colonel McKee, the Government's first Indian Superintendent for California, went up the Klamath with a hundred mules loaded with presents for the Indians—beads, knives, handkerchiefs of bright colored stuff, and other articles of various descriptions and cheap cost that might satisfy the fancy of the men, women and children. Col. McKee, like nine out of ten employés of the Indian Department, had little knowledge of the Indian character and less regard for the obligation of any agreement made with them. He unloaded his mules and distributed his presents, calling to his aid as interpreter the same Robert Walker whose life had been saved by the fortunate direction of a river breeze. A large number of Indians flocked to the camp of McKee, pleased with the presents he distributed and desirous of listening to his proposals for continued friendship and peace with the whites. A day was set for the making of a treaty which would be a lasting and effectual proof of the white man's friendship. The Indians were present in larger numbers than before. Then

Col. McKee, with the pompous bearing of one high in authority, made a grandiloquent oration to the Indians, telling them that the white men were as many as the leaves on the trees; that if they did not remain peaceable their rancherias would be destroyed, but if they remained quiet and inoffensive they should be protected in their lives and property. He said in conclusion that he wanted them to be good Indians until he could go to San Francisco and return, and when he returned, which was to be in so many moons, he would do more than he had done to prove the friendship of the Great Father at Washington. Turning to Robert Walker, he commanded him to interpret the speech to the red men. It appears that Mr. Walker had established a ferry across the Klamath River, and in order to make it profitable it was necessary to have the cooperation and assistance of the Indians, especially in times of high water. As when he conceived the idea of detaining the Indians in his cabin until the noon breeze should carry the smoke from their trial fire up the river and away from his home, so now there came to him another happy suggestion. He would make Col. McKee's speech do a good turn. He knew that the Indians would neither understand nor appreciate the address if literally translated, and he might in reality do Col. McKee a service by changing it to suit his own ideas. Therefore he began his translation by saying that the white men in San Francisco were more plentiful than the leaves on the trees, and ended by an assurance from Col. McKee of perpetual friendship, *provided* that the Indians should take care

of the Weitchpeck ferry until Col. McKee could go to San Francisco and return. He would return in so many moons, and during the time of his absence the Indians must do whatever he (Walker) should demand of them in the conducting and operating of the ferry. The interpreter having finished his translation, the Indians held a brief consultation and answered that they would accept the white man's proposal. Walker reported to Col. McKee that his proposition was accepted, and that the red men would be good Indians until he should return. Col. McKee appeared to consider that his whole duty was not yet done, and immediately proceeded to lay out a reservation, drawing imaginary lines from Weitchpeck down the Klamath many miles, including a section of country which lies between the Hoopa and Klamath Reservations as at present located. Having accomplished this, he packed up his mules and rode away. And that was the last that was seen of Col. McKee. The Indians kept their part of the treaty—as it was translated to them by Robert Walker. They faithfully observed their agreement to assist in operating the ferry, and were in fact "good Indians" during the three or four months Col. McKee was to remain away. But Col. McKee did not return, the reservation he planned never assumed more tangible shape than so many lines on paper, and the Indians concluded that they had been wantonly deceived by him. Particularly had they been disposed to doubt the truth of the assertion that the white men were as numerous as the leaves on the trees: and they were now firmly of the opinion that Col. McKee lied

to them, else he had not been afraid to return. It must be remembered that the Indians at that time had no correct ideas regarding the numerical strength or warlike power of the whites, for several years even entertaining the opinion that the strange visitors to their country might be all annihilated by concerted action of the native tribes.

It might have been reasonably expected that immediately after it became apparent to the Indians that Col. McKee had broken his promise to them, and they were convinced that the treaty made with them was but a farce and a deceit, a general attack on the white settlements would have been begun. Such was not the case. Among the Klamath Indians were four who exercised powerful influence and authority—*Ken-no-wah-i*, known to the whites as "Trinity Jim," and *Zeh-fip-pah*, living on the upper Klamath; and *Maroo-kus* and *Kaw-tap-ish*, living on the lower Klamath. Since the first settlement of Northern California they had been firm friends of the white population, and by their exertions much property and many lives had been saved from destruction by their less friendly brethren. Many incipient difficulties had been adjusted or prevented by their intervention and assistance. It was owing to their efforts, more than to any other influence, that a serious outbreak was not precipitated in 1852, and that there was actually a delay of over two years before any considerable number of hostile Indians took the war-path.

The trouble which had been brewing for so long a time could have no other culmination than a struggle

for the possession of the Klamath River. The Indians were restless and uneasy, and occasionally would kill cattle found grazing on the hills. Occasionally, too, they would commit murder and rob and plunder. In 1852 a horrible murder was committed on the Klamath twelve miles below Weitchpeck, at a point called Blackburn's Ferry. A trail had been cut through from Trinidad to this point, and a man named Blackburn had located a ferry there, together with a stopping place for travelers. There was a little house built of shakes, in which Blackburn and his wife lived; and in front of it was a large canvas tent for the accommodation of travelers. One night, when there were five men sleeping in the tent, and Blackburn and his wife in their house, the Indians made an attack. It was silent and barbarous. The five men in the tent slept on the floor with their heads outward, touching the bottom of the canvas. The Indians crept steathily up and tomahawked them from the outside while they slept. They then attacked the inmates of the house. Blackburn was prepared for defense, and while his wife loaded one gun he fired another, thus keeping the Indians at bay until daylight appeared. Up in the mountains not far away there was a camp of eight white men, who, hearing the firing, went down to the ferry and drove off the Indians. Blackburn and his wife escaped without injury, but in connection with them there was a strange and sad incident. Blackburn had been expecting his father to arrive from the East and had made preparations to receive him. On the morning after the attack on his house he went to

a rancheria of supposed peaceable Indians, situated a few hundred yards above on a bench of the mountain, where he found the body of his father, who had been murdered there, almost within sight of the house of his son. Whether the murderers were ever punished cannot now be ascertained. A volunteer company of miners was raised and several rancherias were attacked and burned, and this was probably the extent of the punishment the Indians received.

The years 1853 and 1854 passed without a general uprising on the Klamath, but every indication pointed to an approaching outbreak. The Superintendent of Indian Affairs for California paid no attention to the condition of the Indians of this section. Col. Buchanan was stationed at Fort Humboldt, near Eureka, with a portion of the Fourth U. S. Infantry, doing nothing of special importance or advantage. There was no sub-agent in the district, nor were the Indians provided for in any way. Their association with the whites had been anything but beneficial to them; traders and lawless characters sold them whisky and guns and ammunition; and contention among their tribes caused fighting between themselves.

The month of January, 1855, was a month of anxiety and suspense to the miners on the Klamath and Salmon rivers. From many sources they received information which led them to believe that a general outbreak among the Indians was about to occur. So great was the excitement and anxiety that the miners deserted their claims and congregated at the different trading posts, from Gullion's Bar, on the Salmon,

down to its mouth, and from Dillon's Bar, on the Klamath, to Big Bar and the mouth of the Trinity. At each post the miners prepared to defend themselves against the attacks of the savages. It was determined to take from the Indian rancherias, wherever possible, such fire-arms and ammunition as could be found. At some points the rancherias were visited and the fire-arms taken. At other points the Indians obtained information of the intention of the whites, and their squaws and children were sent into the mountains with whatever fire-arms the warriors did not desire to carry with them.

There was another danger which menaced the whites and was a constant source of alarm to them. It was the practice of certain unscrupulous traders to sell arms and ammunition to the Indians, as well as to repair their guns. The miners at Orleans Bar, knowing how pregnant with danger to the whites was this practice, on the 6th of January held a public meeting and pledged themselves to do what they could to stop the traffic. It was resolved that all persons thereafter detected selling fire-arms to the Indians should be sentenced to have their heads shaved, to receive twenty-five lashes, and afterwards to be driven from the camp. It was also resolved to make an immediate attempt to disarm the Indians in the vicinity of Orleans Bar. In pursuance of the last resolution the head men of the rancherias in the neighborhood were notified that non-compliance would be visited with death to any Indian carrying weapons, and notice was given that all who refused to

deliver up their arms would have until the 19th of January to surrender them. The Orleans, Red Caps, and a few other tribes, refused to part with their arms. Thus matters stood until the 19th of January, when a company of miners was organized for the purpose of destroying the rancheria of the Red Caps. On the same day the company marched to the rancheria and demanded its surrender. Their answer was a volley of shot, which killed William Wheeler and Thomas O'Neil and wounded several others. The death of the two men demoralized the miners, who retreated to Orleans, and immediately a messenger was despatched to Col. Buchanan, commanding Fort Humboldt, asking him for assistance. Col. Buchanan ordered Capt. Judah and 25 soldiers to the scene of the difficulty, accompanied by Dr. Simpson of the medical staff. A party of mounted volunteers also left the bay for Weitchpeck. The road or trail to be traveled was forty miles in length, over steep and rough mountains and across rapid streams. Before they could reach the home of the Red Caps, other Indians on the Klamath would have ample time to prepare for war.

While reinforcements were on the way to Orleans there were alarming indications in other places in the Klamath country. The Indians at Trinidad and on Mad and Little rivers left their rancherias and went to the mountains. On Redwood, Trinidad and the Klamath a volunteer company from Trinidad attacked a party of Indians, killing two or three, including Charash, a notorious instigator of bad feeling. Other

skirmishes and conflicts took place, the Indians robbing houses and killing cattle, and the whites preparing as best they could for a defense of their lives. Arms were scarce among the whites, and they were comparatively few in number. The Indians were reported able to muster 3,500 warriors, at least half of them armed with guns and pistols.

Hostilities developed rapidly at Orleans Bar. In addition to Wheeler and O'Neil, three more were placed in the list of the killed and two more among the wounded. Two men, one named Dunham and the other Proctor, were shot and killed while at work in their mining claim, a man named Smith was killed, and Messrs. Lamm and Johnson were wounded, all by the Red Cap Indians.

In the latter part of January the detachment of soldiers under Capt. Judah camped at Weitchpeck and negotiations with the Indians were begun. The miners at first would not listen to any peace propositions, assembling in large numbers, and announcing a determination to commence an indiscriminate massacre of all the Indians on the Klamath River and its tributaries. Capt. Judah insisted on a more pacific course. The Weitchpecks having surrendered to him, he selected one or two of the most prominent warriors from each rancheria to guide him to the hostile Indians, those who had surrendered professing their anxiety to accompany the soldiers and prove their loyalty to the whites. An event which added strength to Capt. Judah's position was the opportune arrival of a company of mounted volunteers from

Union, commanded by Captain F. M. Woodward, with Reason Wiley and F. M. Johnson as Lieutenants.

The pacific arrangements so nearly perfected at Weitchpeck were doomed to ignominious failure. Col. Buchanan, with an unfortunate infirmness of purpose which characterized his every movement, had no sooner ordered Capt. Judah to the Klamath than he ordered him back again. Like the noted warrior who marched his men up the hill and then marched them down, Col. Buchanan promulgated his orders and then retracted them. The recalling of Capt. Judah put an end to all designs of peace, and prolonged a reign of bloodshed which might have been prevented had he been allowed to act on his own judgment.

In the meanwhile there was trouble up and down the Klamath. At Orleans Bar the existing situation of affairs and the prospects for the future were both deplorable. Difficulties and contentions sprang up among the miners. The miners of Salmon River had promptly answered the call of their brethren of the Klamath, and had come on the latter stream for the purpose of hunting from the mountains the hostile Indians. But when they were informed that it was intended to make a general attack on the tribes wherever found, hostile and peaceable alike, they condemned the idea as the most atrocious folly. Strife between the miners themselves could not be otherwise than dangerous to their interests and advantageous to the Indians. At the mouth of the Salmon the situation was equally bad. On the 24th day of January

Capt. Buzelle arrived there with a company of volunteers just in time to prevent a general massacre of the peaceable Indians by the Klamath miners. Several rancherias or tribes had surrendered to Capt. U. S Grant—an officer who afterwards distinguished himself in the War of the Rebellion and became President of the United States—who was then stationed at the mouth of the Salmon, and at the request of Capt. Buzelle he delivered them to the Volunteers for protection.

Partly through the efforts of Capt. Judah, and partly through the protest of the Salmon River miners, the Klamath miners were prevented from inaugurating a wholesale massacre of the friendly Indians along the river, and in consequence the hostilities were confined to the Red Cap tribe. Mr. Roseborough, Indian Agent at Fort Jones, arrived at Orleans Bar during the first week of February, and recommended the organization of four companies of Volunteers for the purpose of subduing the hostile Red Caps. The recommendation was favorably received by the miners, and Captains Flowers and Luffkin proceeded to organize the companies, trusting that the State would reimburse the men for the loss sustained by their services in the field.

On the 4th of February Capt. F. M. Woodward, in company with five other white men, and guided by two Weitchpeck Indians, went to the Cappell and Moreo rancherias on a tour of inspection. The Indians there informed Capt. Woodward that a number of Red Caps were concealed near by, and offered to

guide the whites to their hiding-place. The two Weitchpeck guides refused to accompany them, and said they meant the whites wrong; but Capt. Woodward, to test their loyalty, went with them. After taking him and his men a circuitous route, they led them into an ambush of hostiles, who opened fire on the party. The shots did no injury. Capt. Woodward shot the guide in front of him, and one of his men killed an Indian in ambush, when the remainder fled. Darkness having come on, the fleeing Indians could not be followed. The scouting party returned to camp that night, and on the next day a portion of the Union Volunteer Company was collected, which, with Capt. Chesley Woodward's company from Salmon River, went again to the Cappell and Moreo rancherias. The two companies each attacked a rancheria. Capt. F. M. Woodward's party killed twenty warriors and took eighteen prisoners. Capt. Chesley Woodward's party killed six warriors and took five prisoners. The hostiles at the Cappell rancheria made a considerable resistance, wounding Lieut. John Hughes in the arm.

When the news of the Cappell and Moreo affair reached Union and Eureka there was no longer a doubt that an Indian war of undue severity was imminent, if not already begun. The merchants, with the utmost liberality, opened their stores to the Volunteers, and sent long trains of mules to the Klamath with provisions for their support. And still another step was taken which was expected to result in some relief from the heavy burdens imposed on the

community by the conduct of the war. Reliable information of the situation of affairs was forwarded to the Executive of the State Government, and petitions for relief and assistance. Nothing was expected of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for California. He had shown himself utterly indifferent to the necessities of the district, and had taken no action whatever towards providing troops to protect the settlements.

Time passed on, and every day the situation on the Klamath was more deplorable. Mining ceased to reward labor, for the miners were afraid to work; traders sold no goods, for the trails to Union and Trinidad could not be traveled except under the protection and expense of armed guards; the friendship of the peaceful Indians was not secure, for bad white men betrayed confidence and did wanton injury. While Captain Judah was on the Klamath he met with much opposition from a certain class who advocated the total extermination of all the Indians in that section, irrespective of location or peaceable disposition, and it was with great trouble and vexation that he managed to compromise matters by an agreement that Indians who would give up their arms and remain in their rancherias were to be protected in their lives and property. All the miners on the river, with the exception of less than one dozen, pledged themselves to abide by the agreement with the friendly Indians. After Captain Judah returned to Fort Humboldt, and while the Volunteers were marching against the Cappel and Moreo rancherias, the few malcontents attacked a rancheria of friendly Indians and set fire to their

effects—either with the desire of provoking them to join the hostile Red Caps, or through a cowardly disposition to make mischief—causing a feeling among the friendly Indians that the whites did not intend to keep their pledges. As if to aggravate the disorders created by lawless acts of violence, miners and others on New River sold fire-arms and ammunition to the Indians in large quantities. The distance from the Klamath to New River was less than a day's journey, the Indians of each river passed and repassed, and selling arms to the New River Indians was equivalent to selling to the Klamath Indians.

March came, with its snow, and rain, and floods. It brought with it, also, the disheartening conviction that the people of the Klamath had nothing to hope for, in the form of aid, either from the Governor of the State, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, or the officer in command of the Military District of the Pacific Coast. All of these officials had been informed in January that a state of war existed on the Klamath, and all had ignored the appeals made to them for aid. Col. Buchanan did not replace Capt. Judah's command when he recalled him, and the absence of an authorized official of the State or National Government resulted in confusion and anarchy. There being no one with authority to direct affairs, every officer and private in the five Companies of Volunteers who were in the field against the Indians had a voice in the management of the campaign, and as a natural consequence there was neither harmony nor concert of action between the citizens and Volunteers. Jealousies and petty rivalries

interfered with duty. The Volunteers were even urged to disband, as there was apparently no prospect of their expenses being paid by the State. Such was the situation on the 1st of March.

Some desultory fighting had occurred from time to time, and an occasional murder of lonely miners, but the Volunteers were inclined, for various reasons, to remain in camp or disband their organization. An unfortunate occurrence in connection with the Hoopa Indians may have had some influence in creating discontent among the Companies. The Hoopa Valley Indians sent a delegation from their tribe to the lower Klamath and made a proposition to the whites, Robert Walker acting as interpreter. They proposed to come down and assist the whites in capturing the hostile Red Caps, provided the whites would assure them protection to their own property during their absence. The Weitchpecks and other tribes also agreed to cooperate with the Hoopas. The whites told the Indians from Hoopa to return home and at the proper time they would be sent for. A written proposition was then presented to all the Captains of Volunteer Companies, except Capt. Chesley Woodward, who had gone to Union for provisions. The propositions submitted to the Captains stated that the friendly Indians on the Klamath River and in the vicinity had voluntarily offered to assist in killing or capturing the hostile Red Caps, under the direction and with the co-operation of the whites, and it was therefore proposed that the Captains join in the plan and give the friendly Indians an opportunity to show their sincerity in the proposi-

tion they had made. It was further proposed that the whites all along the river agree and pledge themselves not to molest or attack the Indians remaining on the river, or suffer them to be attacked, until the plan agreed upon should be fully tried. In case the plan should not succeed, the agreement was to be that no change of plan would be considered or attack made without first having a consultation as to what was best to be done, in order that the whites might work together to a common end. The great necessity for co-operation, it was stated, was the imperative reason for making the proposed agreement. The various Captains on the river willingly consented to the agreement, and runners were sent above and below to inform the other tribes of the proposition made by the Hoopas. The Indians to whom runners were sent were willing to co-operate with the Hoopas. The Captains, in the meantime, had sent a runner to the Hoopa for the Indians who had volunteered their services. The runner returned without them, conveying the information that the Indians wanted to come, but the whites of Hoopa had prevented them from doing so by telling them that if they left Hoopa they should never return to their homes again. So much of the plan, and the most important part, therefore, had failed at the beginning. When Capt. Chesley Woodward returned from Union the proposition was presented to him and rejected. He gave as his reason for rejecting the proposition, that he desired to remain inactive until the return of Mr. Roseborough, the Indian Agent, from San Francisco. The remainder of the Volunteer Companies

also decided to remain inactive and wait for a turn in the tide of affairs, and Captain Young, who had gone down the river and brought up many Indian allies for the service, could do no more than tell them to go back and take care of themselves. The Indians could not understand such proceedings and were much disappointed.

Another month passed, and to the great encouragement of the miners the first of April found affairs in a more promising condition. The first news of an encouraging nature was that S. G. Whipple had been appointed Special Indian Agent for Klamath and Humboldt counties, to begin the discharge of his duties immediately after appointment. Next came the news that Mr. Whipple had entered energetically upon his work, and that he was in favor of having Capt. Judah sent back to the Klamath. Both of these morsels of good news proved to be correct. The Superintendent of Indian Affairs for California had appointed Mr. Whipple Special Indian Agent, and the latter gentleman induced the officer in command at Fort Humboldt to order Capt. Judah to the Klamath.

The first thing Capt. Judah did when he reached the Klamath was to dismiss the Volunteer Companies from the service. They were inactive, divided in sentiment, and jealous of one another; therefore the best thing that could be done for them was to dismiss them. The next thing Capt. Judah did was to send runners down the river with the intelligence that a "big talk" would be held on the 7th of April, and an invitation to all friendly Indians to attend. At the appointed

time the friendly tribes assembled from all the rancherias on the lower Klamath. The council was long and solemn. Capt. Judah's very presence inspired the Indians with confidence. He had an air about him which made them believe in his sincerity. When he told them that all would be well with them if they would put to death the Indians who had murdered white men and surrender the other hostiles, they gave a ready promise to do as he required.

After the council of the 7th of April Capt. Judah's command of 30 men were constantly out on scouts in the country where the Red Caps were hidden. The hostiles had been reduced to less than 50 in number, and were daily losing courage. Within two weeks sixteen warriors of the tribe surrendered and one was killed. From his camp at the mouth of the Salmon Capt. Judah was able to hold rapid communication with the tribes on the lower river, and to keep in check any symptoms of disaffection that might appear among them. Undoubtedly the difficulties would have been settled by the first of May had not the military authorities at headquarters followed out their usual eccentric course. Capt. Judah was again ordered to report at headquarters and his command on the Klamath was given to Capt. Jones. The change, made at the most inopportune time, prolonged hostilities a full month.

Special Agent Whipple and Capt. Jones decided to inaugurate the Reservation system on the Klamath, as the most practicable way to end existing hostilities and to prevent trouble in the future. They selected a

strip of country running up the river from its mouth twenty miles, and extending in width one mile on either bank, and this location was afterwards approved by the National Government, and is now known as the Klamath Reservation. Active measures were taken to persuade or compel the hostile Red Caps to surrender and locate on the Reservation, and on the first of June the military and miners could announce with confidence that the war was ended. The Indians, worn out by a fruitless contest with the whites, were glad to accept the easy fate of life on a Reservation. The miners, after five months of danger and idleness, were rejoiced when the return of peace made work on the river bars possible and profitable.

CHAPTER VII.

Eel River Valley.

A Retarded Section.—Two Score of Settlers.—The Price of safety.—Difficulties of Pioneer Life.—Murder of Arthur Wigmore.—Col. Buchanan's Opinion.—"A Slave to Discipline."

From the time of its exploration by the pioneer party that came down from the Trinity in 1849, until the Spring of 1854, that section of Humboldt county comprising Eel River Valley was comparatively unknown to the whites. The mines of the Klamath had attracted thousands, whose sole idea was to dig for gold. The wealth of soil spread out on the alluvial bottoms of Eel River remained unnoticed and unsought. There were other reasons, too, why the populous settlement of the valley was delayed. Markets at Eureka or Union could be reached only by rough roads and trails, or by costly boating on tide-water sloughs; the lonely farmer was afraid to leave his little clearing long exposed to the depredations of Indians and wild beasts; and the work of clearing and fencing and building occupied so much of his time that a large crop of any one thing was utterly impracticable. From the mouth of the Van Duzen to the

ocean, and from the bay to the mountains on the South, there was not to exceed two score of settlers who were actually attempting to convert the wilderness into homes. Some of them were in isolated positions, all of them so far from neighbors that a united defense against a common danger would have been impossible. A man's house was more truly his castle here than ever in mediæval times. Unceasing watchfulness and untiring energy were the price of safety. The rich soil yielded an abundance of vegetable food, the deer and the elk provided any quantity of meat. Pure water gushed from every cañon in the hills. There was no danger of starving. But aside from food and drink the pioneer farmer had nothing to reward the labor of his life. There were none of the social enjoyments to which he had been accustomed in the East, to cheer him in his contest with the wilderness by day; none of that sense of security impressed by civilized customs and laws to attend his dreams by night. To thoroughly appreciate the extent of his labor and the difficulty of his position, we must consider the stern facts of his life as ever present in wakefulness or sleep.

It would have been strange indeed if the settlers on Eel River should have been unmolested by the Indians. They had little to tempt the appetite or cupidity of the savages, but there was bad feeling between the two races here, as there was everywhere. The Indians, jealous of the encroaching power of the whites, exhibited their feeling at intervals by raids on unprotected houses, or the murder of defenseless

settlers. In September, 1854, occurred the murder of Arthur Wigmore, a settler from Missouri, who lived near what was called the Lower Rancheria, on the banks of Eel River. Prior to Sunday, the 17th day of September, the house of a Mr. Hawks had been robbed, and on that day Wigmore and three other citizens went to the rancheria and attempted to arrest an Indian who was believed to have been one of the robbers. The Indians resisted, and the arrest was not made. On Monday, the 18th, Wigmore returned alone to the rancheria, after some article he had left there the day before. On Tuesday a party went in search of him, and on Wednesday they found his dead body, which had been thrown into a slough. A party of citizens made an examination of the body and the rancheria, and accused an Indian called Billy of having committed the murder. Upon the accusation being made known, the Indians of the rancheria fled to the mountains.

The murder of Wigmore created a profound sensation in Eureka and throughout Southern Humboldt. On Thursday, September 21st, the citizens of Eureka held a meeting, passed resolutions, and pledged themselves to co-operate with the citizens of the valley in their efforts to arrest the murderer or punish the tribe, and on the 22d a party went from Eureka in pursuit of the Indians. A party also went from Eel River, enlisting in their service a small friendly tribe. In two days the Indians who had gone out returned, bringing with them the head of an Indian, which, they said, had formerly been on the shoulders of Billy. To

substantiate this statement, they produced a pistol which had been in the possession of Wigmore and which was recognized by one of his neighbors. At the time when the murder was committed, Col. Buchanan, commanding the 4th Infantry at Fort Humboldt, was absent. When he returned a few days later, he sent Capt. Judah with a detachment of soldiers in search of any Indians who might have been implicated in the murder. Capt. Judah took with him two citizens and a number of friendly Indians. After a pursuit of nine days, marching over mountains and through dense chapparal, the detachment discovered a camp of a hundred savages, who were having a feast, and surrounded and surprised them. Two Indians at once confessed the killing of Wigmore, averring that they had provocation and were justified in putting him to death. Capt. Judah went back to Fort Humboldt with his detachment and delivered his two prisoners to Col. Buchanan. That officer announced that he would hold the prisoners only until the civil authorities should demand them by requisition. Now began one of the frequent and injurious conflicts of opinion between the civil and military authorities which sometimes defeated justice and always brought it into contempt. Col. Buchanan contended that the military had no authority to punish the Indians for the murder of a citizen, even after confession of guilt; the civil authorities intimated that Col. Buchanan was a "slave to discipline," and insisted that it was not their place to give trial to an Indian who had been captured and detained by the military. The result of the contro-

versy was, by orders from the military headquarters, that the two Indians were discharged from custody at Fort Humboldt and escaped to their tribe.

Unfortunate as every controversy between the citizens and the military was sure to be, the result of the difficulty concerning the Wigmore murder proved peculiarly so. The Indians, emboldened by a too evident lack of unanimity among the whites, and imagining that others of their number might escape as easily as had the Wigmore murderers, assumed a threatening and dangerous attitude towards the settlements in the valley, robbing houses, killing stock, and murdering citizens. The evil effects of the Wigmore affair were experienced by the whites long after the murder itself had ceased to be a subject of comment and reminiscence.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Pioneer Family—Cooper's Mills.

Five brothers from the British Provinces.—Their settlement in Eel River Valley.—Their farms and mills.—Incidents of life in a new country.—Tragic fate of David and Adolphus Cooper.—William, George and John Cooper.—Strange fortunes and strange deaths.—Alfred Delaseaux.—A chapter of sad events.

Less than three miles from the town of Hydesville is the scene of one of the strangest chapters of pioneer history ever developed on the Northern coast. Flowing into Eel River from the Northeast is a small stream named Yager Creek, and along its banks is now a flourishing country of fine farms. In the year 1851 five brothers named Cooper—John W., George, Adolphus, David and William—settled together here and located farms and a water-mill site.

The Cooper family, consisting of Captain William Cooper, his wife, six sons, three daughters, a son-in-law and daughter-in-law and two grandchildren, arrived in San Francisco in July, 1850. They came from the British province of Prince Edward's Island, in their own vessel, the *Packet*, bringing with them house-building material, furniture, agricultural implements

and seed, and two years' provisions and supplies, expecting and intending to take up Government land on some of the navigable rivers where they could move the vessel and live on board until they had established homes on shore. But as all the land of the country appeared to be claimed under Spanish or Mexican grants and held at very high rates, and foreign built vessels not being allowed to move about in American waters without the expense of a Custom House officer on board, the original idea was abandoned, the vessel was sold, and the family decided to settle in San Francisco.

The autumn and fall of 1850 were very sickly in San Francisco, and seven members of the family, including all of the married women, fell victims to the various prevailing diseases. This great mortality and misfortune frightened the survivors away from that city, and the family separated, going to different portions of the State, with the understanding that they would meet together again wherever the most suitable place was found for making homes on Government lands and following their accustomed pursuits. One brother came to Humboldt in February or March, 1851. His representations of the country brought another brother and the youngest sister (now Mrs. Beckweth of Hydesville), with provisions and supplies, including agricultural implements and seed. A settlement was made that Spring, and a crop put in on two places near Hydesville and Rohnerville, in the Eel River country. During the following fall the three other brothers and remaining sister (now Mrs. Walter Van Dyke of Oakland), arrived and settled near the other brothers.

Coming from a British province, where the Indian was protected and treated under the law the same as the white man, the family brought those ideas; but as they understood that the natives of Humboldt were a very inferior class, and were not to be trusted, they concluded not to encourage them about, and to have as little as possible to do with them. The youngest sister, thirteen years of age, was the first member of the family brought into contact with them. On their way from the tide-water landing to their new home, in the spring of 1851, she was left alone with the baggage and supplies during the temporary absence of her brother. Some Indians who were roaming about the country, seeing no one but a child, approached and seemed very anxious to examine the baggage. The girl took her brother's pistols and by her firmness and bravery prevented them from touching anything until he returned.

Some time during the summer of 1851 a young Indian was caught who had robbed a settler's cabin. A meeting of settlers was held to decide what was best to be done with him. Several wanted to hang him, but through the intervention of the Cooper brothers and a few others he was saved from hanging and a flogging was substituted. The ingratitude of the Indian character is illustrated by the fact that one of the brothers and two of the other settlers (a Mr. McDermitt and Mr. Merrill) who advocated mercy to the culprit were among the first to fall victims to the murderous hands of his tribe.

When the remainder of the family arrived, during

the fall of 1851, they all lived together at one home for company and mutual protection. Some time in February or March, 1852, Mr. McDermitt and Mr. Merrill were killed and their home plundered. The two men lived together, but were isolated by being on a little prairie between the confluence of the Van Duzen and Eel rivers, being separated from other settlers by the two rivers, and situated about two miles from the Cooper Farm. The Cooper brothers assisted in finding the bodies, which were hidden in a lake among the bushes, and buried them. The boldness of the act, and the awful manner in which the bodies were mangled, being literally cut to pieces with axes, struck terror to the hearts of the settlers. For a long time both sisters, as well as the Cooper brothers, kept fire-arms under their pillows and by their bedside, ready for use at a moment's notice. During this excitement they were awakened one morning at break of day by the excited barking of their dog. The family instantly slipped softly out of their beds and seized their weapons. One brother cautiously opened the door, while another, with rifle to shoulder, was by his side near the door. In a moment the crack of his rifle announced that some danger was lurking outside. Upon opening the door they saw a dead wolf instead of an Indian. The animal had been attracted by some fresh meat hanging against the side of the house. As there were only twenty-three settlers in all the Eel River country then, and several hundred Indians, the situation of the whites was anything but pleasant.

The Indians were notified that if they did not de-

liver up the murderers of McDermitt and Merrill within a certain time they would all be held responsible. No attention being paid to the notification, the citizens turned out en masse and killed all the male Indians they could find in that section of the country. A few weeks afterwards two or three Indians told the settlers that they knew where the guilty parties were and offered to guide the whites to them. An agreement was made to meet them late in the evening, in a little prairie. Fifteen settlers started, and upon coming to the place of meeting, thirty or forty Indians, fully equipped for war, came out of the bush. The whites, fearing treachery, disarmed them, and placed their bows and quivers in charge of the settlers left to guard the riding animals. The remainder, with the Indians, started out on foot. After traveling nearly all night a halt was called by the Indians, and it was seen that the party was close to a rancheria. A plan of attack was agreed upon, and as soon as daylight enabled the attack was made. Many Indians were killed, and much plunder discovered, which proved that the Indian scouts were faithful in one instance. In fact, they proved more anxious to punish the guilty parties than were the whites, for they hunted the wounded and knocked their brains out with rocks. After this expedition the settlers felt relieved, and their fears were somewhat abated.

Having considerable means, the Cooper family contributed liberally towards opening up the first roads and trails in that section of the country. During the early part of the summer of 1852 ten of the settlers

joined the five brothers, and at considerable expense built a trail to the Hay Fork of the Trinity River, so as to connect Eel River with the Sacramento Valley, the primary object being to bring emigrant cattle across the mountains to stock their farms with, as none were to be had nearer than the Sacramento. And it was ultimately owing to the enterprise of the Coopers that the few settlers in the neighborhood obtained lumber and flour in exchange for their produce. The five brothers were constantly in danger from the Indians during the first year of their settlement, but by hard work they soon began to make a considerable showing with their farm. They established the first dairy in the valley, and sold their butter in the Trinity mines for one dollar a pound. They killed the first pork, packed it to Eureka, and sold it for fifty cents a pound. By their enterprise and courage they gained a reputation on the bay which attracted settlers to the valley, and in the winter of 1851–'52 there were twenty-three settlers from Yager Creek to the mouth of Eel River.

The trail having been opened from Eel River to the Sacramento Valley, in the autumn the five brothers decided that one of their number should go to Sacramento after cattle with which to stock their farms. William was selected to make the journey, which he accomplished without incident worthy of note. At Sacramento he made his purchases, drove the cattle up through the Sacramento Valley into Shasta, and from thence across the mountains into Trinity county, where he made a camp on the Hay Fork of the Trin-

ity River. On the trip to the Trinity from Shasta an animal had fallen on him and injured one of his legs seriously. He knew that he would not be able alone to drive the cattle down to Eel River Valley. He therefore remained at the house of Dr. Weed, at the Hay Fork of Trinity, and sent a messenger to his elder brother at home, John W. Cooper, asking for assistance to be sent to him. John W. Cooper received the message and made arrangements to send assistance. He had intended to send Adolphus Cooper and a hired man, but the younger brother David importuned him so that he consented to let him go instead of the hired man. The two were well supplied with fire-arms, bedding, extra clothing, provisions, and money with which to pay expenses. The elder brother was anxious for them to stay at home another day, when they might have company on their journey, but one of them, who had had much experience with the Indians, thought there was no danger, and so they went by themselves.

A week should have sufficed for the trip to the Hay Fork of Trinity and return. Seven, eight, ten days passed, and the brothers did not return, nor were any tidings received from them. The elder brother at home grew anxious for their safety. He inquired diligently of travelers and of roving Indians, but no tidings of the whereabouts of his brothers could be gained. No one had seen them or heard of them. Two weeks passed, when an immigrant, arriving one day, exhibited a hat which he said he had picked up on the trail near a bunch of willows and which was recognized as one that had belonged to David Cooper.

Alarmed at this unexpected news, and fearful of some calamity having befallen the two, George Cooper headed a relief party of seven men, and started out over the trail they had taken. The party experienced bad weather. Rain fell incessantly and the mountain brooks were swollen to impassable streams. Fighting their way through it all, they came to the place described by the immigrant. There they found the spot where the two brothers had camped on the first night out from home, on the head of Little Yager Creek, not more than twenty-two miles from Eel River, and after a careful search they discovered the remains of David Cooper in a pile of drift-wood some distance below the camp. The body had been half eaten by wolves, but the features were still distinguishable. The search for the body of the other brother, both having unmistakeably been killed by Indians, was continued vigorously, but with no avail. While thus engaged the party saw two Indian warriors coming along the trail, and, as a horrible reminder of the dark deed which had transpired here, one of the Indians sported a rubber cloak that one of the brothers had worn, and the other wore two or three articles of clothing which had been taken from the bodies of the victims. Quickly secreting themselves, the party of white men waited until the two Indians got close beside them, and then their rifles blazed forth vengeance for a foul murder. Carrying the remains of David Cooper the party returned sadly to the home the two young men had left in the hope and vigor of their youth. And so ended the lives of two of the five brothers.

William Cooper waited at the Hay Fork of Trinity until his patience was exhausted, and thinking that his family did not receive his message, or by some means had been prevented from sending him assistance, he abandoned the cattle and arrived safely at home, where he learned of the sad fate of his brothers. One year afterwards, his own death occurred, in a manner which would prove to many minds that Fate was working out in a most mysterious way some foreordained ending to this Cooper family. A superstitious idea, certainly, but one which must inevitably occur to those who contemplate seriously the strange fortunes of these brothers.

After the search party returned, and while William Cooper was on his way home without the cattle, George Cooper and another man started to Hay Fork by way of Union and Weaverville. Arriving at Hay Fork, George found the country covered with snow, his brother gone, some of the cattle dead and the remainder starving. He gathered what he could as quickly as possible, and succeeded, after much difficulty, in getting the strongest back to the Sacramento Valley.

In 1853 the need of stock was again severely felt at the Cooper farm. William volunteered, as before, to go to the Sacramento Valley and drive cattle across the mountains. John being the eldest of the brothers, the management of their affairs naturally fell to him, and he was always expected to remain at home. George, too, was needed on the farm. The duty was imperative upon William that he again make the long and difficult journey to the Sacramento Valley. His out-

ward trip was made in safety, as before, and as before he passed up through Shasta and across the mountains to the Hay Fork of Trinity. When near that place the injury he had received there a year previous, and which had never entirely healed, pained him exceedingly. The hurt was aggravated by the severe hardships of travel, and he knew that it would be impossible for him to proceed much further without rest, so painful were his injuries and so exhausted his strength. At this juncture, having arrived at the Hay Fork, he thought of applying at the house of Dr. Weed, where he had lodged on his former trip, for accommodations during the time required to renew his strength sufficiently to reach home. Again extending the hospitality of a pioneer, Dr. Weed made the traveler welcome, and again did William Cooper rest in his house. He never left it alive. Weakened by exposure to the elements, sick from the hurt received on a similar journey one year before, far from home, under the same strange roof which had sheltered him then, he died. Dr. Weed, a man of kind nature and generous impulses, gathered his cattle and drove them down to the Cooper ranch.

Two of the five brothers now remained to face the future. They were not men to be cast down by misfortune. Men they were of sturdy natures—men whose ancestral tree, it may be, was rooted deep in the stern courage of generations of pioneers. During the season of 1854–'55 John and George Cooper built a flouring mill and a saw-mill, for many years afterwards known to the country round about as Cooper's Mills.

As death reduced the number of the family those who remained were bound more firmly together, each succeeding loss seeming greater than the one before. The two brothers now remaining soon determined to confine themselves to farming and dairying, which they had already commenced, and which had proved reasonably profitable. But as the family in the first instance had located a mill-site, and the settlers had now begun to raise some grain, they were urged to build a mill sooner than was at first intended, and after a grist-mill had been started, a saw-mill was added. These mills were built at great expense, requiring the digging of more than a mile of ditches in order to control the water-power. It was an enormous undertaking in view of the facts that laboring men were paid from $5 to $9 a day and board, that the cost of machinery and freight was immense, and that the mills were built far in advance of any profitable demand for products. Situated on the outskirts of the settlements, in the edge of the dense redwood forests, the property became an easy and tempting prey to the depredating Indians, who commenced by plundering the mill in the absence of the brothers. Notwithstanding their great cost the mills would have been excellent property if there had been no trouble with the Indians. The mills were started in the winter of 1854–'55, on a small stream, which at first enabled them to run only during the rainy season, the construction of a large ditch afterwards bringing water sufficient to turn the wheel at all seasons of the year.

In March, 1855, John W. Cooper and James Nelson

were at work making butter boxes for packing to the Trinity. Late in the afternoon Cooper went out to gather up the cows for milking. Close to the mill a large tree had fallen, the path being between the mill and the tree. He had crossed a little bridge and passed the stump of the tree without a suspicion of danger. When he reached the other end of the trunk he saw a number of Indians crouched among the branches. He turned and ran, the mill on one side, the bridge on the other, and as he passed again the stump of the tree an Indian who was hid behind it shot an arrow at him. He felt a stinging sensation and saw that the arrow had wounded one of his fingers. Calling to Nelson to save himself, as he went by the shop, Cooper continued his flight. Nelson was not far behind, and as long as the two men could see arrows falling in front of them they never stopped for an instant. Reaching a safe place, the Indians having given up the pursuit, Cooper found that he had been struck by an arrow in one of the fingers of the right hand, and Nelson found two arrow holes through his clothing under the right arm. This experience is related to show the constant danger to which the brothers were subjected in their endeavor to establish a permanent and profitable business. The mills were built in spite of difficulties, and John and George Cooper sawed the first lumber and ground the first flour manufactured in the county South of Eureka. Eleven hundred bushels of wheat were ground during the first year, and the saw-mill, having a capacity of only 3000 feet per day, turned out sufficient lumber to supply the needs of the settlers in

the upper part of the Valley. From this mill came the lumber to build the first house in the town of Hydesville. One John Hyde, desirous of handing his name down to posterity in a substantial way, gave it to the village, along with a piece of land for a town-site, and Cooper's Mills furnished the planks and boards wherewith to construct in material form the idea of his ambition.

Security was never long enjoyed. As the Indians were crowded from the coast settlements they went into the Bald Hills country, on the East side of the timber belt. When the stock men settled there the Indians had no country, and had to take shelter in the timbered part and raid on the settlers of both sides for a living. As they obtained arms and a knowledge of their use they became more and more daring, till late in July, 1861, they shot and killed the fourth brother, George Cooper, in the day time, while he and a hired man were running the saw-mill, his family and the hired man narrowly escaping with their lives. Two men were sufficient to run the saw-mill, and when it was running the grist-mill would be idle. George Cooper and family, a wife and one child, lived in a house near the mills. John Cooper lived on one of the farms, situated on an upland some distance from the mills. Two men who worked on the farm, in addition to George and the saw-mill hand, usually slept in the latter's house, making four men the effective force to guard against a night attack. On the morning of the 23d of July, 1861, two of the four men in the house went to the upper farm to work, and George

Cooper and Robert Tinkle started the mill for the usual day's run. The two men stood facing the saw, talking about some matter connected with their work, when several guns were fired from behind a tree forty yards from the mills. Cooper fell, struck by two bullets. Tinkle ran and escaped, though fired at several times. The wife of George Cooper, living in the house near by, heard the firing, and looking out of the window she saw the Indians robbing the mill. Taking her three months' old baby in her arms she fled from the house and reached John Cooper's residence on the upper farm, a mile distant.

One of the five brothers was now left to face the future. The subsequent history of the mills was but a continuation of the misfortunes which had attended them from the first. As the mills were custom mills, and as their establishment had consumed the entire proceeds of valuable stock and dairy farms, and having his brother's as well as his own family to provide a living for, it was very important that John Cooper should keep them in operation. Therefore, soon after George Cooper was killed, the citizens of the neighborhood petitioned the officer in command at Fort Humboldt for immediate military protection to enable John Cooper to run the mills, but the breaking out of the Rebellion and of several Indian wars on the Pacific Coast prevented the granting of the protection desired. John Cooper then conceived the idea of running the mills by keeping a guard of five armed men. The plan was too expensive and was discontinued. Cooper next tried to sell the mills. The Indians having

twice set them on fire, and constantly lying in ambush for an opportunity to rob and plunder, no one would make an offer for the property. Matters went from bad to worse, and Cooper had to give up the stock on the farms and other saleable property for the satisfaction of creditors. After doing so, he and his brother's family abandoned their homes, to seek a livelihood where their lives would not be continually exposed to Indian cruelty. In the Spring of 1862, Cooper went to the mines of Oregon and Idaho, taking his own and his brother's family with him. In the autumn of 1865, when it was considered that the Indians were entirely subdued, he returned with the families to his property and home. During his absence of nearly four years the wants of the settlers had caused a steam grist and saw mill to be erected in the village of Rohnerville, four miles distant, and Cooper's Mills were nearly a total loss in consequence.

The baptism of blood was not yet completed at Cooper's Mills. One other tragedy was to be enacted before the property should go to utter ruin and the enterprise of a lifetime be wasted. In the spring of 1867, nearly two years after John Cooper returned from Oregon to his home, the Indians shot and killed his brother-in-law, Albert Delaseaux, while the latter was plowing in a field near the mills. The tragedy occurred on Monday morning, the 8th of March. Early in the morning a sister of John W. Davis went up to J. W. Cooper's farm and stated that Delaseaux wished to exchange work with Davis; he would do dairy work for the latter if plowing was done for him.

The proposition having been stated, the sister returned to Delaseaux, who was her uncle, and with whom she was living at the time. Mr. Davis was eating his breakfast a few minutes later, when he heard a shot fired; and then, in quick succession, he heard two more, immediately followed again by three or four others. Davis instinctively felt that something was wrong and started for his uncle's place. He had got but a short distance when he heard his sister screaming for help, and at the division fence between the two farms he met his mother and sister, who told him that the Indians had killed Delaseaux. Davis told the girl to hand him a pistol that she had in her hand, and continued on alone to within sixty yards of the house. Stopping there, he saw two Indians go out at the back door of the house and two more come up from the field. Raising the pistol, he fired one shot at the Indians near the house, when three others in a field to the left fired at him. The Indians at the house also returned his fire. He could do nothing opposed to seven Indians, well armed and desperate as they were.

Starting for Hydesville, he met Dr. Felt, a physician of the neighborhood, and urged that he go with him and find Delaseaux. When they got to the house everything was quiet and the Indians were gone, having plundered the dwelling of all the valuables it contained and destroyed what they could not carry away. The body of Delaseaux was found in the field where he had been plowing, close to the fence, less than one hundred yards from the house. The Indians had

crawled up and secreted themselves in the brush growing near the fence, and from there had shot their murderous bullets. Two balls were shot in Delaseaux's left side, one going through his heart. At the instant of receiving the shot he gave a scream which was heard by the mother of John W. Davis, who looked out of the house and was shot at by two Indians. The two women fled from the house and met Davis at the division fence between the two farms. While they were running up the hill, the girl doing the best she could to urge her mother on, two more shots were fired at them which passed through the skirts of the elder lady. The body of Delaseaux was taken to Cooper's house, where a large number of people from Hydesville and the neighboring farms congregated and discussed the particulars of the murder. The same evening the citizens sent a party in pursuit of the murderers, who returned after a few days and reported that no trace could be found of them. The matter was not allowed to rest here. There was in the neighborhood a man who was much feared by the Indians, Stephen Fleming by name, the prime of whose life had been passed in the hard experiences of border warfare. He was noted for daring, bravery, and for sagacity in following an Indian's trail. Six months after the murder of Delaseaux a party under Fleming went on a scout to the headwaters of Larabee Creek. There were in the party Wm. Drinkwater, Wm. Bankhead, Silas Hoglan, James Wilburn and Wm. Wilburn. The trail of a marauding band of Indians was found and keenly followed. One night the camp was dis-

covered and they laid in ambush till morning. When day was breaking they fired on the Indians and killed five. One who was badly wounded left a bloody trail behind him as he fled. Drinkwater was eager to follow and kill him. Fleming tried to keep him back with the others of the party, but was unsuccessful. Too eager to remain with his comrades as they followed the trail, he kept far in advance, and was soon shot and killed by the wounded Indian, who was concealed in the bushes. Fleming and his party coming up, they fired into the brush and killed the Indian. From the six Indians killed Fleming took clothing which had belonged to Delaseaux, thus showing that the band he had attacked was probably the same that committed the murder on the 8th of March.

The long list of misfortunes which attended the spot clung to Cooper's Mills in spite of every effort made by the surviving brother. The destruction of so much property had impoverished the family, and the loss of so many lives had caused purchasers to shun the place. After the debts incurred by the building and operation of the mills were paid by John W. Cooper, there was little left, besides a ruined and decayed home, for him to start the world anew with. He, a man of iron nerve, at last was discouraged and disheartened, and selling the property for a small sum he sought another location for himself and family. In later days fortune has smiled upon him—but too late to efface from his countenance the tell-tale marks of long years of hardship and suffering, yet soon enough to brighten his pathway to the grave. Rarely paral-

leled in pioneer history is the strange story of the Cooper family, stranger than fiction, conveying many lessons from the past, of courage and perseverance, to the generation of to-day.

CHAPTER IX.

Indian Affairs in '56.

Progress of the country.—False alarms and mysterious movements.—Restless tribes on the Klamath.—Negligence of the military authorities.—Excitement in Hoopa Valley.—Cattle killed at Angel's Ranch.—A tragedy on Bear River.

During the spring and summer of 1856 there was a constant succession of false alarms among the whites and mysterious movements among the Indians. On Humboldt Bay and along the streams in Eel River Valley the Indian tribes were swayed by superstitious fears, which found expression in ceremonies peculiar to their vague religious ideas. Earthquakes had recently been experienced, and the tribes, assembling at their rancherias, offered sacrifices to the "God Spirit," "to hold the earth still." In the minds of the savages, influenced as they were by external nature, was an undefined conviction of some supreme and overruling power, before whom they knelt reverently, as children before a master. No theory of their undeveloped intellects could account for the earthquakes in any other light than as visitations of the Great Spirit, sent either as punishment for present trangressions or warnings

against trangressions of the future. The valley Indians had a tradition, handed down among them, that Humboldt Bay was produced by an earthquake which swallowed up the land and destroyed a large and powerful tribe of their people. The prevalence of earthquakes at any time was calculated to agitate and alarm them; and now, when the Klamath War was fresh in their memory, any convulsion of the earth was apt to suggest to them ideas incompatible with the safety of the whites. Their religious ceremonies lasted for weeks at a time, partaking very much of the character of the incantations and exhortations of magicians witnessed in some countries of the far East, with the exception that they danced furiously and madly, as if to propitiate with the vehemence of muscular action the much dreaded "God Spirit" of their belief.

While the lower, or Valley tribes, observed their religious rites and superstitious ceremonies, the tribes of the Klamath and Trinity were comporting themselves in a manner to terrify the whites. The Reservation system here, as elsewhere, proved a failure. In the history of the United States there never has been a time when the Reservation system was a success. The very difficulty of gathering different tribes from a wide scope of country and confining them within the limits of a Reservation was an argument used against the system when it was first proposed; and if we add the temptations of greed and avarice offered to public servants, we may perhaps find a clue to the fatal defects of the system. Where the Indians are numerous and determined, the limits of a Reservation do not long

serve to restrain them, and where Indian agents are corrupt and dishonest, no good need be expected from it. Col. Whipple, the sub-agent in charge of affairs at the Klamath Reservation, was not a dishonest or corrupt man; but the large number of Indians within his jurisdiction precluded the possibility of successful colonization. In Hoopa Valley alone there were, according to the best estimates, at least two hundred warriors, who were far superior to the same number of whites in the knowledge and requirements of border warfare. They had managed since the settlement of the Valley by the whites to obtain a large number of guns and revolvers, and in the Spring of 1856 were much better armed than the same number of miners on the river bars. Constant practice, also, had made them expert in the use of fire-arms. The Hoopa Indians had, during the war with the Red Caps in 1855, supplied themselves with such ammunition as they could obtain from the miners and traders of New River and the Trinity. The white settlers in the Valley had good reason to apprehend trouble in 1856. Besides being the natural tendency of things, many suspicious signs were noted from time to time, such as the absence of some of the chief men who had been friendly towards the whites, the increased effrontery and impudent demands of the bad characters among the tribes, the frequent mysterious rites and dances, attended with a prophetic air of solemnity and terrible earnestness of purpose. These and similar signs gave credibility to many mere rumors, and added greater weight to known facts than the situation warranted.

On the headwaters of the Klamath, and around the circumference of the lakes in which it rises, the tribes were restless and threatening. It was rumored that overtures had been made by the Oregon Indians to the tribes on the Klamath, and the absence of some of their leading men for long periods of time gave probability to this report.

Never before had the negligence of the military authorities been so clearly presented to the people. They knew the urgent need of a strong military post on the lower Klamath, but they saw the authorities inactive at times of greatest danger. They had reason to expect an outbreak of the Klamath and Trinity tribes, probably reinforced by Oregon Indians, but they were aware that if an outbreak should occur Fort Humboldt could not respond to the call of the whites for help, either with men or munitions of war.

In the month of March there was the most intense excitement throughout the Hoopa Valley. Certain suspicious movements of the Indians alarmed the whites to such an extent that flight from their homes appeared the only means of safety. Some families left the valley and went to Humboldt Bay. The families on the East side of the river gathered at Kleiser's Mill, the better to protect themselves in the event of an attack, which then seemed imminent. A man named Lack was sent to Union and Eureka for assistance, and Mr. Hill, who lived on the South Fork of the Trinity, at the same time started up that river to raise a company of volunteers. The citizens of the Bay, after a discussion on the matter, concluded to

send Captain Snyder to Hoopa, with instructions to hold a council with the head men of the tribes and endeavor to peaceably prevent an outbreak. Captain Snyder was well known to the Indians at Hoopa. His home was there, and he had cultivated an extensive acquaintance with the chief men of the tribes. He started to the valley immediately after being informed of the wishes of the citizens, arriving there on the morning of the 30th day of March. At his own residence there were assembled a number of citizens, ready to leave the valley at a moment's warning. It was with difficulty that he persuaded the excited people to permit him to have a council with the Indians for peace, being assured that it would be impossible to accomplish anything in that direction. He went to the rancherias alone, having refused company, and was met by many Indians with whom he was personally acquainted. They told him, in response to his statement of the excitement among the whites, that they did not want to fight. Captain Snyder informed them that the whites would demand guns as a token of their desire for peace. Without further parley the Indians laid twelve guns before him, and promised to surrender more on the day following. The excitement quickly subsided. Eleven more guns were given up to the whites, the families went back to their homes, and a temporary peaceful quietness prevailed.

One idea was brought into prominence by the Hoopa excitement, which was, that any anticipation of permanent and lasting peace would be folly of the the worst description; only the forcible annihilation

of the Indians, or the gradual decay in power and numbers that always accompanies their contact with the whites, would establish firmly the settlement of a civilized community among them. Nor could the miserable failure of the Reservation system escape the notice of the whites, many of whom expressed the opinion that the only guaranty against a warfare of long duration—one that would put a stop to all mining operations on the Klamath—would be a permission to the Indians to remain where they were. In every rancheria there were old Indians, influential men, possessed of property, and as much attached to their homes as it is possible for a white man to be. When any trivial depredation was committed by the mountain tribes these old men used all their influence to compromise matters, and made such restitution of stolen property as lay in their power. When the Klamath Reservation was planned and ordained, the old men of the Hoopa tribes said plainly that if any attempt was made to remove their people from their homes by force they would not be responsible for the consequences. As long as they were allowed to remain in their rancherias, they said there should be no fear. People who had enjoyed excellent opportunities for observing closely the progress of affairs, and who were able to judge fairly the situation, were of the opinion that though a war of extermination might be resolved upon by the whites, it was easier to talk about it than to carry it into effect. Every miner who had participated in the campaign against the Red Caps, of doubtful success and enormous ex-

pense, could easily surmise the results of a conflict with twenty times the number of desperate Indians. In that rugged and mountainous country the soldiers of the regular Army, who knew absolutely nothing about Indian warfare, would be useless and ineffectual; and how could volunteers, men acquainted with the mountains and the Indians, how could they act usefully when their very sustenance was a matter of caprice with the powers that were?

In August the town of Union was alarmed by reports of outrages by Indians on Redwood Creek. A settler named Ferrill went to town with the news that depredations of various kinds were being committed, and asked assistance to preserve property and punish the Indians. A party of twenty men, under the leadership of Burr McConaha, left town and went out to Ferrill's place, arriving there at twelve o'clock in the night. They slept in a barn. Next morning one of the party named Jenkins was scouting in the vicinity, and found an Indian alone, who surrendered and was taken to the camp. On the same day the party discovered the Indian camp on Pine Creek, twenty-seven miles from Union. The camp was surrounded and a sudden attack made, the result being the killing of seven warriors. Having inflicted this punishment for repeated depredations on the whites, the party returned to Ferrill's house and moved his family to Union.

During the latter part of September Messrs. Johnson and Brewer, of Angel's Ranch, missed from their droves many head of cattle. Careful search revealed the fact that some had been killed and others wounded with arrows. The cattle at the time were ranging three or four miles Southeast of Angel's Ranch, in the neighborhood of a range which belonged to I. W. Hempfield. The natives in the neighborhood were much opposed to whites, and had several times threatened to kill their stock if they did not leave. When the depredations at Angel's Ranch and vicinity had continued for a week the stock-raisers met at Hempfield's and organized a company for mutual protection. There were but few settlers in a section of country many miles in extent, and the party at Hempfield's numbered only ten men. This little party, smarting under a sense of the loss sustained, went in pursuit of the depredating Indians, and at daylight one morning they saw the fires of a rancheria in a thicket East of Hempfield's Ranch, on the mountain divide towards Redwood Creek. They attacked the rancheria and killed ten of the Indians. The latter, forty or fifty in number, made a resistance at the first fire, and then fled ingloriously. Although several guns were seen in their hands, they used their bows exclusively in returning the fire of the whites. One of the party, W. Hempfield, was struck by an arrow in the thigh, and seriously wounded. A physician was sent for to attend to Hempfield's wound, and the party continued on to Redwood Creek. The rancheria there was deserted, the Indians having received warning and fled to the mountains.

While the events above narrated were transpiring in the Northern part of the county, and while affairs on the Klamath were in a condition not at all flattering to the whites, a tragedy was enacted in Southern Humboldt which originated grave fears of impending difficulties in Eel River Valley and the adjacent country. A man named Charles Hicks went out hunting on Bear River, far from the settlements, and near a small Indian rancheria. The Indians, seeing him, went to meet him, and were profuse in their protestations of friendship. Several of them walked with him a short distance, when one who walked behind suddenly jerked his gun away and attempted to shoot him, but the gun did not fire. Fifteen of them closed in on him then, and he defended himself with a pistol and knife. Freeing himself from their grasp, he started to run, when a shot was fired at him, striking the left shoulder blade and lodging in the left arm. Wounded in this way, he succeeded in escaping, hiding from his pursuers in the brush. The wound weakened him so that he was afraid to risk another contest by venturing out of his concealment. Remaining secreted in the brush for several days, he was seen by a number of squaws, who took him to a rancheria and cared for him until his friends arrived from the settlements. The Indians held a council when he was taken to their rancheria by the squaws regarding what disposition should be made of him, those in favor of sparing his life prevailing. The friendly Indians secured the rifle which had been taken from Hicks and presented it to the whites, in the hope of appeasing their anger by this

act. In a week later Hicks died from the effects of the wound received, and the whites, following innumerable examples, organized a party of avengers and went after the guilty Indians. They attacked a band near Grizzly Bluff, killing seven, among whom were two who were recognized as having belonged to the rancheria near which Hicks received his wound.

At the end of the year 1856 the settlement and development of Humboldt county had reached promising proportions, notwithstanding the unsettled condition of Indian affairs. Twenty thousand acres of land had been pre-empted for agricultural or grazing purposes, the lands settled upon and improved being situated chiefly in the valleys of Eel River, Mad River and Bear River, and bordering on Humboldt Bay. Homes were established in the wilderness and farms appeared where two years before there had been no sign of a white man's presence. It was natural that grazing and stock raising should be the enterprises which first gained prominence in the new settlements. Cattle could be depended on to take care of themselves in a great measure, and it required no machinery and little capital to engage in the business. The number of cattle owned in the county was estimated at 1,100, and there had been driven in from other parts of the State more than 800 head. It was also estimated that there were in the county 500 horses and 480 mules. These

did not include 300 mules used for packing merchandise to the mines and belonging to citizens of Trinity and Klamath counties. Agricultural progress had been wonderfully rapid since 1854. One thousand acres in wheat produced 35,000 bushels; 950 acres in oats produced 40,000 bushels; 500 acres in barley produced 15,000 bushels; 500 acres in potatoes produced 20,000 bushels. From two or three saw mills in 1854, the lumber industry had increased to nine steam saw mills, with a combined capacity of 24-000,000 feet per annum. In every direction, and in every industry based on natural productions, there were evidences of an active improvement—an improvement which could only be stayed or interrupted by Indian warfare. Ill prepared as the pioneers were for rapid settlement, few in number and weak in strength when compared to the aboriginal inhabitants of the country, there was nothing slow about the process of civilization in 1856. The whites were crowding the redskins to the wall.

CHAPTER X.

A Hard Winter.

Furious storms and obliterating snows.—Unequal warfare with the elements.—Men and animals lost in the mountains.—Temporary exemption from Indian troubles.

Never did the pioneers of Northern California experience a harder Winter than that of 1856–'57. From the first of December, 1856, to the middle of April, 1857, storm after storm swept over the country —cold, pelting, blinding, drenching rain on the coast, snow everywhere on the mountains inland. At Humboldt Bay there was a succession of terrific gales from the Southeast, terrible even to those who were accustomed to the storms of the open sea. Old Californians likened the weather to that which prevailed in the Sierras in '52.

Of course there was no snow in the valleys near the sea, but there was almost an interminable rain storm. There was some variation in the weather, but it was always wet. It was cold and wet, and warm and wet; blustery and wet, and still and wet; wet over head and wet under foot! It rained when the clouds came from the Southeast, it rained when they came from the

Northwest, it rained when there were no clouds to be seen! As a local newspaper aptly expressed the situation, "The sky was a water-sieve and the earth a sponge." There was no Fall sowing of grain, because the ground could not be prepared for the reception of seed. Streams were bank full all the time and frequently overflowing.

On the mountains there was an incredible amount of snow. It was packed in the trails, obliterating and hiding them completely. It was heaped in huge drifts in the gulches. It was whirled and flurried in the wind from the high peaks and the never-ending undulations of the hills; as if Nature, exulting in superhuman power, was making a tremendous effort to bury every human thing deep under a covering of snow. Pack trains from Eel River Valley could get no further than the head of Yager Creek. Pack trains from Union were stopped by impassable barriers before they had gone twenty miles. Men and animals were lost in the snow, and other men in search of them were lost in their turn, reaching the settlements half-starved and half-frozen.

No further thought was given to Indian wars in this unequal warfare with the elements of nature. Self-preservation was a necessity for both the Indian and the white man. Neither could afford to jeopardize his own life in a vain attempt to take the life of the other. So, through four months and a half of rain, and snow, and heavy gales, through four months and a half of extreme hardship and privation, there was complete freedom from any hostile demonstrations on the part

of the natives and a sense of perfect security among the whites.

Men who came down from the mountains said there was more snow on the trails than ever known during any previous Winter since the earliest settlement of Northern California. There were many narrow escapes from death by cold and exposure. Burr McConaha, a packer to the mines, started from Salmon River to Union, by way of Orleans and Hoopa, together with Frank Ball, C. S. Harrington and a Chinaman. While crossing the mountains between Hoopa and Redwood Creek all the animals gave out and the men were compelled to leave them and proceed on foot. When within two miles of Redwood, Ball succumbed to the cold and dropped to the ground exhausted. Harrington and the Chinaman went on. McConaha remained behind with Ball. Night set in, and Harrington and the Chinaman lost their way in the snow. They, too, were about to sink exhausted, when a welcome gleam of light guided them to a human habitation, the home of J. A. Ferrill on Redwood Creek. It was then in the early hours of the morning. Without delay a relief party set out to rescue McConaha and Ball. On the top of a hill they found the two men crouching near a fire, Ball wrapped in McConaha's coat. Both were able to walk and were escorted to a safe resting-place at Ferrill's.

In the early part of January Capt. F. M. Woodward and a Mr. Wallace, traveling down the Klamath, encountered a severe storm on the mountain between McDonald's Ferry and Redwood Creek, and the trail

being entirely obliterated they narrowly escaped death. Capt. Woodward, who had passed four Winters in that section, asserted that the storm, as regarded the quantity of snow, surpassed anything he had ever experienced. The snow on the mountains between Redwood Creek and the Klamath was four feet deep, and on the same range West of Hoopa it was two feet deeper. On the higher mountains—the Salmon and Trinity ranges—the quantity of snow could only be conjectured, for the trails were impassable everywhere. The only method of communication with the mines on Salmon River was by way of the mouth of that stream, thence up to the mines through the river bottoms on a bad and dangerous trail. The pack-trains of Gould & Mallet and Fort & Love were caught in the storm at Hiampum, at the mouth of the Hay Fork of Trinity, and several of the animals were lost in the snow. Those in charge of the trains went down the South Fork and main Trinity to shelter in Hoopa Valley.

A few days of warm weather in the middle of January melted the snow on the lower mountains, causing a rapid and dangerous rise in all the streams. Mad River was higher than it had been since the Winter of '54 and Eel River was bank full. Klamath River was not as high as the others, the snow on the higher mountains remaining firm and unmelted. Trinity county was one stretch of snow from end to end. Such a great quantity fell at Weaverville that the roofs of many buildings were broken down, including the Court House, Masonic Temple and the express office.

In the two months of December and January over fifteen inches of rain fell at Humboldt Bay. When the month of February came it was ushered in with a heavy downpour of rain. Throughout February and March the weather was extremely wet and stormy, streams were swollen, mountains covered with snow.

The "hardest Winter since the settlement by the whites," was the general verdict pronounced on the season; and this verdict meant much more than appeared on the surface. It meant a struggle for self-preservation by the Indians, a struggle against natural forces, in which the whites were not a factor. A hard Winter had brought temporary exemption from serious trouble with the native inhabitants.

CHAPTER XI.

A Revival of Trade.

The Spring of '57.—General Prosperity in the Mines.—Trading Posts of Northern California.—Wonderful Industrial Progress in Seven Years.

Notwithstanding the extreme severity of the preceding Winter the Spring of 1857 was remarkable for a wonderful revival of all branches of trade, the inauguration, in fact, of a commercial prosperity which only domestic difficulties would impede or hinder. The miners in all the districts on the Klamath, Salmon and Trinity had an abundance of water, and nearly all the claims paid well. Prosperity in the mines meant prosperity elsewhere. Humboldt Bay, as the natural supply depot of a vast mining region, enjoyed its share of the general prosperity, hampered, it is true, by primitive methods of travel and communication with the interior. To move a cargo of merchandise from the seaboard to the mines required an almost incredible amount of labor and expense. There were no roads. It was early observed that instead of following the ordinary law of settlement in a new State, commencing at the frontier and sweeping

along in regular order, like the onward movement of an army, the first immigrants to California scattered far and wide, here and there—to the extremes as well as to the central positions—in their wild pursuit after treasures imbedded in the soil. They did not stop to have the way smoothed before them; there were no mountains so high and sterile, no cañons so deep and rugged, as to interrupt their progress. Towns and settlements sprang up simultaneously from Siskiyou to Mariposa; and a majority of the most productive mining districts possessed only trails, rough and long, as connecting highways for trade and travel. It was so in the Northern districts. The entire internal commerce of the Northern counties of the State was carried on in 1857 by means of pack-trains of hardy mules. Trinity county alone contained one hundred and twenty-eight trading-posts, doing an annual business of over a million dollars, yet every pound of merchandise sold over their counters was transported across the mountains by pack-trains. The trade of Siskiyou, much larger, was carried on in the same way. And when to those two counties was added Del Norte, Klamath and Humboldt the total represented was well up in the millions of dollars annually—a commerce conducted with the simple methods known to the Spanish races in the mountains of Mexico and South America. General prosperity, under such adverse circumstances, and after a Winter of unprecedented severity, was an omen full of encouragement to those who had faith in the resources and future of the country.

The trade for the season was fairly commenced during the month of April. Pack trains arrived at Union and Eureka and departed daily, the supplies of merchandise from San Francisco scarcely keeping pace with the demand. The diversion of the whole carrying trade of the upper Trinity from Shasta to Humboldt Bay was no longer a matter of doubtful prophecy. Farmers of Humboldt county found an outlet for their superfluous crops and very remunerative sales by the opening of passable trails to the mines; and those who had struggled along through the years of its early settlement, with no reward for their labor beyond a bare subsistence, now realized a high price for all their produce. The lumber industry also was attracting the attention of capitalists and paying handsomely those who were engaged in it. A wonderful progress had been made in seven years.

But little more than seven years before, the Humboldt Bay country was unvisited by white men, with the exception of the Gregg party in 1849. The Indian roamed over its wilds unmolested; the virgin resources of the country were as yet untouched by man. Now the scene was changed. A little cycle of seven years had forced the Indian to his remotest haunt; had settled the country, had witnessed the growth of towns and the establishment of homes. Since the first settlement was made on the Bay there had been a large annual trade with the mines. The first trading was done wholly with the lower Trinity. Merchandise from Union or Trinidad did not at first go further than the North Fork of Trinity, that stream

and its lower tributaries constituting the entire market for merchandise from Humboldt Bay during two years or more. Other places then began to attract the floating population of miners. The settlements began to extend lower down the Trinity and on to New River; the Klamath opened a new field for trade and enterprise, the Salmon in its turn made a market for the trader, and both increased in importance until they had outgrown very considerably the original and single field of the Trinity. On each of these rivers surface prospectors no longer secured from one to six ounces of gold per day, but the number of miners and the extent and productiveness of the deeper diggings had constantly increased. Within a year a new trail had been opened to the upper Trinity, which, by its superiority and the relative cheapness of transportation, drew into this channel an amount of merchandise larger than that before sent either to the Klamath, the Salmon or the lower Trinity. Some supplies for the Klamath and Salmon were drawn from other shipping points on the coast, and Shasta and Red Bluff held undisputed possession of a large trade in the upper Trinity country. Yet the natural commercial advantages of Humboldt Bay, if properly sustained and developed, could not fail in the end to secure the largest share of the trade of the whole region. Union was still the most important trading post on the bay, the solid prosperity and enterprise of the place being an excellent indication of the permanent and settled feeling that had come over the whole community. There was some stability of society, some

permanency of social institutions. The nomadic spirit that had infused its restless life into all classes a few years before now gave place to a settled desire for lasting and permanent homes. The change from a shifting, restless civilization to a more enduring social condition, always slow in mining countries, was gradually approaching its completion here. General prosperity stimulated and encouraged business men in their efforts to make Humboldt Bay what they believed nature intended it to be, a point of supply and commercial outlet for a territory embracing two degrees of latitude and over one and a half degrees of longitude.

CHAPTER XII.

Quiet Close of a Peaceful Year.

Bill for the payment of Indian war claims.—Action of the Legislature.—Some lost papers.—A disturbance at the Klamath Reservation.

Not absolutely devoid of other interest than that which attached to business affairs, but very quiet and peaceful, the last eight months of 1857 slipped away into the past with no bad omens of misfortune in the future. The Indians, chastened and subdued by the severe Winter they had with difficulty lived through, were compelled by stress of circumstances to meet half-way the friendly advances of peaceably-inclined whites. The whites were too busily engaged in the prosperous business enterprises of the year to find time or occasion for brawls and quarrels with the Indians.

One topic of general discussion in the Summer and Fall was a bill passed by the Legislature providing for the payment of Indian war claims. The bill was introduced by Representative S. G. Whipple, of Klamath, and the amount to be paid was not to exceed the sum of $410,000, a large part of it to be applied to

the payment of claims which had accrued in the counties of Siskiyou, Humboldt and Klamath. The Treasurer, Controller and Quartermaster were constituted a Board of Examiners to examine and audit claims. The passage of the bill was cheering to many settlers in the three counties named who had suffered from Indian depredations and expended their means in quelling hostile tribes. But there was a stay in the proceedings, unlooked for and surprising. In June the Board of Examiners announced that they were ready for business, and notified the public that $410,000 had been appropriated "for services rendered and supplies furnished in an expedition against the Indians in the year 1855," at the same time requesting parties having such claims to forward them to the President of the Board at Sacramento. A previous session of the Legislature had appointed, in 1856, a Board of Commissioners to examine such claims, consequently no one thought of filing their claims a second time, the old Board of Commissioners having discharged their duty faithfully, filed their report, and forwarded to the Governor the necessary papers and vouchers of those having claims against the State. When, in 1857, an appropriation had been made for the payment of the claims and a Board of Examiners appointed to audit them at Sacramento, the papers and vouchers surrendered by the old Board of Commissioners suddenly disappeared. Wm. C. Kibbe, President of the Board of Examiners, thereupon gave notice that the original papers having been lost, others would have to be filed with the Board by all claimants. Along in the month

of December, after the claimants had been compelled to duplicate their vouchers, the original papers were found somewhere among the rubbish of the Capitol. The developments and surmises and conjectures incident to these war claims furnished at least a topic of conversation and speculation during the closing months of a quiet year.

There were a few Indian depredations and disturbances, not frequent or serious enough to create any general alarm.

In August, a young Spaniard in the employ of Mallet & Gould, packers, was shot at by Indians on the trail three miles from Mad River. He was riding behind the train when the first shot was fired, the ball passing through the fleshy part of his thigh. He supposed it came from his own revolver, accidentally discharged, and dismounted to examine it. Another shot distinctly fired from the bush near by passed under his arm, cutting his shirt, and lodged in the side of his mule. The boy then ran for the train and escaped.

On the 25th of November a disturbance occurred at the Klamath Reservation. An Indian called Klamath Mike, who had endeavored for some time before to incite the tribes on the Reservation to war, attempted to take the life of Major Heintzleman, the resident Agent of the Government. The Major discovered the Indian in the act of shooting, and just in time to save his own life. Klamath Mike fled from the spot, followed by others of his tribe. A party of troops on the Reservation followed in pursuit, and a

fight occurred, in which fifteen or twenty of the Indians were killed, Klamath Mike escaping. The latter was known to be a bad Indian, always at work to instigate difficulty and trouble on the Reservation. His followers were principally renegades from the Smith's River Reservation, Del Norte county, and other localities further North. In the afternoon of the day of the attempted assassination of Major Heintzleman three travelers approached the Klamath River from the North—James Mathews, R. H. Paris and another named Stephens—without arms and on foot. As they neared the river bank and ascended the steep incline of a little hill they were suddenly surrounded by forty or fifty Indians, hideous in war paint and armed with bows and knives, who crowded around them, apparently frantic with rage, brandishing and flourishing their long knives. The three men expected to be killed on the spot, but to their surprise and relief there arose a commotion among the Indians, caused by a difference of opinion regarding the disposition to be made of them. A noisy and excited "pow-wow" resulted in the prisoners being marched off to the rancheria at the mouth of the river. Here they saw the dead body of an Indian, about which the squaws were moaning piteously. Some of the most blood-thirsty of the inhabitants of the rancheria, including Klamath Mike and Lagoon Charlie, were eager to kill the white prisoners, and were with difficulty restrained from carrying their designs into instant execution, taunting the whites with exclamations of how easily they could be killed

did the Indians will it, and with threats of vengeance. It was decided by the Indians, after arriving at their rancheria, that they would keep their prisoners alive till next morning, when they would finally determine what to do with them. Klamath Mike, who could talk broken English, then said to them in an insolent manner, pointing to the door of a filthy hut: "You go in there; in the morning we tell you what we do with you." All night long the prisoners, shut up in their dark and reeking lodging, could hear the tramp of sentries around the hut or the guttural exclamations of the guard. At sunrise they were brought into an open space and a human ring was formed about them. A war dance, with all its accompanying horrors except death, was indulged in by their captors, followed by another "pow-wow." The second "pow-wow" saved their lives. Some of the older Indians were opposed to the proposition to put them to death, and through their interference a compromise was effected. The prisoners were placed in a canoe, manned by stalwart guards, and taken up the river. Their destination was a mystery to them, and they imagined it must be some new place of torture. They were happily at fault in their gloomy expectations, for their captors landed at the Government farm, five miles above the mouth of the river, and liberated them in sight of Major Heintzleman's headquarters.

With the exception of the isolated instances already cited, violent acts by the Indians were rarely heard of in the closing months of 1857. Indian troubles of serious magnitude seemed to be things of a past so re-

mote, in the restored confidence of this quiet year, that nothing less than a great and unforeseen accident might interrupt the general security.

The industry and commerce of the country tributary to Humboldt Bay grew and flourished as it had never flourished or grown before. The lumber industry, which had not created a perceptible break in the massive outline of the forests, furnished employment to nearly three hundred men at high wages. Fields of wheat were sown in Eel River Valley that yielded seventy bushels to the acre. Immense yields of potatoes were recorded in the Mattole country and in the vicinity of Union. That portion of the country adapted to stock-raising and dairying was rapidly settled and populated with people and cattle. Trade and travel to the mines was brisk and profitable. Every industry of a new and growing country was prosperous and full of vitality.

CHAPTER XIII.

The War with the Win-toons—How it Commenced.

The domestic affairs of one "Leroy."—Shooting of Wm. E. Ross.—Three parties of Volunteers.—John Bell's perilous position.—Death of Orrin Stevens.—The battle of Three Creeks.—Major Raines.—A play ground for soldiers.—Murder of Paul Boynton. Mass meetings of the people.—Petitions for assistance.—Col. Henley's waste basket.—Organization of Volunteer Companies. The Kibbe Guards.—Fight near Pardee's Ranch.—John Harpst wounded—Capt. I. G. Messec's Company.—Hardships of the Winter campaign.

In the tribal classification of the Indians of Northwestern California, the Win-toons, or Mountain Diggers, are designated as the sixth general division, and their country is described as embracing the headwaters of Panther Creek, Redwood, Mad and Eel rivers. But the country described was only a portion of the territory in which the Win-toons lived. The exact meaning of their name, Win-toon, cannot be accurately determined, and it may be doubted whether it could be assigned to the tribes in a circumscribed area. There were other mountain tribes, chiefly confined to the banks of large streams; but the Win-toons must have peopled the Bald Hills country in places far remote

from the larger streams. They were a hardy race, subsisting on game and nuts. As their principal occupation was hunting, unlike the lower or valley tribes, who subsisted on fish, the Win-toons early became accustomed to the use of fire-arms. Before Dr. Gregg and his companions descended the Trinity there were a few guns in the possession of the high mountain tribes, and when the valley Indians were using them ignorantly and with little effect the Win-toons had acquired a proficiency in their use which was anything but encouraging to travelers on the lonely trails. It may have been their early acquaintance with the whites which induced them to remain friendly as long as they did, for as long as they were friendly they could procure fire-arms, and, unfortunately, fire-water. For several years after the Klamath War they committed occasional depredations on the property of stock-raisers in the Bald Hills, and when they saw their old hunting-grounds deserted by the deer and elk, the devil that is naturally an Indian's companion began to assert itself. Revenge was sweet to the savage, no less than revenge is sweet to civilized man. With that blind fury which characterizes the race, indiscriminating and cruel, the Win-toons commenced their war by committing several atrocious murders.

It was in the first week of February, 1858, that an event occurred which had a direct tendency to precipitate difficulties between the Win-toons and the whites. Among the worthless characters who infested the country was a negro known by the name of "Leroy." He had adopted the Indian mode of life, and had taken to

his bosom one of the dusky maidens of the forest. She, tiring of him, resolved to rid herself of his unwelcome presence. Three miles from Angel's Ranch they had made their camp and "Leroy" was dutifully hunting game with which to replenish their Winter larder. The partner of his joys and sorrows here informed him that his services would be dispensed with, and if he did not forthwith depart her people would come and kill him. He, in no wise daunted, stood his ground. Two stout Indians assaulted him, one armed with a hatchet, the other with a knife. A brutal fight ensued, in which the negro was badly wounded in the left breast by a blow with the hatchet. The negro subsequently reached Angel's Ranch, where he gave an account of the fight and reported that he had killed the two Indians with a knife. A party of white men visited the camp. There were no dead bodies on the spot, and the Indians had robbed the camp of everything "Leroy" possessed, including the squaw. A few days after the affray an Indian went to Woodward & Barney's place, on the Trinity trail, and was recognized as belonging to the rancheria of the two who had attacked "Leroy." He was bound and chained to a tree, was kept in that position till he confessed his knowledge of the attack on the negro, and later his tribe brought in the guns and pistols which had been taken from the camp. They also confessed that the negro had killed both of his assailants with a sheath-knife. Being urged to make further confessions of Indian depredations, and threatened with death if they did not tell the truth, they said that two men named Granger and Cook, who

had disappeared from that vicinity a year before, were murdered by the Win-toons.

"Leroy's" fight and subsequent proceedings were not calculated to perpetuate peace. An intense excitement spread among the Win-toons, creating a burning desire to revenge themselves for the death of two of their number, and it culminated three months later in one of the boldest attacks ever committed by them. A white man was shot down on the Trinity trail, near Grouse Creek, on Wednesday, the 23d of June. Two packers, Henry Allen and Wm. E. Ross, accompanied by two Indian boys, were going up to the Trinity with their train. As they were descending Grouse Creek Hill, not expecting danger, Ross was shot from an ambush where a party of Indians were lying. He was shot three times. He fell from his mule, and when Allen reached him he was unable to stand on his feet. Allen carried him away from the trail, made a bed for him, and sent one of the boys for assistance. The Indians came out from their ambush and coolly looked on while Allen unpacked the mules. When the boy started off they hailed him, but he put spurs to his mule and reached Pardee's Ranch in safety. A Mr. Barney, who was a partner in the Pardee property and living on the place, started to Allen's assistance and sent the boy on to Eureka. When Mr. Barney reached the spot where Ross had been shot he found Allen unharmed and ministering to the wants of his wounded companion. He had erected a barricade of packs from the mules and was determined to stay with Ross to the end. The boy who went for assistance arrived at

Eureka at 6 o'clock in the evening, having traveled the 37 miles in less than five hours. Dr. Baldwin, accompanied by A. W. Gould, left immediately for the scene of the shooting, arriving there on Thursday morning, after a night's ride through rain and darkness, on a rough mountain trail. Ross was yet living, though in a critical condition. On Thursday night Mr. Barney went to his home, and on Friday morning he went to Eureka for assistance to carry the wounded man back to the settlements. He reported to the citizens of Eureka that the wounds would probably cause the death of Ross, one of the balls having injured the spine. The feeling attending this intelligence was deep and bitter. Ross had been known as a peaceable, industrious man, and had never so far as any one knew molested or injured the Indians. An attempt had once before been made to take his life by three Indians, near the same place on the Trinity trail where he was now lying wounded, and this fact, associated with the recent attacks, was taken as ground for belief that the Win-toons, for some unaccountable reason or for no reason, had deliberately planned to kill him. Six citizens of Eureka formed the relief party which responded to the call for assistance, and were met at the spot where Ross lay by six men from Hiampuu. A rude litter was constructed and Ross was carried to Pardee's house, where he received careful attention. Remaining there two weeks, he was removed to Eureka. His limbs had become paralyzed, and in his helpless condition it was necessary to use the greatest precaution in moving him. A light frame-work of wood was made

and placed on the back of a gentle mule, inside of which a hammock was swung, and in this way the wounded man was carried down the mountain.

Thoroughly aroused as were the whites, and thoroughly determined to punish the assailants of Ross, the Win-toons exceeded them in anger and determination. It was war to the knife, they said. They would give no quarter, and expected none. Such assertions by the Digger tribes were usually considered in the light of braggadocio, but the Win-toons were the most war-like of all the Northern Indians—having somewhat of the freedom and boldness imparted by the spirit of their mountains, and as yet unawed by the number and power of the whites. A general war was anticipated by those who knew the Win-toons best.

About the first of July three parties of volunteers were organized for a campaign against the Indians on Redwood and Upper Mad River, in the vicinity of the place where Ross was shot. One party, under command of John Bell, numbering 16 men, pursued the Indians closely for several days, and on Thursday morning, July 15th, they attacked a rancheria on Grouse Creek. The party routed the rancheria and killed several warriors. From reports made by Mr. Bell, it appears that the Indians had been collected there, to the number of 100, with the intention of attacking Bell's party. They had divided their forces, desiring to engage Bell before he reached the rancheria. Bell, however, did not go by the route they expected, passing them and raiding the rancheria while a large force of the Indians were absent. The Indians learned of

Bell's position from some who escaped from the rancheria, and an ambush was made for his destruction. Retiring from their rancheria on his way to camp, Bell followed the trail into the ambush and was fired on by the Indians, one of his men, Orrin Stevens, being shot dead at the first fire. This demoralized the whites, and they did not attempt to stand the assault of the concealed savages. They knew not how many of the foe were opposed to them; the Indian in his ambush, behind a rock or tree, or hidden in the grass, had a fair target before him of every one of the whites; there was no advantage that was not on the side of the savage. By a miracle Bell escaped with the loss of only one man. When he reached the camp he had left the day before another surprise was awaiting him. The camp was entirely broken up. Provisions, blankets, cooking utensils, all were gone. Ten mules had also been driven off by the Indians. Bell fell back to Pardee's Ranch, which he reached at daylight on Friday morning. The whole party were worn out and exhausted and some of them were barefooted. Bell concluded to remain at Pardee's Ranch until reinforcements could be received from Eureka. He knew that the Indians were collecting in large numbers in the vicinity, and he had had sufficient evidence that they were disposed to contest every inch of their territory with the whites. It would therefore be the height of folly to meet them with only 15 men.

While Bell was falling back before superior numbers a party of twelve citizens were doing what they could to protect lives and property in the vicinity of

the Buttes, an extensive grazing country on the headwaters of Mad River. They were actively engaged in scouting for two weeks, and were fatigued and worn out at the end of that time.

Much excitement prevailed at Eureka, in the meantime, concerning the sale of ammunition and firearms by white men to the Indians. It was freely asserted that certain persons of loose character drove a thriving trade with the hostile tribes, supplying them with arms at exorbitant prices. Threats were made that Judge Lynch would hold court, but the crime charged never was fastened on any one person by sufficient evidence to convict.

In addition to the selling of firearms and ammunition, there were other acts by bad white men which inflamed the passions of the Indians and injured the cause of the whites. One instance was observed in August. On the second day of that month two Indian boys were driving a train of mules from Kneeland's Prairie to Eureka, and when they were within six miles of town one of the boys was shot dead from his horse. The other was fired at several times, escaping uninjured; and riding into Eureka he told the story of the shooting, saying that it was done by white men. The citizens at first refused to credit his statement. Finally a number went to the place indicated and found the body of the murdered boy, shot in several places. The recurrence of such cold blooded deeds of murder did much to exasperate the hostile tribes and were condemned by all good citizens. They could not be prevented, however, and the consequence

was that the good citizens received punishment for the evil deeds of the bad.

Since Orrin Stevens was killed, in the preceding month of July, nothing of importance had transpired in connection with Bell's party until the 2d of August. The party had remained at Pardee's Ranch, receiving a small reinforcement from Trinity county. On the 2d of August sixteen men, commanded by Mr. Winslet, of Burnt Ranch, struck the trail of a party of Win-toon warriors near Three Creeks, a point some three miles from Lach's trail leading to the head of Hoopa Valley. The trail was fresh, and Winslet gave orders to follow it. With their usual cunning the Indians had reckoned on that very order, and, secreting themselves, had waited for their pursuers. The whites passed right under the muzzles of the guns pointed at them from the ambush, Winslet himself being shot through the thigh. His men did not observe that he was shot, and he gave orders to charge the ambush, heading the charge in person. The Indians did not stand their ground. They made a running fight, keeping out of sight as much as possible, jumping from behind a clump of bushes, firing, and running to shelter further on. After chasing them two or three hundred yards, Winslet's party halted upon ascertaining that he was wounded. About this time John Skilling and Chauncey Miller separated themselves from the party for a few minutes, and were fired on by three Indians. Miller fell dead at Skilling's feet, his brain pierced by a rifle ball. Several shots were fired at Skilling without effect. Miller was carried to a spot two miles from

where he was shot and left there until the party could take care of Winslet. Winslet was taken to Pardee's house, where he stayed until Wednesday evening, when he was able to ride to Angel's Ranch, his wound being painful but not dangerously severe.

The direct result of the two fights by Bell's party was to present to the whites the very discouraging aspect of Indian affairs. It plainly appeared that the Indians had adopted their natural mode of warfare—hiding in ambush, laying in wait in the thick bush through which the trails were cut, skulking behind rocks and trees, shooting, and running, and shooting again. Few white men could oppose this method of warfare with any kind of advantage to themselves. The difficulties were fast assuming a most serious character. During the six preceding weeks the Win-toons had made their hostility felt in such a manner as to cause alarm and apprehension. So far, the parties who had been in pursuit of them had been worsted in every engagement. They had been compelled to follow trails into deep cañons and ravines known to the Indians alone, death-traps to the whites. Two good men had been killed and two wounded, yet nothing had been accomplished towards subduing the hostiles. The men who were in the field were not organized under the laws of the State, for experience had taught them that the State was most ungrateful. They were spending their own time and money to subdue the hostiles. It was not to be reasonably expected that they would continue in the field any great length of time, poorly provisioned and fitted out at their own

expense, to expose themselves to the extremes of danger and hardship. But, if they withdrew, the settlers on the trails, with all their stock, would be at the mercy of the savages. What could be done? The Government would do nothing, the State would do nothing, the commanding officer at Fort Humboldt would do nothing. Something had to be done, and that speedily, by somebody. It was understood, to be sure, that Major Raines, in command at Fort Humboldt, had expressed his willingness to give protection to the settlers, at the same time informing them of his inability to do so. The forces of the regular Army had never afforded much protection to the settlers, nor was any prospect visible of better service in the future. Fort Humboldt might have been appropriately called a playground for the soldiers. For useful endeavor in suppressing hostilities and protecting homes the settlers had to look to the volunteer forces, and as these were not organized with the sanction of the Government or the expectation of pay, but rather on the sole responsibility of individuals, their periods of service were brief and uncertain. It was universally admitted that Volunteer Companies, organized under the laws of the State, with authority to act and with expectation of pay, would be the best means of preserving and maintaining peace between the two races on the Northwest coast.

While the citizens of the Bay towns were agitating the regular formation of Volunteer Companies, and raising money to defray their expenses, the hostile Indians were not idle in their work of destruction. All

up and down the stock-raising country of the Bald Hills there was consternation and fear. Bold as the Indians had been in the beginning—a boldness which was always mingled with treachery—their successes in action against Bell's party had increased their hopes of finally exterminating the whites from their country. Barbarous acts of violence were now of daily occurrence. On the morning of the 14th of September occurred the murder of Paul Boynton, who lived with his family ten miles from Union, on the Trinity trail. Boynton was killed within two hundred yards of his house, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning. Some packers had camped there during the night, and in the morning, as they were preparing to leave, he started off after his cows. Before he was out of sight the report of a rifle was heard, and a number of Indians were seen running away from the premises. The packers seized their guns and ran to Boynton's assistance. Close to a little wood, in whose impenetrable shadows the Indians had been hidden, they found the dead body of Boynton, yet warm, pierced through and through by a rifle ball. From the position taken by the attacking party it was assumed that they had been in ambush all night, and that they intended, after killing Boynton, to make a raid on the house and its inmates. The presence of the packers had foiled their designs on the house but had not prevented the death of its owner. Mr. Boynton was from Cook county, Illinois, and arrived at Humboldt Bay in 1853, residing at Union until 1857, when he settled at the place where he was killed.

On the morning after the murder of Boynton Pardee's Ranch was attacked. The dogs at Pardee's house kept the attacking party at bay for a few minutes, when Messrs. Pardee and Barney went out in the yard and were instantly fired on. Neither was hit and the Indians did not follow up the attack. When night set in Pardee's family started for Union, arriving safely at three o'clock on Thursday morning, having left their house and effects to be destroyed.

Public meetings of the citizens of Union and Eureka were held for the purpose of considering and adopting some method of protection to life and property during the continuance of the war with the Wintoons. At Union a large meeting was held, attended by the citizens generally, and the situation was discussed in all its bearings. Mass-meetings of the people, in times of intense excitement are frequently dangerous and difficult to control, having a volcanic energy which needs only a sympathetic spark from a leading mind to burst out in ruin to itself and others. It was so at Union. There were many in the excited throng of townspeople who would have been in favor of any measure which contained an extraordinary amount of cruelty in its composition. There was another class, far-seeing men, opposed to the extreme doctrines advocated by certain well-meaning but blood-thirsty citizens. Thus two factions were developed, whose differences had to be reconciled before intelligent or harmonious action could be taken. The first, or blood-thirsty faction, urged with undisputed justice that the hostile Indians deserved the severest punish-

ment for their repeated and barbarous depredations upon the whites. They cited the case of Ross, who, while peaceably following his business as a packer on the public thoroughfare between Union and the Trinity, was shot and wounded in such a manner as to make his recovery hopeless; of Stevens, who was shot dead while in pursuit of the hostiles; of Chauncey Miller, a trader on the Trinity, who had volunteered to clear the trail of dangerous obstructions, and had given his life as the forfeit; of Winslet, severely wounded while leading his men against the savages; of Boynton, murdered in cold blood within sight of his wife and children. These atrocities, the extremists declared, called aloud for vengeance; not vengeance such as reason would suggest, but vengeance the most complete that human ingenuity could devise. They were in favor of a war of extermination, total extermination, of every man, woman and child in whose veins coursed the blood of the Indian race. It was not enough that the warriors be killed. Every one of the tribe, male and female, must be made a bloody example of. Reasons were not wanting for the theory of total extermination as the only safe plan. When the condition of affairs in the Bald Hills country was such that men were shot down in sight of their own homes, it was time for extraordinary measures of relief. The second, or conservative faction, opposed the idea of extermination, on the ground that the killing of women and children was condemned by the spirit of a civilized age and forbidden by the consciences of good men. Besides, communities abroad would look

upon the measure as emanating from a wicked, cruel and barbarous people. The extremists replied to this, that communities unacquainted with the hardships of frontier life, and far removed from the danger to which their own lives and property were constantly exposed, might consider such treatment of the Indians fit only for barbarians; but they believed that a necessity sufficiently imposing to override every consideration demanded total extermination as indispensable to adequate relief. The Indian race must be exterminated from the mountain prairies lying between Humboldt Bay and the waters of the Trinity and Klamath, or the further development and progress of the country would be utterly impossible. However desirable the country might be for stock-raising and other purposes, white men could not settle there while armed savages were suffered to roam at large, waylaying the trails, killing men, pillaging homes, and driving off cattle. As the Indians were year after year obtaining more and more firearms, and becoming better and better skilled in their use, the longer they were permitted to live the worse it would be for the whites. To this the conservatives answered, that they were in favor of removing the Indians, but not by the total extermination plan. There was another and a better way for which they contended. There were three Indian Reservations accessible to Humboldt, Trinity and Klamath counties, the Mendocino, the Noma Cult, and the Klamath, all established by the Government to meet such requirements as the present situation demanded. They (the conservative element) were in favor of removing

all the Indians to the Government Reservations. Again the extremists replied, it would do no good to remove the Indians to the Reservations, which had been in existence several years and had conferred no perceptible benefit upon anybody. The Agents, sub-Agents and clerks on the Reservations at various times had idled away their opportunities for good actions, and incurred the displeasure of the whites and the contempt of the Indians. In no sense had the Reservation system benefitted the Indians or anybody else. Another argument in favor of extermination was the inefficiency of the military power. There was a United States military post at Fort Humboldt, yet the pioneers of the country, whose enterprise was building up and developing its resources, were murdered at their own doors, because they had no protection. It could not be said that the Federal or State officers were ignorant of the situation. Many times had been urged upon the attention of the Indian Department the absolute necessity of something being done in this section to avert an Indian war. The citizens had petitioned the commander of the United States troops, and also the Governor, for aid. The military officer had not men enough at his disposal to protect his own garrison from attack, and the opinions of the Governor on the subject had not been made known to the people. And should the Governor see fit to call for the formation of volunteer companies, the extremists contended, an unreasonable time would elapse before they could be brought into active service, notwithstanding the apparent necessity for immediate action in order

to save the settlements. If something was not done immediately all the settlements in the Bald Hills would be broken up, and travel on the trails leading to the interior would be completely cut off. With such arguments, pro and con, the mass-meeting consumed the first portion of its time, and then the judgment of cool heads began to cause conviction. In every popular assemblage of the people, and particularly in those which are originated by intense excitement, the radical element, the dangerous and impulsive idea, finds expression first. The cooler and more conservative element, timid and backward though it may seem to be, follows the impulsive sympathy of the moment until it sees an opportunity to lead, and then the superiority of its power is felt and acknowledged. There were cool heads in the mass meeting at Union, whose better judgment prevailed over the hot ideas of those who clamored for extermination. They saw that extermination would be impossible, and by no possible twisting of moral ethics could it be made to appear justifiable. The dissension resulted in the appointment of a committee of five citizens, John O. Craig, A. H. Murdock, David Maston, E. L. Wallace and H. W. Havens, with full authority to devise and carry into execution such measures as they might deem most prudent and most efficient for the protection of the lives and property of the settlers, and with authority to convene the people in mass meeting whenever occasion should dictate. Resolutions were adopted, the preamble to which stated that the unprovoked murder of Paul Boynton, as well as other recent events, had

demonstrated in the most unequivocal manner the determined and deadly hostility of the Indian tribes in the vicinity, showing that nothing but prompt and energetic measures on the part of the entire white population, acting unitedly, could prevent the frequent occurrence of similar tragedies; and it was therefore resolved, as the sense of the meeting, that the Trustees of the town of Union be requsted to levy a tax of not less than fifty cents on each one hundred dollars' worth of property, the proceeds to be appropriated to the payment of any necessary expense incurred by the committee of five in the discharge of their duty. The meeting, having adopted the preamble and resolution, quietly adjourned, leaving to the committee of five citizens the task of accomplishing further good results.

At a special meeting of the Trustees of the town of Union, held to inquire into Indian affairs as affecting the public safety, the resolution adopted by the mass meeting of the people was presented for their consideration. Three of the Board were present, C. J. Gardner, President, D. D. Averill, Secretary *pro tem.*, and J. S. Fluent. A communication from the citizens' meeting, stating the action of that body, was presented and read. On motion of J. S. Fluent it was resolved, that in accordance with the request of the citizens a property tax be levied of fifty cents on each one hundred dollars' worth of property within the corporate limits of the town of Union; and it was further resolved, that the specified tax be appropriated to the payment of such necessary expenses in the prosecution of the Indian war and the protection of the citi-

zens as the committee of five should incur during the continuance of the difficulties.

Following the lead of the citizens of Union, the people of Eureka held a mass meeting to consider the situation, and on motion of Dan Pickard the resolution passed by the Union meeting was adopted, with one amendment which provided for the levying of a property tax of twenty-five cents, instead of fifty cents, on each one hundred dollars' worth of property within the corporate limits of the town. The action of the people was reported to a special meeting of the Town Trustees, and an application was made to the Board to have the special tax levied and collected as recommended in the resolution. The Trustees, having examined the law on the subject, decided that they possessed no power under the town charter to make the levy of this tax. The extent of their authority, they said, was to "tax and collect money to be used in defraying the ordinary expenses of the town, including the erection and repair of wharves and the support of free schools." That was the extent of their authority, as they understood it, which they regretted very much, the members of the Board being individually in favor of the plan proposed as the easiest and most equitable method of collecting means to aid in carrying on operations against the hostile Indians. Under the circumstances, the committee of citizens who had made application to the Board for a property tax, and who were vested with like powers as the Union Committee, concluded to solicit subscriptions to defray the expenses of arming and supplying Volunteers, and of sending them to the country of the hostiles.

Gradually gaining ground, the plan of organizing Volunteer Companies assumed definite proportions, receiving the favorable opinion of all classes. The interest of the whole community demanded that the settlers in the Bald Hills be protected where they were, instead of being compelled to abandon their homes. There was but one formidable objection to the organization of Volunteer Companies: neither the National nor State Government had heretofore shown any desire to reimburse Volunteers for their expense of time and money. In a community like that with which the Win-toons had to deal, dependent as it was on the trade to the up-river mines, this objection, though formidable, was not insurmountable. Books were opened in Eureka for the enrollment of Volunteer Companies and contracts were invited for furnishing the necessary supplies. The movement was suddenly checked by the arrival of forty-eight recruits to the regular Army, and the announcement that they were intended for service against the Indians. Future events proved how unfortunate this check was to the people. The number of men at the disposal of Major Raines, commanding Fort Humboldt, was entirely insufficient to conduct a successful campaign, and, besides, they were nearly all fresh recruits, unused to military life and having no conception of the proper mode of warfare against hostile Indians. Those who knew the usual tactics of the regular Army when in the field against Indians had little faith in the efficacy of their services. Sad experience had taught many of the pioneers that military maneuvers were not usually associated with

successful campaigns against hostile natives, and experience had also taught them that a volunteer force, equipped and organized by men of the community, was the only safe dependence of the frontier settlements.

In the mass meetings at Union and Eureka it was stated by citizens that the Governor had been communicated with, and that he had taken no notice whatever of the petitions for aid which had been forwarded to him. A week later certain facts were developed which placed the matter in a new light. A month before the murder of Boynton a dispatch was received at Weaverville, Trinity county, addressed to J. C. Burch, from John B. Weller, then Governor of the State, to the effect that if the necessity was sufficient the Constitution gave the Executive authority to call out Volunteers to suppress Indian hostilities. Mr. Burch forwarded the dispatch to A. Wiley, publisher of the *Weekly Times*, at Eureka, who promptly furnished Governor Weller with the necessary proof that sufficient necessity did exist to warrant him in calling for Volunteers. The proof was accompanied by a petition for aid signed by many prominent citizens. Mr. Wiley's letter and the petition from the citizens were delayed in the mails, reaching Sacramento a week later than the schedule time, being received by Governor Weller on the 31st of August. After the murder of Boynton, and while the people were discussing the propriety of organizing Volunteer Companies among themselves, regardless of reimbursement by the Government, the following letter was received at Eureka:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
SACRAMENTO, CAL., Sept. 7th, 1858.

Dear Sir: Your letter of the 14th ult., together with the petition signed by the citizens of Humboldt, was delayed on the route and did not reach me until the 31st. I immediately dispatched the Adjutant-General to the headquarters of the Pacific Division, with a requisition for troops to clear the road from Weaverville to Humboldt Bay of the Indians, and give protection and security to the people. This course was necessary in order to give us a clear and indisputable claim against the Federal Government in the event that forces were called into the service. The officer in command, Lieut.-Col. Markall, reported that he had no troops to send in that direction. Gen. Kibbe was immediately dispatched to Weaverville to call out a military force if the difficulties referred to in the memorial still existed.

Since he left I have received a letter from the Adjutant-General of this Division of the U. S. Army, somewhat different in its character from the reply of Lieut.-Col. Markall. I enclose a copy. The communication between the Bay and Weaverville must be kept open at all hazards, and if the Federal forces who are paid to protect us against the Indians do not do it I will not hesitate to call out the militia.

Very Truly,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN B. WELLER.

To A. Wiley.

The letter above given at once produced a feeling of satisfaction in the public mind. It was manifested in the Governor's letter that his Excellency had in view the reimbursement of Volunteers by the Federal Government, which would rightfully be called upon to pay the expenses incurred. The only thing to be regretted was that the Governor had not felt it a duty, under the circumstances, to call for Volunteers on his own responsibility, instead of referring to the slow and uncertain process of army movements. The following is the correspondence from the headquarters of the Pacific Division referred to in Governor Weller's letter:

ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
DEPARTMENT OF THE PACIFIC,
SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 6th, 1858.

Sir: Your letter to Gen. Clarke, of September 1st, has just been handed to me, and in the absence of the General I hasten to inform your Excellency that the General, notified of the disturbances in Humboldt county, has so far anticipated your wishes as to send to Fort Humboldt all the men at his disposal. This detachment, now in the harbor, will be sent up by the earliest steamer, and the General trusts that it will give sufficient protection until a larger force, shortly to be placed at his disposal, will enable him to obtain full control over the Indians.

I am, sir, your ob't servant,
W. W. MARKALL,
A. A. General.

To his Excellency, John B. Weller, Governor State of California, Sacramento City.

The Governor's failure to issue an immediate call for Volunteers was the more to be regretted because the time when the reinforcements to the regular Army would arrive had not been fixed. Major Raines had ordered Capt. Underwood, a young and active officer, to take command of the recruits he was drilling for the field, but they were too few in number to be of much service in the Indian country, and the advantages of Volunteers over Regulars in the kind of service to be performed were too numerous to escape the attention of the settlers. It was asserted that a company of fifty Volunteers, acquainted with all the different localities, the watering-places, trails, mountains, and forest hiding-places resorted to by the Indians, would do better service than two hundred Regulars, who would have to acquire their knowledge of the country after they entered the campaign. Having this view of the matter from the commencement, and having an equal interest with Humboldt in clearing the Trinity of hostile savages, the citizens of Weaverville did not wait for the arrival of the United States troops. They organized an independent military Company under the Militia law of the State and equipped it for active service.

The apparent awakening observable in the military Division of the Pacific was not accompanied by a corresponding activity in the office of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs. Col. Henley, the gentleman who had the honor to hold that office, exerted himself most when he drew his salary. A little Indian war, in which a few white men, more or less, were brutally murdered,

did not trouble his military conscience in the least. More in a spirit of irony than expectation of accomplishing a good result, the people of Klamath and Humboldt undertook to remind Col. Henley that there were some duties connected with his office which did not relate to the mechanical effort of drawing his pay. Petition after petition had been sent to Col. Henley in relation to the Klamath Reservation, inquiring why no efforts were made to confine the Indians there, and as invariably as they were sent the Superintendent's official waste basket received them. It was presumed that the official waste basket received them, for the people never after heard of them. In order to bring his duties forcibly before his official attention it was decided to send a personal messenger, Col. Snyder, of Hoopa Valley, being selected to represent the petitioners, and ask the gracious permission of Col. Henley to place the hostile Indians on a Reservation. As convincing proof that there were such creatures as hostile Indians in the country, the Captain was provided with two sturdy chiefs, whom he was instructed to present to the Superintendent at his office in San Francisco.

On Sunday evening, September 27th, the town of Union was thrown into a tremendous excitement. About 10 o'clock in the evening some Mad River Indians ran through the streets, saying that Indians from Hoopa and Redwood were destroying their rancheria

two miles from town, and murdering their women and children. At another time such a report might have been laughed at, in the light of a practical joke by the friendly tribes. Coming at the time it did, in the midst of an Indian war, the excited imagination of the people was in a condition to accept it as the truth. The alarm spread like fire. Men hunted up weapons of every description, and every woman and child in the town was placed in a fire-proof building owned by a citizen named Jacoby. The town was searched through and through for firearms, and when every available gun and pistol had been procured a large party of citizens volunteered to accompany the friendly Indians to their rancheria for the purpose of ascertaining how many of their women and children had been murdered. Arriving at the rancheria they were surprised to find it peaceful and quiet, with not a squaw or papoose missing, and not a sign of the presence of hostiles. Inquiring for the origin of the report, the Indians at the rancheria told them that the hostiles had not been seen. Their footsteps were heard in the brush close by. The disgusted whites returned to town with the information that the report made by the Indians was false, and between the hours of twelve o'clock and six the women and children were taken back to their homes. Whether the friendly tribes, stolid and unused to jokes, intended to perpetrate a practical hoax on the whites, or whether they were really frightened by something they saw or heard, was a query which no one seemed competent to answer.

Considered in the light of a causeless panic, the ef-

fect of the Union excitement was not such as to create or maintain public confidence. It rather elicited severe criticism on the conduct of Major Raines, in keeping the troops under his command at Fort Humboldt at a time when they should have been in the field. The reinforcements mentioned in the Assistant Adjutant-General's communication to Governor Weller had arrived at Fort Humboldt on the 19th of September, yet they had not, up to the 30th of the same month, received orders to report for active duty against the hostiles. The delay, so far as the ordinary citizen could understand, was inexcusable. The Trinity trail was completely blockaded and the people were suffering much inconvenience and great loss for want of an adequate military force to open it. The arrival of the troops had delayed the organization of a Volunteer Company at Eureka or Union which would have been in the field weeks before. If the United States soldiers had been sent to protect the trails and subdue hostile Indians, they had no business at Fort Humboldt, idling away time that ought to be spent in pursuit of the Win-toons. These criticisms in turn provoked explanations, as such criticisms are apt to do, and the settlers were astonished to learn that the soldiers were waiting at Fort Humboldt for the officer who was to lead them against the Indians. Captain Underwood, who had been assigned to the command, did arrive on the 2d of October, and a few days thereafter was sent out with 36 men, with orders to take a position in the neighborhood of Pardee's Ranch, halfway between Union and the South Fork of Trinity.

Acting under instructions from Governor Weller, outlined in his letter to Mr. Wiley, General Kibbe, by virtue of authority of his commission as Adjutant-General of the State, went to Weaverville on the first of October and proceeded to organize a Company of Volunteers, called the Kibbe Guards. Mr. Maston, of Weaverville, who had been admitted to a conference on the subject with the Executive at Sacramento, returned home with the assurance to his people of earnest work by the Governor in behalf of the white settlers. The Kibbe Guards, composed of pioneers who knew the ways of the Indian and could meet him on his own ground with his own methods, organized within three days, procured an armory building, and forwarded a requisition to Sacramento for seventy rifles.

A Volunteer Company of eighty men was organized at Big Bar, on the Trinity, October 14th, with I. G. Messec as Captain, and Mr. Winslet, of Burnt Ranch, as First Lieutenant. The Company started for Captain Underwood's camp immediately after organizing.

Captain Underwood, stationed at Pardee's Ranch, was kept busy with his small force of soldiers in escorting trains across the mountains to the Trinity and Klamath. The Indians avoided the trail and Captain Underwood was not energetically inclined to follow them to their haunts.

General Kibbe arrived at Union on the 18th of October, when he started pack trains to the Volunteers with two weeks' supplies.

General Kibbe had not been two weeks at Union, perfecting his arrangements for an effective campaign, before the ever-revolving machinery of the Military Department singled out Captain Underwood as the subject of an experiment, and deprived the Volunteers of the little assistance he could give them by escort duty on the trail near Pardee's Ranch. Captain Underwood received orders to move his command to Hoopa Valley. He had not been engaged in battles with Indians, nor had his duties as escort required the exercise of superior military skill, yet he and his men had had time to get somewhat familiar with the trail to the Trinity and somewhat acquainted with the packers who frequented it. Their removal would necessitate the substitution of other strangers, who would require equal time to become familiar with the trail and acquainted with the packers. The change was completed by the removal of Lieutenant Collins from the Klamath Reservation and his assignment to Pardee's Ranch with a force of twenty-five men, his post on the Reservation being filled by Lieutenant Crook, from Washington Territory.

The Company of Volunteers under Captain Messec had the honor of the first engagement with the Wintoons. On a scout in the vicinity of Pardee's Ranch, they attacked a hostile camp on Tuesday afternoon, October 26th. A surprise had been planned which was not effectual, owing to the light, which enabled the Indians to see the whites before they could surround the camp. Taking to the bush as soon as attacked, the Indians offered a running fight, firing from

behind protecting trees and rocks. One of the Volunteers, John Harpst, was shot in the left shoulder and severely injured. Four Win-toon warriors were killed, and two squaws and four children made prisoners.

During the two weeks succeeding Messec's skirmish near Pardee's Ranch a general movement up Mad River was made by the Indians. From the most reliable information Captain Messec could obtain he was induced to believe that the hostiles had made a Winter camp high up on Mad River or on the headwaters of Yager Creek. He had, since the fight in October, thoroughly explored the entire section of country in the neighborhood of Pardee's Ranch and not a single Indian had been found. They had temporarily taken up their abode in more remote localities, perhaps hiding for the Winter in some far-off cañon or secluded valley. The Yager Creek country was the most probable locality of new occupation by the tribes who had been conspicuous in depredations near Pardee's Ranch. The settlers on the headwaters of Yager Creek were few in number and incapable of long resistance. The country was prolific in game and the forests lower down on the stream offered many secure retreats and hiding places. Captain Messec ordered his Company to cross Mad River, and led them in a march through the Yager Creek district. His surmises regarding the course of the hostiles were correct. On the 13th and 14th of November he attacked three rancherias which had been recently located near Shower's Pass. In the three fights five warriors were killed and twenty-six prisoners were taken. Among the warriors captured

were two who had been wounded in the fight on Mad River. They confessed that nearly all the Indians who had been engaged in the depredations along the Trinity trail had moved to the headwaters of Mad River, Yager Creek and the Van Duzen. The number of the hostiles could not be ascertained, though it was supposed to amount to five or six hundred, which number would gradually dwindle down to less than one hundred as the whites drove them into the mountain passes. No matter how many tribes joined in the commencement of hostilities, it was constantly observed among the Digger race that a mere handful would contest the fight to the bitter end. When any considerable number had surrendered to the whites the remainder soon received the intelligence and their courage waned away.

November passed on to its close without a perceptible change in the character of the campaign. The full confidence of the people was reposed in Captain Messec, who had established an enviable reputation for bravery, energy and perseverance. The work that he had undertaken, of driving the hostiles into close quarters and compelling them to surrender, was no easy task. His energetic action had accomplished enough to indicate a successful and speedy termination of the war, though the flight of the hostiles to the Yager Creek country might prolong the struggle far into the Winter months. If the campaign were prolonged through the Winter, Spring would find the hostiles in a position where escape would be impossible. They were already more anxious to hide than to

fight. Their facilities for hiding presented the most serious obstacles to their capture, their accurate knowledge of the country enabling them to watch the movements of an enemy and escape from one hiding place to another. Still another danger that threatened the successful termination of the war was the discouraging knowledge of the Volunteers that their services were not appreciated by the Government. They had left homes and employment, were expending their money and time, were enduring hardships that were severe even to pioneers—yet all appeals to the State or National Government for pecuniary aid they could not do otherwise than believe would meet with a cold reception. No matter how deserving their conduct might be, or what loss might be imposed on themselves, the law-makers of the land would turn to greater things, disdaining to recognize in the guise of Indian fighters that spirit which had gained the independence of the Nation. Poor comfort for men who had left their own firesides to protect the homes of many score of other men! Poor comfort, indeed, when they reflected that the Volunteer expedition in which they were engaged, organized by General Kibbe, Adjutant-General of the State, was the only one which had ever been properly organized and conducted in California. Expeditions of the past, poorly organized and badly managed, had presented few meritorious claims to Congress, and had, in fact, so drawn the condemnation of the people upon them as to militate strongly against like claims of future presentation. The Federal Government was morally bound to in-

demnify the State of California for all expenses incurred by order of the Executive for protection against Indians, but the Volunteers had no faith in the moral rectitude of the Government as exemplified in such matters. In the midst of Winter, drenched by rain in the low lands or trudging through snow on the mountains, the forces under the orders of General Kibbe were not in a suitable frame of mind to view the prospect with complaisance, and as bleak November deepened into bleaker December, bringing its complement of cold and drenching storms, the highest courage of the men was required to sustain them in their dreary camps.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WAR WITH THE WIN-TOONS.—HOW IT ENDED.

One advantage.—Disposition of Prisoners.—Messec's Campaign.—A Battle in the Redwoods.—The Volunteers Defeated.—A Retreat to Dow's Prairie.—Condition and Ultimate Success of Gen. Kibbe's Forces.—Fortunate Occurrence of a Storm.—Flooded and Famished, the Win-toons are Compelled to Surrender.

There was one advantage in fighting the Indians in mid-winter. They could not live on the high mountains. The tribes on Upper Mad River, on Redwood, on the various forks of the Van Duzen, all had their Summer and Winter rancherias on the high, treeless mountains or in the deepest cañons. The hostiles could not escape the Volunteers if the country of the foot-hills was thoroughly invested before the Spring sun thawed the snow on the mountains. Gen. Kibbe saw his opportunity. Capt Messec was eager to adopt the plans of his superior officer. So it came to pass that the Win-toons were slowly driven into a circumscribed area on the headwaters of Mad River and the Yager, its limits narrowing as the Volunteers advanced. The first blow of the mid-winter campaign was struck on the night of the 21st of December.

Along the banks of Mad River, at various distances from a quarter of a mile to a mile apart, the Indians had made seventeen camps. Acting under instructions from Gen. Kibbe, Capt. Messec devised a plan to surprise and capture the camps, which then contained, in the aggregate, to the best of his information, about one hundred Indians. Dividing his command into several small detachments, Capt. Messec ordered them to make a complete circuit of the camps and station guards at every available point of escape. This they did, and at the proper time, the Indian camps being hushed in slumber, the Volunteers charged in upon them and awakened the warriors to find themselves prisoners. So well was the surprise planned and so quietly executed that not a gun was fired, not an Indian escaped. Eighty-four prisoners were taken and the camps were destroyed. One singular feature in the camp was the absence of guns, only two being found in the possession of 84 Indians. It was Gen. Kibbe's impression that the savages, anticipating their capture, had hid their guns or given them to other Indians.

What disposition was to be made of their prisoners was the absorbing problem which perplexed the Volunteers in the first month of 1859. Gen. Kibbe applied to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for California, and that officer promised to take care of the prisoners on some Reservation under his control. The promise was quickly given and slowly performed. On the first of January Gen. Kibbe reported 120 prisoners in Capt. Messec's camp, outnumbering the

Volunteers, and to keep these prisoners under guard in the mountains would have been a hazardous undertaking, especially as there was a probability of two or three hundred more being captured at any time. He concluded to anticipate the tardy action of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and taking the prisoners to Union he quartered them there until some permanent disposition could be made of them. Having done this he went to San Francisco to confer with the dilatory Superintendent, leaving Capt. Messec to continue operations in the field. The removal of the prisoners to a remote Reservation appeared to Gen. Kibbe the best way to provide against hostilities in the future. With this opinion firmly impressed upon his mind he sought a conference with the mysterious person who was supposed to pass a few of his leisure hours in one of the offices of the Indian Department.

While Gen. Kibbe was on his official errand to San Francisco a rumor was current on the streets of Eureka that the Volunteer expediton then operating against the Indians was to be disbanded by order of the Executive, and that the war was to be continued by recruits to the regular Army who had just arrived from the East. The rumor appears to have grown out of a correspondence between Governor Weller and Gen. Clarke, of the regular Army, in which the latter favored the prosecution of the war by the soldiers of the United States. Whether there was truth in it or not, the report caused many bitter comments to be made on the policy of the Military Division of the Pacific. The people well knew that the officers at military head-

quarters had persistently refused, before Governor Weller had issued a call for Volunteers, to allow the soldiers of the United States to take the field against the Indians. The communication from Gen. Clarke to the Executive of the State was very generally and very properly ascribed to the petty jealousy against Volunteers which had frequently been exhibited by the officers of the regular Army. If Gen. Clarke desired to supersede Gen. Kibbe in the conduct of the war, his claims to precedence rested on a very unsubstantial foundation. The few detachments of the regular Army sent to the District had done very little fighting, and however valuable their services might be as escorts to pack trains, their attitude as non-combatants held no terror for the Indians and no encouragement for the whites. It was a fortunate thing that the project, if project it was, assumed no more definite shape than a mere rumor, flying from one street corner to another, and losing itself finally in the turmoil of the thoroughfare.

Capt. Messec was not idle with his Company. Having cleared the headwaters of Yager Creek of hostiles, he drove those who were not captured further into the mountain gorges, following them up as fast as the weather and the nature of the country would permit. In the middle of January he routed a band of hostiles in the mountains between Redwood and Hoopa Valley. They fled towards the coast and were trailed to the

vicinity of Dow's Prairie, north of Union. Messec had them nearly surrounded, and was making his arrangements to capture them, when they made their escape through the connivance of Lower Mad River Indians, who had professed friendship to the whites. Gen. Kibbe having returned from San Francisco, and being present with the command, gave orders that three of the head men of the treacherous friendly tribe be taken prisoners and held as hostages for the good behavior of the remainder. The number of the hostile band was not known when they fled from the mountains, and Capt. Messec, leaving the larger part of his command engaged in scouring the hills, took fourteen men and pursued them to the coast ten or twelve miles North of Union. It was not supposed that there would be any greater difficulty in capturing this band than had attended the taking of prisoners on Yager Creek. On the 27th of January Capt. Messec surmised from certain suspicious movements of some Lower Mad River Indians near Union, who had professed to be friendly, that the Win-toons were in the redwoods somewhere between Dow's Prairie and Liscom's Hill. He started in pursuit with 14 men, fully determined to dislodge the hostiles, striking their trail early in the morning and following it all day. Encamping for the night on the trail, he started again at daylight. At 9 o'clock in the morning the barking of dogs warned him that the Indian rancheria was near at hand. It was not in sight, being situated, as near as they could determine, at the foot of a slight declivity, at the top of which they had halted. Dividing his little force into

two parties of 7 men each, Capt. Messec prepared to attack whatever lay before him. The two parties separated, and descending the declivity simultaneously, they were suddenly confronted by a scene which had been farthest from their expectations. Instead of a few brush lodges, which they had expected to see, there were fourteen log houses before them, containing, as they afterwards estimated, at least one hundred and fifty Indians. It was too late to retreat and the fight commenced. The savage warriors, adopting a method as old as their race, left the houses and concealed themselves in the brush, which was here very thick and dense. From in front and on the right and left the Indians shot their bullets and arrows. The Volunteers stood their ground manfully, the unerring aim of their rifles telling with fearful effect upon the Indians as they left their houses, fifteen being shot down almost on the doorsteps. Capt. Messec could not ignore the superior numbers of the Indians, nor could he conceal the belief that the foe would have had little trouble in annihilating his force had their aim been as good as that of the Volunteers. It was necessary to take some position less exposed than the one then occupied by his men. Separated into two parties a hundred yards apart, they were exposed to the aim of the enemy, who, secreted in their leafy ambush, fired, and hid, and fired again. The miraculous escape of the whites could not continue much longer in their present condition. Capt. Messec sent an order ringing out to his men, commanding them to concentrate their forces, take to the brush, and fight

the foe after his own fashion. The manœuvre was a difficult and dangerous one. If the two parties advanced directly toward each other, they would be exposed to the murderous fire of the whole force of the savages; if they deployed to the right or left, the Indians would consider that a retreat had been ordered; if they retreated a few hundred yards for the purpose of forming anew, the foe would have time to take up new positions in unexpected ambushes. The best that could be done was to take to the brush in their immediate vicinity, never losing sight of the log houses, and firing whenever they caught a momentary glimpse of a skulking Indian. Even this movement, simple as it might appear, was fraught with danger; by leaving one position they exposed themselves to a hotter fire, momentarily, than was experienced before; and it was not accomplished without bloodshed. In this manœuvre two of the Volunteers were severely wounded, one, John Houk, of Burnt Ranch, being shot through the hand and body by a yager ball, and another, S. Overlander, receiving two large bullets in the thighs. With two men thus wounded and incapable of further fighting, opposed to a foe who outnumbered him twenty to one, Capt. Messec had to do one of two things. He had to sacrifice his wounded men or order a retreat to save them. He chose the latter course. Taking with them the two who were wounded, and driving before them 13 prisoners taken in the fight while they were attempting to escape through the brush, the Volunteers began their retreat. The Indians fully understood that the whites had sustained

a severe loss and that they had been obliged to withdraw; and understanding so much, they sent out scouts to harass them in their retreat. One of these scouts, in particular, exhibited the most daring bravery. He kept on their trail for seven hours, firing at them from time to time as sheltering trees or bushes gave him opportunity. In the afternoon he was far in advance of the party, and secreting himself thirty steps from the trail, awaited their approach. It was near 4 o'clock when the Volunteers passed his hiding place. As they did so, he rose and took deliberate aim at G. W. Werk, of Eureka, who had just been ordered to advance to the front and take a position behind the prisoners. Werk was carrying two guns at the time, otherwise he might have had an equal show with the Indian, for he saw him when he presented his gun to fire. The ball was aimed at Werk's head, but he raised the gun on a level with his head and received the ball in his left arm, close to the elbow joint. It smashed the bone to splinters and severed an artery. Capt. Messec bound up the arm so as to stop the flow of blood, but not before Werk had become weak and exhausted from its loss. The same Indian who shot Werk crossed their trail half an hour later and fired at a Volunteer named Wilburn, missing him. So expert was he in hiding that it was impossible to get a shot at him, and Messec's party was so small and his wounded men required so much attention that he could not make a deliberate attempt to capture him. At 5 o'clock on Saturday morning the Volunteers reached Dow's Prairie, exhausted and hungry. None of the

party had had any sleep for fifty hours preceding, and their food had been scant and poor. The wounded men had suffered intensely on the way, and it was deemed necessary to take them to Union for medical treatment. After a brief rest at Dow's Prairie the party moved on to Union, arriving there late in the afternoon, and on the evening of the same day the injuries of the wounded men were dressed and cared for.

It may well be imagined that the news of Messec's defeat spread with the rapidity which always attends evil tidings; and it is not surprising that the prospect for a speedy termination of the Indian war did not then appear as flattering as it had a month before. The mode of warfare adopted by the Indians was not easily copied by the whites, and it was such as to render the idea of their complete subjugation an extremely hazardous proposition. That they were well armed and equipped was no longer a matter of doubt; and skilled as they had become in the use of firearms, there was no limit at which they might stop in their depredations. It was no part of their method to keep their guns in the rancherias, where they would be likely to lose them if surprised. Their guns were either in their hands or hid in forest glens accessible only to Indians. This was established by the fact that in all the rancherias captured by surprise not a single gun fit for use had been found. A warrior's life was of no importance in comparison with the value of his gun: he was at all times prepared for surprise, but never for the capture of his rifle. Sometimes in the midst of a fight, when their courage deserted them under the fire

of the whites, they would secretly and covertly convey their guns to hiding places in the woods, and when the rancheria surrendered it would be in a defenseless condition. Their rancherias were not large. Except in extraordinary cases, such as the general movement of the hostiles to the headwaters of Mad River and Yager Creek, which had enabled Capt. Messec to capture a large number of lodges, the tribes were susceptible of many divisions in time of war. It was not their policy to give battle in large numbers. Rather would they waylay the whites in parties of ten or fifteen, selecting deep cañons and gloomy forests as the scenes of their exploits; and when their pursuers, thoughtless of present danger, passed on the trail, they would shoot from their ambush, and leaving it, hurry on to a more remote spot, there to repeat the performance. The defeat and retreat of Capt. Messec's small party must have had a wonderfully exhilarating effect on the scattered bands of hostiles who were wandering and hiding in the forests and the passes of the mountains. The effect produced on the whites was depressing for a time, until calmer judgment got the mastery and showed how futile would be the resistance of the savages in the end. The end might he delayed for several weeks or months, but come it would, as inevitably as the weeks should pass.

While engaged in the pursuit of the Indians in the lower Mad River country Capt. Messec received intelligence of the wounding of another of his Company Calvin Greer. A detachment under command of A. McNeil was fired on from ambush while in pursuit of

Indians near Albee's Ranch, on Redwood, and Greer was shot and severely wounded.

It has been stated that General Kibbe went to San Francisco for the purpose of interviewing the mysterious personage invested with the office and perquisites of Superintendent of Indian Affairs for California. His mission was successful. He obtained the coveted interview, and also permission to remove the Indians captured in the Win-toon war to the Government Reservation in Mendocino county. When the fight near Dow's Prairie occurred there were one hundred squaws and papooses on board the bark *Fanny Major*, en route to the Mendocino coast. The problem of what should be done with Indian prisoners had been solved by the gracious condescension of the Department of Indian Affairs.

Like every volunteer expedition that had ever took the field in Northern California, the forces directed by General Kibbe soon sustained serious pecuniary damage by their absence from home. Some of them had left profitable mining claims, which, long before the end of the war, were "jumped" by prospectors. Some had left their little clearings, in the heart of the forest, where they had hoped to have a hearthstone of their own. Some had abandoned houses and herds on the mountain ranges. Some had left employment which returned them a handsome remuneration for their labor. And some there were who had been the support of families now deprived of their assistance. Knowing these facts, General Kibbe was anxious that a treaty should be made with the Indians, so that the Volunteers

might disband and return to their homes. Fully convinced that the hostiles on Redwood, having suffered much, would willingly surrender if they could have proper assurance of proper treatment, and knowing of no other means of communication with them except through the tribes in Hoopa Valley, who were the friends of the Indians on Redwood, he despatched Lieut. Winslett to Hoopa to ask aid of the chief men of the tribes. Lieut. Winslett had no difficulty in enlisting the services of the Hoopa Indians. He represented to them that the hostiles on Redwood would be well treated if they surrendered and brought in their guns, and he impressed on their minds that much bloodshed would be averted by this course. Three head men of the Hoopas volunteered to go to the hostile tribes and induce them to surrender, and they actually started on their journey; but through some mysterious agency they received intelligence the first day out which caused them to retrace their steps. They could not again be induced to make a start. Lieut. Winslett returned to Gen. Kibbe and reported the failure of his enterprise. What had caused the three Hoopa Indians to retrace their steps so suddenly, and resist all inducements to make another start, remained a mystery to the Volunteers. There were rumors that a certain class of white men who profited by the continuance of the Indian war, selling and trading with the hostiles, had advised the Hoopas to have nothing to do with Gen. Kibbe's scheme, for he meant them harm. Whatever the reason may have been, Gen. Kibbe was not the kind of man to be easily

thwarted in his designs. He went to Hoopa himself, and, by dint of much reasoning and some threats, succeeded in procuring the services of three chief men to assist him in bringing the Redwood hostiles to amicable terms. Of the three, one was a very aged and influential medicine man, called *Op-le-gow Mowema*, an earthly representative, so to speak, of the Great Spirit to whom all tribes did reverence. Elated with his success, Gen. Kibbe returned to Union, where he expressed the opinion that he would soon be able to terminate the war, provided that no more obstacles were thrown in his way by meddlesome white men.

The weather during the last week of January and the first two weeks in February, 1859, was remarkably severe. For days together terrible gales blew from the South-east, and torrents of rain fell. The streams were swollen to a height never before known to the whites. Of Ryan's Slough, emptying into the bay between Eureka and Union, it is related that there were in it six hundred thousand feet of sawlogs, which went adrift, all the booms being insufficient to hold them against the boisterous current that swept down from the mountains. Salmon Creek, emptying into the South Bay, was four feet higher than it had ever been known to be before. Eel River and Mad River were not as high as the smaller streams, yet were sufficiently swollen to make their crossing dangerous. On the mountains a large quantity of snow fell. It was five feet deep at Elk Prairie and two feet deep at Liscom's Hill. The storm, on the mountains and in the valleys, was the worst of the

season, and had not been excelled in severity for several years preceding.

The storm was a fortunate occurrence for the Volunteers. The hostiles, unable to hunt on the mountains and afraid to go down on the streams, were actually starved into submission within four weeks. On the 29th of January Capt. Messec joined Lieut. Winslett at Elk Prairie, where the whole command went into camp for a week, when it was moved to Mad River, at which place preparations were made for another tour of the adjacent country. There were but few engagements after the Dow's Prairie fight. There was a skirmish on January 28th, between Lieut. Winslett's detachment and a band of Indians on Redwood, in which several of the hostiles were killed, and Frank McCafferty, a Volunteer, was wounded. From that date till the first of March matters remained quiet and uneventful. Gen. Kibbe was at Redwood, where he waited the result of a "pow-wow" between the three Hoopas and the hostiles. About the 20th of February the Hoopas returned to Gen. Kibbe and reported that the hostiles were willing to make or receive propositions for a general surrender and a termination of all difficulties, but they desired to hold a "big council" with the white men, and they named the Big Lagoon, a body of water near the ocean, North of Trinidad, as the place for holding it. Gen. Kibbe, accompanied by Capt. Messec and 25 of his men, went to the Big Lagoon, accordingly, for the purpose of holding the council. The council was not a complete success.

Many of the hostiles agreed to surrender, and many of them did, but the majority were apparently indifferent, preferring rather that the Volunteers should go to them than that they should go to the Volunteers. They were not able to fight, and could with difficulty subsist on their limited supply of miserable food. The severity of the weather prevented them from hunting or fishing. It would have averted an incalculable amount of labor and privation from the Volunteers had the Indians surrendered of their own accord. Remaining in their rancherias, nothing could be done except to hunt them out of their retreats and drive them to the bay like sheep.

Starved and famished, the Win-toons could no longer fight; the Volunteers were energetic; and the end of the war came speedily. Wherever the camps or rancherias were found the Indians offered no resistance and made no attempt to escape. Gen. Kibbe made a contract with Captain Woodly, of the bark *Fanny Major*, to take a second consignment of prisoners to Mendocino, including 75 captured on Redwood by Capt. Messec and 25 captured by a detachment under Lieut. Winslett. On the 15th of March 160 prisoners were taken from Union and placed on board the *Fanny Major*, and on the 17th the vessel sailed for Mendocino. It was Gen. Kibbe's opinion that nearly all of the hostile Indians on Redwood had been captured, and he accordingly made preparations to disband the Volunteers. The Executive of the State was communicated with, who replied that he was highly pleased with the manner in which

the campaign had been conducted, and that he should urge upon the Legislature the propriety and necessity of paying from the State Treasury the expenses which had been incurred.

It appeared from the statements of prisoners that the murders that led to the war had been committed by five Win-toons—five brothers—who lived on Upper Redwood. They were the murderers of Granger and Cook in March, 1857, whom they killed for the rifles, revolvers and ammunition in their possession. They were instrumental in the killing of Stevens and Miller, and subsequently they shot Mr. Boynton. They were the leading spirits in the inception of the war, and throughout the campaign they fought fiercely and bravely, exposing themselves to dangers which others of their tribe shrank from. They were shot and killed by the Volunteers until only one remained. He, gloomy and defiant, was escorted to the *Fanny Major* with the other prisoners en route to Mendocino. A few of the Redwood Indians who had been of service to General Kibbe in the expedition were not sent away, being told that they might thereafter live among the peaceable tribes of Lower Mad River. Among the number retained and permitted to remain in the country was one who had been long known to the settlers as "Old Sandy," the chief man of the Sweathouse tribe. He was regarded by the settlers on Redwood, and by those who traveled the trail constantly, as a good and faithful ally of the whites. He had always been friendly toward the whites, and it was the opinion of those best acquainted with him that he had always counseled

peace when any tribe exhibited a disposition to make trouble. When Gen. Kibbe was shipping his human cargo on board the *Fanny Major* "Old Sandy" begged to be left at home, saying that he would render any service in return that might be demanded of him. General Kibbe was then endeavoring to devise some means of obtaining possession of many guns which had been secreted by the Indians. True to their instincts, the prisoners had refused to divulge the places where they had hidden them. "Old Sandy" willingly promised to assist in finding the guns, and with that understanding he was allowed to remain in the country. Another who was allowed to remain was one of the prisoners taken on Mad River in February. After his own capture he gave valuable aid to Gen. Kibbe, locating and describing the rancherias and suggesting plans for their capture.

On the 20th of March the expedition was declared to be closed and the war ended. During the week that ensued Gen. Kibbe issued an order for the Volunteer Company to disband at Big Bar, where they were mustered into service. Several members of the Company, however, whose homes were in Humboldt county, or who did not wish to return to Klamath or Trinity counties, were discharged at Union.

The war being at an end, nothing remained to be done by the Volunteers except to seek remuneration from the Legislature for the losses they had sustained. Fortunately, the Volunteers had a friend in Governor Weller. That gentleman represented in their behalf that it had been a more difficult undertaking to subdue

the Win-toons than was anticipated by anybody when the war commenced. The expedition against them took the field on the 25th of October, 1858, the officers at that time being confident that five or six weeks' time, or two months at most, would be sufficient in which to suppress all hostile demonstrations. Under the impression conveyed by this confident opinion of the officers, many men had joined the expedition who could ill afford to be away from their homes a great length of time, and who had sustained serious financial loss by the extended campaign. The Winter had been severe and the campaign hard and exhaustive. That it had been pushed to the utmost extent of physical endurance spoke volumes of praise for the officers and men engaged in the expedition, and especially did the fact reflect honor upon Capt. Messec and Gen. Kibbe, whose bravery and devotion had done so much to quell the savages. As the result of the expedition three hundred Indians had been taken prisoners and sent to the Mendocino Reservation and nearly one hundred warriors had been killed. By every code of honor and of good faith, by every principle of public safety, the State of California was bound to indemnify the Volunteers for the losses sustained by them. Governor Weller, acting with sound discretion in the premises, and with reference to a communication made to him by Gen. Kibbe, sent the following message to the Legislature:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
SACRAMENTO, April 8, 1859.

To the Senate of California:

I transmit, herewith, a report received on yesterday from the Adjutant-General, in regard to the late Indian war in the Northwestern part of the State. These troops were in the field some five and a half months, and during a season of the year when they were compelled to endure great hardships. They have rendered very valuable services to the State, and I trust it may be the pleasure of the Legislature to make provision at once for the payment of their just demands.

The compensation fixed by law is wholly inadequate for the services these patriotic men have rendered, and I therefore recommend an additional allowance. A just and liberal spirit on the part of the State will always secure volunteers when Indian disturbances occur.

The Adjutant-General having, with commendable patriotism, taken the field in person, contributed much towards the success of the expedition, as well as the economical manner in which it seems to have been conducted.

In compliance with a resolution adopted by the Military Committee of your honorable body, I transmitted to them, some weeks since, all the information then in this Department, touching this Indian war. To that communication I respectfully refer.

JOHN B. WELLER.

The Legislature acted promptly after considering the representations made, and a bill passed both Houses appropriating $52,000 out of the State Treasury to defray the expenses of the war with the Wintoons. The entire cost of the war, aside from the pay allowed to the men, footed up $30,400. With 90 men in service for over five months, and with heavy charges on account of the wounded and transportation of supplies, this large amount was considered a very economical expenditure, and was so in fact when compared to the cost of other similar wars. The amount appropriated was sufficient, after payment of actual expenses, to cover a compensation to the men of $50 per month.

In the month of May Gen. Kibbe paid off the Volunteers in full; Capt. Messec took leave of his Company; and the settlers on the Trinity trail, as well as the people generally in the country ravaged by the Indians, were profoundly grateful that the war had ended so well.

CHAPTER XV.

A Year in the Lowlands.

A Foolish Act and its Sequel.—"Captain Jim" and "San Francisco John."—A Treaty of Peace and Friendship with the Tribes of the Mattole.

A whole year without Indian troubles in the lowlands around Humboldt Bay would have been a strange occurrence in the early history of the country. Had the tribes in the lowlands, familiarly known as "the Valley tribes," kept perfectly quiet and inoffensive during the period of the Win-toon war, there would have been some foundation for a profession of friendship toward the whites on their part. No one who knew the real character of the Digger race—their unforgiving nature, their habit of ascribing to all white men the responsibility of a wicked deed by an irresponsible individual, their jealous distrust of a people that had long usurped their hunting-grounds, their inclination to treachery and deceit—no one having a knowledge of their nature was prepared to expect that they would remain indifferent and inoffensive spectators of the struggles of the mountain tribes. On the morning of the 29th of May, 1858, a party of eight

or ten men went to a rancheria on Eel River, a few miles above its mouth, for the purpose, they said, of taking away guns that were in the possession of the Indians. Without sufficient provocation to justify the act, and with a lack of good judgment which was universally condemned by the citizens generally, the men fired into the rancheria, killing one warrior and one squaw and wounding a squaw and a papoose. The righteous indignation of the citizens was aroused by the act, which might be the spark that would ignite the flame of a cruel war in the Southern part of the county. On the 3d of June warrants were issued for the arrest of the men who attacked the rancheria, Sheriff A. D. Sevier and a posse of deputies going out to make the arrests. Three of the party were all that could be found. C. A. Sherman, Wm. McDonald and a man named Baker were taken into custody by the Sheriff and conveyed to Eureka. Here they had a legal examination before Justice Hansell, who held them to bail in the sum of $3,000 each, on a charge of murder. McDonald and Sherman procured bondsmen. Baker was committed to jail, and Sherman was soon after surrendered by his bondsmen. It was not long before a sequel to the Eel River affair occurred, if not induced by it, at any rate the result of similar wanton acts of violence by unprincipled white men. On the afternoon of the same day upon which Sheriff Sevier went to Eel River for the purpose of arresting the men who made the attack on the rancheria two white men were shot by Indians four miles from Eureka. Ira Jordan and John Mackey,

at work in the woods, were shot from an ambush and both wounded with buckshot. The Indians were seen but none of them were recognized. The wounded men were taken to Eureka, accompanied by a large number of loggers and other laborers in the redwoods. A meeting was held to consider such proceedings as might become necessary for the citizens to take in the matter of punishing the Indians who did the shooting. Two who sported the popular appellations of "Captain Jim" and "San Francisco John" were suspected of having been engaged in the affair. With no positive knowledge that they were the guilty parties, but with an excited determination to avenge the wrong that had been done, the citizens sought the two in all the places usually frequented by them. They were not found, and to insure their ultimate appearance four other Indians were taken to the jail in Eureka and held as hostages. The latter proceeding had the desired effect. Four days later "Captain Jim" and "San Francisco John" went to Fort Humboldt and surrendered themselves to Major Raines, the officer in command. Major Raines in turn surrendered them to the Sheriff of the county, who placed them in jail, where they remained two days. They were then released, no evidence having been procured against them.

Scarcely had the excitement died out in Eureka when Col. Whipple brought the news of a murder near the mouth of the Klamath. A man named Vandall, traveling from Union to Crescent City, being unacquainted with the country employed two Indian guides at the Reservation. The two Indians planned

the murder of Vandall before starting on the journey. Intentionally taking the wrong trail, they led Vandall to the crossing of a stream. Informing him that the stream was too deep at the place where they were to be crossed with safety, they invited him to a point higher up, where there was a better crossing. Following the stream three or four hundred yards, they stopped a few minutes, one of the guides improving the opportunity to get hold of Vandall's gun. Then occurred a sanguinary fight in the depths of the forest, with no human eye to see or hand to interfere. The guide who had seized the gun shot Vandall with it, and the latter drew his knife and plunged it deep into the Indian's heart. The other guide had in the meantime possessed himself of Vandall's pistol, with which he shot and killed him, not, however, until he had received a severe wound from Vandall's knife. The wounded guide went back to the Reservation and reported that his party had been attacked by hostiles and he was the sole survivor. His story was discredited and the authorities of the Reservation took him into custody. Accused of having been implicated in the murder of Vandall, the guide made a full confession, detailing minutely the whole affair. He was taken back to the place where the murder was committed. In sight of the bloody spot where Vandall fell he was hanged to a tree. The cause of the murder was attributed to a desire on the part of the guides to get possession of Vandall's money, a purse which had belonged to him being found in the lodge of the mother of one of the guides. It was very rarely the case that an Indian murdered a white man for his money. Mo-

tives as base influenced him, but they were motives of revenge and wilful hate. A murder for money was a circumstance to be treasured in the traditions of a tribe as one of the singular effects of white civilization.

South of Eel River the Mattole empties into the ocean. A strip of fertile agricultural land on each side of the stream, several miles in extent, is known as the Mattole Valley. In June, 1858, a man named Thornton was murdered in this Valley by Indians, who mutilated his body in a horrible manner. His limbs were unjointed, his head cut off; every species of barbarity known to and practiced by the savages was perpetrated on Thornton's corpse. The settlers in the Mattole Valley were incensed beyond forbearance. For a time there was an indiscriminate slaughter of such Indians as could be found by the settlers, twenty being killed in two weeks.

For the three months succeeding the murder of Thornton there was no sense of security in the Mattole region. The settlers kept their guns within reach at all hours, fearful of the stealthy approach of their treacherous foe. When the Win-toon war was absorbing the interest of the people in the Northern and central districts of the county the situation in Mattole was of a more encouraging character. The bloody revenge of the settlers for the murder of Thornton had had a salutary effect on the tribes in the vicinity. They announced their willingness to make a treaty of peace and friendship with the whites. For the purpose

of agreeing upon some definite provisions of the treaty a mass-meeting of citizens was held on the 4th day of September. L. W. Gillett acted as Chairman of the meeting. A Committee on Resolutions was appointed by the meeting, composed of M. J. Conklin, J. H. Freuit, H. T. Brown, Joel Benton and the Chairman. The real work of the meeting was left to the discretion and action of the Committee on Resolutions, and from their report we may gain the gist of the proceedings taken. The Committee, rejecting the superfluity of a preamble, reported the following resolutions as the result of their deliberations, which were adopted by a unanimous vote:

Resolved, That we, the citizens of Mattole Valley, do form and enter into a treaty of peace and friendship with the Indians on the following terms, viz:

1st. That the Indians use all due diligence to secure the persons of the three Indian murderers now running at large who were concerned in the murder of Mr. Thornton.

2d. That they shall furnish the citizens any and all information that they may have, or be able to obtain, in aiding to arrest the said murderers, and use all their influence to bring them to justice.

3d. That we will protect them from all danger and the other Indians, by their giving information and assisting to arrest the said murderers.

4th. That the Indians must not set fire to the grass; that they must not drive away, molest or kill our cattle, horses, mules or hogs; that they must not enter our enclosures; that they must not steal from us; that they must not reside on our claims without our consent.

Resolved, That the Indians be permitted to return and live in the Valley, collect their wild food, fish, etc.

Resolved, That this treaty of peace is only made with the Mattoles, and does not extend to any other tribes of Indians, and that they must not harbor any Indians from Cuscouse Creek, Bear River, Eel River, or any other Indians who do not belong to the Mattoles.

Resolved, That we discountenance and will not permit any white men to go into Indian rancherias, to interfere with the squaws or children, or in any way molest them.

Resolved, That we will not allow men who are renegades from other portions of the State or county to reside in this Valley or live among the Indians.

Resolved, That we consider all such persons a disgrace to any settlement and a source of trouble and difficulty with the Indians. We therefore cannot and will not permit them to live among the Indians or us.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the *Humboldt Times*, as a notice to the public and a warning to those white men who are renegades and fugitives from justice, and that we will not permit them in future to make our Valley a hiding-place for any such outlaws.

[Signed].

M. J Conklin,
J. H. Freuit,
H. T. Brown,
Joel Benton,
L. W. Gillett,
Committee on Resolutions.

Had the provisions of such a treaty as was contained in the Mattole resolutions obtained recognition in every part of the county there would have been no trouble with the Indians which could not have been dealt with by the civil authorities. But the provisions of the treaty were set at defiance, first by the renegade white men against whom its strongest language was directed, and next by the Indians themselves. Adopted with all due solemnity, and in good faith, it was no fault of good citizens that the treaty was not carried out to the letter. A class of outlaws, neither men nor brutes, the scum of civilization, frequented the outskirts of the settlements, entailing upon the whites by their vicious practices the worst consequences of Indian warfare.

A year in the lowlands had not brought a better understanding between the whites and the Indians. January, 1859, did not witness a more pacific spirit than had January, 1858. In the near vicinity of the bay the valley tribes were scarcely awed into submission by the martial preparations incident to the expedition against the mountain hostiles. South of Eel River the Mattole treaty gave a brief respite to the settlers, a welcome calm of peace before a storm.

CHAPER XVI.

YAGER CREEK.

Hostilities and depredations.—Death of J. C. Ellison.—The Hydesville Volunteers.

Yager Creek and vicinity, a section rich in grazing lands, which had attracted numbers of enterprising settlers, principally stock-raisers, was in a most defenseless condition in the Spring of 1859. The disbanding of the Volunteers had left that whole section again exposed to the marauding raids of roving bands of mischievous and hostile Indians. The troops of the regular Army stationed at Fort Humboldt were insufficient to prevent the wanton killing of cattle and destruction of homes, nor were the settlers themselves numerous enough to intimidate or guard against the hostiles. Nearly one hundred soldiers were lying idle in the garrison at Bucksport, Major Raines appearing as indifferent to the needs of the settlers as any of the idle men under his command. He was urged to send out a detachment and establish a military post somewhere near the headwaters of Yager Creek, so that it might answer the double purpose of guarding stock and affording protection to the travelers between the Trinity and the Eel River

settlements. With characteristic delay, the troops continued to idle away their time at Fort Humboldt. Major Raines was not unlike his predecessors at Fort Humboldt in his inability to distinguish the value of time and human lives. Time could not have been considered valuable, for it was wantonly wasted. Human lives could not have been considered of much importance, unless, indeed, they were the lives of the soldiers of the garrison, who were seldom allowed to risk their own in the preservation of the lives of others. Something was always in the way as an insurmountable obstacle to the activity and usefulness of the troops. While Gen. Kibbe was at Union in March he had corresponded with Major Raines in relation to the condition and prospective disposition of the troops, and among this correspondence was the following:

UNION, March 11, 1859.

Sir:—I am informed by his Excellency, the Governor of California, that he has been notified that the Federal force now on this Bay is ready for immediate service, and is sufficient for the protection of the people, and to chastise the Indians, if it should become necessary.

Please advise me if such is the fact, and if your troops are ready to take the field immediately.

I have the honor to be,

Your obedient servant,

WM. C. KIBBE,

Adjutant-General of the State of California.

To Major Raines, commanding Post, Bucksport, Humboldt Bay, California.

FORT HUMBOLDT, CALIFORNIA, March 16, 1859.

Sir: Your letter of 11th instant came to hand Monday per express, and in answer I have to inform you that a needful supply of clothing for the troops, the shipment of which we have been notified, is hourly expected. When it arrives, they will be put in readiness for the field without delay. We supposed the steamer would have brought it, but were disappointed.

Very Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

G. J. RAINES,

Major, Fourth Infantry, Commanding.

To W. C. Kibbe, Adjutant-General of California, Union, California.

Two months elapsed, yet the clothing which had been hourly expected either did not arrive or was still insufficient to supply the wants of the soldiers. The real cause for delay was not on account of insufficient or delayed clothing. The real cause lay in the fact that Major Raines had an exalted opinion of his position entirely disproportionate to the station itself. If a scouting party was needed and demanded in the hills, he considered it his duty to dignify every halting place with the name of "Post," and he could not seriously think of sending out a detachment of one hundred men without making preparations commensurate with an army of ten thousand. It was the old story

of army discipline and army dignity, which had been so disastrous to the efficiency of the regular Army in all campaigns against the Indians. The settlers on Yager Creek must look elsewhere for protection.

In May a detachment of soldiers from Fort Humboldt under Capt. Lovell took the field in the Yager Creek country, too late to be of any valuable service. During the months they had been on garrison duty the Indians had never ceased their devilish mischief, and for six weeks preceding the first of May there had been a most exasperating slaughter of cattle on all the Yager Creek ranges. On the 10th of May the depredation on property was joined with the taking of human life. While hunting cattle on Yager Creek James C. Ellison saw a number of Indians packing off the meat of the cattle they had killed. He returned to his camp, where he had left several other settlers, and informed them of what he had seen. Preparations were made to attack the thieving Indians that night. When they had perfected their plans they started, five in number, and had gone about two miles when two Indians belonging to a party secreted in the brush either by accident or design showed themselves to the whites. The whites fired and killed one of the two. The other, being wounded, jumped behind a log where his companions lay concealed. The whites ran up to where they supposed the wounded Indian had fallen, and going around the log, were within twenty feet of thirty or forty Indians before they saw them. Ellison was struck by an arrow in the groin. When the arrow struck him he drew the shaft and

continued fighting until the Indians were routed. Two or three days later Ellison died, and was buried at Hydesville.

The death of Ellison and the slaughter of stock preceding it discouraged the settlers in the Yager Creek section. All cattle that could be collected were speedily driven to Mattole, and a splendid grazing country was once more deserted by the settler.

Two days after Ellison's death the Hydesville Volunteer Company was organized Abram Lyle was elected Captain, H. J. Davis First Lieutenant, Eli Davis Second Lieutenant, and J. H. Morrison Commissary and Quartermaster. There were twenty-five men in the Company, which was provisioned and equipped for a scout of six weeks. The provisions were stored at a settler's house on South Yager, where the company was divided into two squads, one going over to Mad River, the other to North Yager. The detachment operating on North Yager succeeded in trailing some Indians to their quarters in the redwoods. Before reaching the rancheria they came abruptly on three who were gathering clover, killing two of them and wounding the other. The firing was heard by those who were in the rancheria, who fled, carrying away with them everything that was of value in the shape of firearms. Men who had been hunting cattle brought in the information that several bands of Indians had been seen on the Van Duzen, and it was supposed that as the cattle were all moved from North Yager, and there was nothing left for them to prey on there, they would carry their depredations further south, into the

Van Duzen and Mattole districts. The Volunteers were energetic in their movements, and before the first of June they had driven many roving bands of savages from the headwaters of Yager Creek and Mad River. The detachment of United States troops under Capt. Lovell were encamped at Indian Gulch.

When the six weeks for which the Volunteers had been equipped had elapsed the Commissary, J. H. Morrison, went to Eel River and procured more supplies, the Company having decided to remain in the field several months longer.

As the Summer progressed there was a little activity in military circles at Fort Humboldt. A portion of Capt. Underwood's Company was ordered removed from Hoopa and placed on the Trinity trail, and the detachment went into camp at Pardee's house on Redwood, in command of Lieut. Collins, within one day's march of Capt. Lovell's camp on Yager Creek.

Thus matters went on until the approach of Winter. Then, when the acorns, roots and other food began to fail in the woods and on the hills, the roving tribes of depredating mountain savages renewed their raids on the cattle herds of the whites. In December cattle were lost in every drove between the Van Duzen and Mad Rivers. In the vicinity of Kneeland's Prairie and the Buttes twenty-five head of cattle were killed in two weeks. In one instance a band of cattle was driven into the redwoods, where several were killed, and the fires over which the meat was dried were found still burning by a party of settlers. The firm of Dix Brothers started from Hydesville for Wea-

verville with a drove of cattle, and on the first night in the Bald Hills one of their drove was killed. The Hydesville Volunteers, as soon as the fact was known, started in pursuit, and trailed the Indians around Yager Creek to where the trail struck across to the head of Elk River, where they were compelled to give up the chase.

It was the opinion of a majority of the settlers on the Van Duzen and Yager that it would eventually be necessary, in order to suppress the hostilities and restore protection to property, to organize Volunteer Companies under the laws of the State, and with the expectation of receiving pay for services rendered. So far the citizens of Hydesville and vicinity had been taxed nearly a thousand dollars for the support of the Volunteers. They felt their inability to endure the burden much longer. The opinion was freely expressed that unless relief was soon provided, from some source, the entire country overrun by the hostile natives would be deserted by the white settlers. In this condition the settlers appealed to Major Raines for help; and he, with military precision, promised to look into the matter.

CHAPTER XVII.

From Bad to Worse.

Win-toons leaving the Reservations.—Reports of barbarous deeds.—A requisition for arms.—Sickening experience of hope deferred.—A mysterious League.—Secret meetings in lonely farmhouses.—The birthplace of the League.—Its members and originator.—The massacre at Indian Island.

Indian affairs rapidly assumed a most serious aspect. Every week and every day revealed the inefficiency of Army protection, the treachery and wanton cruelty of the Indians, the extreme suffering of white settlers, the urgent need of a Volunteer expedition like that which brought the Win-toon war to a successful close. The expedition under General Kibbe had done its work most effectually. The Win-toons, placed on Reservations, gradually deserted them in straggling parties and went back to their old homes, yet few of them had, up to this time (1860) joined the hostile tribes whose raids were made in their country. They had felt the power of a military force which knew how to fight them, and their belligerent spirit had not yet risen from a crushing defeat. A similar expedition, directed by efficient officers, would have suppressed hostilities

and punished the depredating tribes into submission. But another expedition like Gen. Kibbe's was not practicable, for several reasons, the principal one being the fact that the payment of Volunteers for expenses and losses incurred was yet delayed and hindered at Sacramento. If relief was to be obtained, it must come from Volunteer Companies of citizens, conducted by citizens, organized with no definite expectation of pay and for the sole purpose of protecting their own homes.

In the midst of the New Year festivities of 1860 news was received of the murder of two strangers, in the Mattole Valley, under atrocious circumstances. Five men from Sacramento, whose names were unknown, had arrived at Bear Harbor in December on a hunting expedition, camping there several weeks. Their provisions gave out and two of the party were sent to Mattole for a fresh supply. Two weeks passed and they did not return to the camp. Inquiries were made in the settlement, which resulted in the conviction that the hunters had been murdered by some of the Mattole Indians. A small party of Mattole settlers attacked several rancherias and captured prisoners who divulged the particulars of the murder and the identity of the murderers. A rifle, a powder flask, and blankets that had belonged to the murdered men were recovered from one of the rancherias. The prisoners confessed that the two whites had been encamped for the night, when they were killed and their bodies cut to pieces and thrown into the surf.

A growing excitement in the community was intensified by the relation of various versions and some

exaggerations of the Mattole murders. A feeling of insecurity spread through all classes—and the Indians themselves no longer confined their cattle-stealing and their murderous attacks to the Yager Creek country. Reports and rumors were rife of many barbarous deeds in nearly all sections of Humboldt county. Not quite a year had elapsed since Capt. Messec had closed his campaign against the Win-toons. Many of the prisoners sent to the Mendocino Reservation were back in their old homes, more subdued than formerly and smarting under chastisement and defeat; liable, nevertheless, to take the war-path again at any moment. The situation, critical and absorbing, demanded the intervention of a Kibbe or a Messec to prevent the horrible consequences of another war between the two races.

On Yager Creek the hostiles were daily more daring in their outrages, killing stock in the corrals and sometimes in the presence of the owners. The Hydesville Volunteers, unable to continue in the field at their own expense, were disbanded and dispersed to their homes, leaving no check to the advance of the Indians. On North Yager a number of settlers banded together for mutual protection, but were powerless to assist their neighbors. On the Bald Hills the situation was even worse. In the latter part of January the Indians collected a hundred head of cattle, belonging to different persons, and drove them by the houses of white men in open sight. The neighborhood was quickly aroused and a party gave chase, regaining all but 20 or 30 head of the stock. The settlers then drove their

stock together, for better security. In doing so they were compelled to desert their houses and other property.

Preparations were made in the beginning of February for the organization of a Volunteer Company, under the laws of the State, by E. L. Davis, appointed by the County Judge for that purpose, which was to take the field at once, trusting to the justice of the people to demand a recognition of their acts by the State Legislature. There was a meeting of the citizens of Eel River Valley, at Hydesville, on Saturday, February 4th, 1860, at which E. L. Davis presided, Henry Stern, of Union, acting as secretary. The Volunteer Company was duly organized according to law, officers being elected, viz: Seaman Wright, Captain; E. D. Holland, First Lieutenant; Henry Robinson and Thos. C. McNamara, Second Lieutenants; Eli Davis, P. Stansberry, G. Gray, J. O. Corder, Sergeants; T. Wyatt, S. Ferguson, N. Underwood, S. Luce, Corporals. There were 55 privates on the roll at the first meeting. Capt. Wright went to Eureka on the following Monday and forwarded a notice of the organization, together with a requisition for arms, to Senator Ryan, that the proper attention of the Executive might be directed to the emergency in which the people were placed, an emergency which demanded that the Volunteers be called into the regular service of the State and provision made for their support. Pending action of the Executive, it was absolutely necessary for the Volunteers to go into active service of their own accord, equipped at their own expense,

and supplied with provisions by the merchant traders of the county. Before the 15th of February the Company had been provisioned and were in the field, scouting on the Van Duzen, with headquarters at Campton's Ranch.

February passed. No reply to the requisition for arms was received from Sacramento, nor was there any intimation that the Company would be called into service by the Governor. Settlers on the Van Duzen, despairing of aid from the State, and knowing that the Volunteers would soon be compelled to disorganize if aid was not received, made their preparations to abandon that section should their worst fears be realized. A petition setting forth the true condition of the country, and praying for adequate relief, was forwarded to the Governor himself, in the hope that he would properly consider the matter and take such official action as might be legitimate and just.

To the other troubles of the settlers was added the sickening experience of hope deferred concerning the old Indian war claims and their payment by the State. For some mysterious reason the claims were not paid, though bonds had been issued three years before on the faith of the State. The bonds had the provision that claimants should be paid only "out of any moneys which might be appropriated by Congress to this State to defray the expenses incurred in the suppression of Indian hostilities"; consequently the value of the bonds amounted to nothing in the absence of any present or prospective appropriation from the National Treasury. If claims accruing in times long

past, some of them dating back to 1852, were not paid, what hope could the settlers have that claims of 1860 would be paid? Three successive sessions of Congress had been expected to make appropriations to pay the old claims, and three times was disappointment the lot of the settler. Citizens had rendered valuable services and furnished supplies in perfect good faith, and every consideration of honor and of public policy should have prompted Congress to make necessary appropriations to cover the losses sustained. As a general thing the State bonds were held by those to whom they were issued. They were worthless for exchange, or as collateral security of any kind. The Pacific Coast representatives in Congress were familiar with the history of the claims and knew that there was no fraud or speculation connected with them, but no efforts of theirs appeared to be sufficient to secure an appropriation for the redemption of the bonds. Nor was there any immediate prospect of the State assuming the responsibility of paying the bonds with the funds of the Commonwealth. There was considerable discussion on the subject in the Legislature, and a bill was introduced directing the Treasurer to call in and pay the bonds; but certain sentimental members from San Francisco and Los Angeles, who considered that the Indians had been much abused, did all they could to defeat this measure of redress for the settlers.

Hemmed round by innumerable difficulties, exasperated and maddened beyond control, the stock-raisers and farmers were prepared to sanction the

most desperate enterprises which contained the slightest promise of relief.

Saturday evening, February 25th, in the year of our Lord 1860, must ever be memorable in the records of Humboldt Bay. On that date occurred one of those strange and horrible deeds that sometimes appear in the history of all countries, marking with their black foulness the fairest epochs of civilized eras—a deed so conscienceless in its conception, so cruel and heartless in its execution, that even now, when the obscuring shadows of a quarter of a century intervene, the mind views it with a revolting sense of horror. It was sudden and swift, terrible and unexpected. Few, perhaps none but the participants, knew what was coming. The perpetrators of the deed had made their preparations silently and in secret. A league had been formed, a league whose members were bound to secrecy, who took a solemn oath that whatever secret things were confided to their breasts should never be divulged while life should last. The names of the members were not to be revealed under penalty of death; nor was any deed of theirs, done secretly and covertly, ever to be revealed to any living soul How well that vow was kept by every member of the league the years attest! Twenty-five times has lovely Spring melted into Summer, and Summer deepened into Autumn, and Autumn died at the birth of Winter: and through all the changes

of the seasons and the years has that vow locked securely in the breast of each individual possessor the secrets of the league. No word spoken in haste, no confession on the bed of death, no transparent misery of a guilty conscience, ever disclosed what that vow had hidden. The precise date on which the league was formed, the names of its members, the names of its officers, their number and residence, are particulars which are buried in the breasts of the living or in the earth with the dead. The league met in out-of-the-way places—in lonely farm-houses or in some isolated dwelling by the sea. There were, indeed, mysterious whisperings in the community, flying bits of rumor, insignificant in themselves, but portentous of eventful things; as though the wind, searching through the chinks of a settler's cabin where the league had met, bore away fragments of their talk on its wings and scattered them among the boughs of the trees, that, in their turn, whispered the secrets to some gossiping woodsman, and thus sent them circling through the world. These fragments, few in number, and with no authentic origin, place the birth-place of the league in Eel River Valley, where its originator, now dead, resided. Its membership, somewhere between fifty and seventy-five in number, included some of the prominent men of the county. All were men of intelligence and nearly all men of family. At least a month prior to the 25th of February meetings were held at several places and at different times; and there were messengers hurrying from one house to another in various sections of the country. The league was

perfecting some plan of work in the chosen field of its activity, whatever that might be.

In Humboldt Bay there is an island opposite the city of Eureka, now covered with saw-mills and green fields; in 1860 a long, irregular stretch of low-lying, sandy marsh-land, barely elevated above the possible reach of flooding tides. Once, in some era of a distant past, merely a continuation of the sand-dunes making inland from the sea; then, in the volcanic convulsions of a more recent period, separated from the mainland by a shallow arm of the bay. On this island lived a tribe of Indians, comparatively inoffensive, generally pursuing their vocation of fishing in peaceable contiguity to the white settlements. Superstitious, like others of their race, this tribe of Valley Indians worshipped annually the Great Spirit with barbaric offerings and supplications. Once each year the friends of this tribe would gather from far and near, and engage with them in the ceremonies of the annual assemblage, sometimes as many as five hundred men, women and children congregating at the rancheria on Indian Island.

The last week of February, 1860, was devoted by the Indians to the ceremonies of their heathen rites. They had congregated, nearly two hundred of them, at the Indian Island rancheria, many visitors attending from the tribes of Eel River and of Mad River. Let the reader imagine the scene on the night of February 25th, in the year of the Christian era one thousand eight hundred and sixty. A collection of low huts and mounds, where, for a full week, has re-

sounded the strange clamor of savage rites and traditional observances of superstitious ceremonies. Fires redden against the back-ground of black darkness, casting curious and fearful shadows on the sides and roofs of rude habitations; figures, themselves like shadows, seen for a moment in the glare of some bright flame, pass between the fires, and loud and monotonous sounds issue from the huts. Here, a curious dance, whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity, is conducted. On the floor are a score or more of dancers, both sexes, fantastically bedecked with feathers and bedizened with paint. They join hands, and forming, commence a queer hopping dance, at the same time uttering hoarse, gutteral sounds, interspersed with hideous yells. Presently a male Indian, gay in feathers and bright paint, darts into the ring, jumping from side to side, keeping time to the monotonous sounds, and then darts out again. Then the same performance is repeated, and again repeated, and so continued through the night. In another hut, close by, is progressing a mysterious rite known as the "ten nights' dance," which, as its name implies, never ceases until ten consecutive nights have passed. An excavation has been made for the hut, a large one, similar to a cellar, and around the sides of this excavation are boards and planks, placed on end, dirt and sod being thrown up against them on the outside. Rough boards and poles form the low roof, in the center of which is a hole through which the smoke escapes. In one end of the hut a small aperture does service as a door. Inside, at one side of the room, a

long pole stretches from one end to the other. In the middle of the room, on the dirt floor, a fire burns and glows, the smoke curling lazily to the roof. With joined hands, forming a line outside the long pole, with faces to the wall, fifty Indians of both sexes stand, motionless as statues, their bodies bare from the head to the waist. Suddenly a male at one end of the line utters a low, humming sound, and instantly the entire line takes up the note, at the same instant slowly swaying with one accord to left and right. The humming sound increases in volume, grows faster and faster, until it reaches a melancholy howl, then the sound slowly descends and dies into a whispering sigh. Again the leader gives his low, humming note, and again the volume of sound swells out on the night air. And thus, alternately high and low, the barbarous chant is continued, accompanied by the swaying, swinging motion of the line of human forms. The scene is awe-inspiring—the monotonous chant, that swells out defiantly now, and now sinks into an expiring wail of despair; the long, swaying line keeping time to the rude rhythm of the music; the fire, fed by some savage hand, now flashing up brightly, disclosing as if by a calcium light the bare backs of the Indians, the pole before which they stand, and the earth-stained walls—now dying slowly out, transforming the swaying bodies into ghostly forms, peopling the shadowy corners with dusky shapes mysterious, half-hidden and half-revealed.

The night deepens, and the scene changes. Boats glide up to the shore near the rancheria, and from

them leap the forms of stalwart men. An Indian, passing, sees the sudden apparition and makes an exclamation of surprise. A hand is raised, a knife gleams, the Indian falls. Like invisible agencies of fate circling round a human life doomed to an awful destiny, ever drawing closer, closer, the fateful forms that leaped from the boats glide through the gloom, swiftly, silently, stealthily approaching the crowded hovels of the rancheria. Hark! What sound was that? Was it a shriek, half stifled, that rang out from the fire there? What pandemonium is this of groans, and cries, and despairing women's voices, which echoes from hut to hut, where but a moment ago there was only the rhythmical cadence of savage song? It cannot be! Yes, the forms creeping so stealthily upon the rancheria were white men, citizens of a civilized State in a civilized country, in their hands knives, and axes, and clubs, and in their hearts no mercy. The Indians, stupified and sleepy, can make no resistance. More than half of the two hundred are women and little children. The axes and knives gleam and flash, are uplifted, and descend. They fall on all alike. The savage warrior in the prime of life, the old man tottering to the grave, the women with papooses in their arms, the infants themselves, share a common fate in one indiscriminate slaughter. Less than half a score escape. Four or five swim across the narrow arm of the bay, and one or two others escape in canoes.

When the sun rose on the morning of the 26th of February, 1860, its bright rays shone on a horrible

scene at Indian Island. Blood stood in pools, and stained with red the walls of the huts, and dulled the green tints of the grass. Here was a warrior, his head split in twain ; there a squaw, her skull crushed to a jelly; yonder a little child, with a knife wound through its heart. Some had fled half-way across the marsh and were struck down from behind. Some had almost gained the water and liberty when the knife or the ax did its deadly work.

When the sun set on the evening of the 26th of February, 1860, it was known in Eureka that there had been other massacres simultaneously with the one at Indian Island. Two other rancherias, one on the South Beach near the entrance to the bay, and one near the mouth of Eel River, were visited on the same night, in the same stealthy manner, by men armed with the same weapons, axes and knives, and with the same result. In the three massacres nearly three hundred Indians were killed, at least one hundred and fifty being women and children. How many participated in the massacres, or who they were, has never been divulged. The league had done its work effectively, but injudiciously. The deed had stirred to its very depths the thirst for revenge in the bosom of the Indian, and had excited the indignation of a large class of white citizens. It was the worst thing that could have happened at the time. It destroyed every hope of peaceable solution of the many dangerous difficulties then existing between the whites and the Indians. The white settlers had received great provocation. Their property had been plundered and destroyed

citizens had been murdered, their patience had been tested to the fullest extent. But nothing they had suffered, no depredations the savages had committed, could justify the cruel slaughter of innocent women and children that occurred at Indian Island.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Three Months of Trouble.

Dissatisfaction with the Governor.—Meeting of the Citizens of Eel River.—The Grand Jury's Report.—County Convention on Indian Affairs.—Petty Fights and Petty Quarrels.

An excitement so intense as that caused by the massacre at Indian Island could not soon die out. It absorbed public discussion to the exclusion of every other subject. It filled the public mind completely during the three succeeding months after the massacre occurred. The action of the Governor in refusing to call into the service of the State the Company of Volunteers under Captain Wright was the occasion of much dissatisfaction and disappointment in Eel River Valley and on the Bald Hills, where the killing of cattle was still a common occurrence. The citizens of Hydesville and vicinity furnished the Company with provisions enough to last through the month of March, intending, at the end of that time, if no aid or encouragement was received from the State, to assist the settlers in removing their families and property from all the stock-raising regions of the Bald Hills, thus leaving that fertile country uninhabited by the whites.

Among the Indians the commotion was greater than among the whites. The tribes living in the vicinity of Eureka and Union were afraid to live at their rancherias and were quartered at Fort Humboldt by Major Raines.

B. Van Nest, Sheriff of Humboldt county, interested himself in energetic efforts to induce Governor Downey to make proper provision for and clothe with proper authority the Volunteers under Capt. Wright. He procured twenty-six affidavits of persons who had lost cattle by the depredations of the Indians during a single year, and sent them, together with a petition for assistance, to the Governor. Some of the affidavits were not calculated to inspire the Governor with a sense of the effectiveness of the military, one affidavit stating that the affiant had heard a commissioned officer at Fort Humboldt assert that he (the officer) would be glad if the Indians would kill every head of stock in the Bald Hills and then kill their owners. The petition which accompanied the affidavits was calculated to impress the Governor with a lively sense of need on the part of the settlers and of duty unperformed on his part.

A meeting of the citizens of Eel River was held at Hydesville on the 12th of March, W. T. Olmstead acting as Chairman and John W. Cooper as Secretary. Resolutions were adopted, first, that the citizens of Eel River deeply deplored "the late unfortunate and indiscriminate destruction of Indian life," and at the same time considered it "their bounden duty to express their indignation at the conduct of the Govern-

ment, which was the whole cause of that sad affair"; second, that as white men supported the Government, their lives and property should be the first to receive protection from the Government—but as beings of a superior race, from principles of humanity they were sensible that the Indian should have protection also; third, that as Major Raines had offered to meet the citizens of Eel River and assist them in any measure that might tend to promote peace and quietness between the Indians and whites, and that for the obtaining of this object they were firmly convinced it was necessary to remove the Indians from among the whites, Major Raines was therefore earnestly requested to cause the Indians to be collected together at some convenient point, and there kept in charge of the troops under his command, till the proper authority should cause their permanent removal. These resolutions were published in the local newspapers and a copy of the original was sent to Major Raines.

The Grand Jury met in April at Eureka, and in closing their official report to the Court of Sessions they said: "We cannot close our report without commenting on the massacre of Indian women and children lately committed in this county. We have endeavored, by summoning before us a number of citizens of this county whom we supposed would give us some information, to bring to trial the persons engaged in this revolting crime; and after a strict examination of all the witnesses nothing was elicited to enlighten us as to the perpetrators. We would express our condemnation of the outrage, and regret

that our investigation of this matter has met with a result so deplorable."

The result of discussion and the report of the Grand Jury was seen in a published announcement that public meetings would be held in each voting precinct of Humboldt county for the purpose of devising ways and means by which to secure assistance to the sufferers from Indian depredations, the meetings to be held on the 17th day of May, and each meeting to choose one or more delegates to a County Convention on Indian Affairs to meet at Eureka on the 19th of the same month. Places of preliminary meeting were designated as Murdock's Hall, Union; the Court House, Eureka; Col. Hagans' residence, Bucksport; Van Aernam's residence, Table Bluff; Palmer's store, Eel River; Spencer's store, Hydesville; Wm. White's residence, Yager Creek; Uri Williams' residence, Salt River; J. Morrison's residence, Bear River; V. Kellogg's residence, Lower Mattole; and G. Hadley's residence, Upper Mattole. In pursuance of the announcement the meetings for the election of delegates to the proposed County Convention were held at the places designated on the 17th of May, the following being chosen to represent the several precincts: Union, Messrs. Whaley and Whipple; Eureka, Messrs. Benson, Ryan, Sevier, Cooper and Monroe; Bucksport, Messrs. Hagans and Edgar; Table Bluff, Wm. Clyde; Eel River, Jacob DeHaven; Yager Creek, Mr. Bell; Hydesville, Capt. Wright; Mattole, B. Van Nest; Pacific, C. McAlister; Bear River, Seth Kinman.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th of May

the County Convention on Indian Affairs assembled at Eureka. S. G. Whipple was appointed Chairman, and S. Cooper and B. Van Nest Secretaries, of the Convention. A long discussion was had, lasting till late in the evening, and resulting in the adoption of a preamble and resolutions reported by a committee to prepare them. The preamble contained all the facts in reference to the existing difficulties that were in any manner disclosed by the discussion of the subject in the Convention. It briefly and pointedly recited that by reason of the hostilities of the Indians in Humboldt county the amount of known injury done to citizens in the precincts of Yager Creek, Hydesville and Elk River within the preceding twelve months was over $30,000, and the Convention believed that this estimate would be increased to $75,000 by correct statistics from all the precincts of the county. The preamble recited also that the Indians had committed depredations from one end of the county to the other; that by reason of such depredations many of the settlers had been compelled to leave the homes which they had purchased from the Government and remove their cattle to more thickly settled portions of the county; and that the Indians were then in possession of the Bald Hills country, the most desirable portion of the county for grazing purposes; that many of the citizens had lost nearly all the property they possessed; that a small Volunteer Company under the command of Capt. Wright was in the field three months, but being unable to support itself longer was compelled to disband; that its place was supplied by

a company of Federal troops, and since the troops took the field the Indians appeared to be emboldened, inasmuch as their depredations were greater than before; that from the resolutions adopted in the several precincts it appeared that the Federal troops in the county were a curse and not a benefit; and, finally, that the citizens naturally expected some protection from the troops, but finding the sympathies of the commander to be with the Indian and not with the white man, the people felt unwilling to trust longer in him for protection, and should ask that an independent Company of Volunteers be immediately called into service. To the Preamble were appended these Resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That Col. Hagans is hereby appointed a delegate by the people of this county to represent to the Governor of the State of California the continued hostilities of the Indians and the imminent necessity which exists for the presence of a Volunteer force.

"*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this Convention the Federal troops in this county, under their present management, are of no benefit, so far as affording the slightest protection to the lives and property of our citizens.

"*Resolved*, That past experience has proved that Volunteer Companies, composed of citizens who have an interest in the county, are effective in quelling Indian disturbances; and therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That Governor Downey is most respectfully requested to muster into the service of the State the Volunteer Company now organized for the protection of the citizens of this county; and be it

"*Resolved*, That the Indians of this county should be immediately removed to some remote Federal Reservation, as being the only guaranty of future peace."

After the adoption of the Preamble and Resolutions, and the appointment of a central committee of nine for the purpose of accumulating further statistics, the Convention adjourned.

Col. Hagans, with the authority of the people and bearing their resolutions and statistics, went to Sacramento and obtained an interview with Governor Downey. The Governor stated, as the substance of his views, that he was favorable to the proposition of calling into the service of the State the Volunteers under Capt. Wright, but it should be done on condition that they agreed to accept a certain compensation for all services and furnish their own supplies. He thought that it would be impossible to procure supplies from merchants on credit except at ruinous rates. At the conclusion of the interview the Governor promised to write to Mr. Hagans, giving him definite instructions, or visit in person the county said to be in need of aid. The Governor did not keep either promise, and, as might have been anticipated, the County Convention and Mr. Hagans' interview produced nothing of importance in favor of the settlers.

March, April and May, the three months in which meetings were held and resolutions adopted and del-

egations appointed on the subject of Indian depredations, were not alone noted for those events. There was a remarkable succession of petty fights with the Indians and of petty quarrels between the Military and the citizens.

The fights with the Indians began with the year, nor did their cattle-stealing exploits grow less frequent or annoying. Near Angel's Ranch the residence of B. Crogan was plundered and robbed during his absence, and John Stewart, living in the same locality, had blankets and other articles stolen from him. John Warren, of Willow Creek, was chased by four Indians, escaping with difficulty. A. L. Pardee, living on the Trinity trail, near Mad River, was shot at three times by savages in the bush. A ranch only three miles from Hydesville was raided and cattle killed and driven off. On the 10th of April two men were attacked while cutting wood near Shelter Cove. The Indians sprang from the bushes and seized one of the white men, Moses Stafford, round the waist, while several arrows were shot at him by others, severely wounding him. Stafford's companion ran to his assistance and struck the Indian holding him on the head, thus freeing him. Stafford shot one Indian dead and wounded another, and the two men escaped with their lives. An Indian obtained by theft a rifle belonging to a miner on Clear Creek in the Klamath River country, and shot at him, supposing that he killed him, as he fell when the gun was discharged. The Indian took the gun to his home and told his tribe that he obtained it by killing the owner, a white man. His tribe, upon

this confession, made him prisoner, delivering him to the whites, and recommended hanging. The recommendation was complied with, and while the Indian was suspended the supposed murdered man walked home. The bullet from the gun had struck him on the head, knocking him senseless, but not seriously injuring him. Capt. D. H. Snyder and a party of whites made an attack on an Indian rancheria a short distance above Big Bend, Mad River. Ten warriors were killed and the rancheria broken up. And during all this time there was no intermission of hostile demonstrations in the Bald Hills country, on the headwaters of the Van Duzen, or on Yager Creek.

The quarrel between the Military and citizens, to which allusion has been made, was one of long standding, almost coeval with the settlement of the country, always conspicuous in times of greatest danger and difficulty. It was caused partly by the inefficiency of the Military, and partly by a bitter jealousy existing among the officers of the regular Army against Volunteer Companies and expeditions. The inefficiency of the regular troops was so well known and so universally recognized that it occasioned no comment in 1860. Their jealousy of the Volunteers, so often exposed, was again illustrated in a bitter and envious opposition to Gen. Kibbe, Adjutant-General of California, who endeavored to induce the Legislature to act favorably on the claims for indemnity for losses sustained and expenses incurred by private persons during the Wintoon war and the war on Pitt River. In both of these wars Gen. Kibbe directed operations as commander of

the Volunteers. The claims for the Win-toon war were promptly allowed by the Legislature, although they were confined strictly to the actual expenses and pay of the men enlisted, without accounting for any individual losses or making provision for them. Two expeditions had been ordered out by the Governor since the Win-toon war—one for the supression of hostilities in Tehama county and one for the Pitt River campaign. Gen. Kibbe, by virtue of his position as Adjutant-General, was placed at the head of these expeditions. He conducted them with ability and energy, making a successful campaign and suppressing hostilities in each instance. Traders and others had furnished the expeditions all the supplies they needed. When the claims for these supplies were filed with the Board of Examiners the jealous influence of the regular Army asserted itself. Claim after claim was cut down by the Examiners, notwithstanding the fact that Gen. Kibbe had made all contracts in person; and when the work of the Examiners was finished, and the claims were delivered to the Legislature for final action upon them, the jealous influence of the regular Army permeated the lobby from end to end. A committee was appointed by the House to inquire into the validity of the claims, and this committee, after holding several meetings, asked for further time, insinuating that Gen. Kibbe had been guilty of fraudulent practices and that the Governor exceeded his authority when he authorized the expeditions; and the committee cited the reports of regular Army officers to confirm the opinion that the expeditions were unjust and unnecessary, and

should not be paid for. The whole proceeding was a farce of Legislative action and a direct blow given by the Military to the citizen Volunteer, inspired by an ignoble feeling of inferiority and consequent vindictive jealousy. The quarrel was taken up by every commander of every little Army post on the Pacific Coast. Major Raines, commanding at Fort Humboldt, had a natural sympathy for the Indians, which was augmented tenfold by his jealousy of the Volunteers. Instead of exercising martial law, he was in favor of trying in the courts all Indians suspected of murdering white men, whether the murders were committed by one or one hundred—a system that could not be other than a failure when applied to a savage race who knew nothing of law and would not have respected it if they had. There was only one effective method of suppressing Indian hostilities, and that was by punishing the hostiles in campaigns of armed forces. That the Volunteers accomplished. That Major Raines refused to do. His heart was too tender, his sentiments too soft, his sympathies too profound, for any but the loftiest motives of philanthropy to find expression in his military orders. His officers in the field were tied hand and foot by the severity of his orders. No Indian could be killed unless he was detected in the act of killing a white man, and it was a crime for a soldier to shoot at an Indian who was driving away cattle from the ranges of the settlers. Fort Humboldt was converted into a kind of hospital for sick Indians and refuge for well ones. Major Raines was unpopular with all classes of citizens, and his un-

popularity was greatly increased by his persistent refusal to gather the Indians of the bay together and send them to a Government Reservation. After the Indian Island massacre the tribes on the coast between Mad River and Eel River did not inhabit their rancherias. A majority of those living in the vicinity of the lower or Southern end of the bay were congregated at Fort Humboldt, by order of Major Raines, and were provided for at Government expense. The lower Mad River tribes were lounging around the village of Union, annoying and threatening the citizens. Col. Buel, agent at the Klamath Reservation, was communicated with and solicited to remove the Indians from the bay to that Reservation. He replied that he would do so. Under his instruction additional houses were built on the Reservation, and every needful preparation was made for the reception of a large addition to the population. In April Capt. Buel went to Fort Humboldt. He told Major Raines that he had been requested by the citizens to take the Bay Indians on the Reservation, and that, wishing to comply with the request, he had come to ask him (Major Raines) to allow the Indians quartered at the Fort to be taken to the Klamath. The Major answered that the Indians did not want to go and he would not compel them to go. Col. Buel went to Eureka, remained there a few days, and then sent the following note to Fort Humboldt:

EUREKA, April 11th, 1860.

Sir:—I learn that you have in your possession and under your protection a number of Indians. I am here

for the purpose of removing those Indians to the Klamath Reservation, at which place I am prepared to subsist and protect them. I desire that you will deliver those Indians to me outside of Fort Humboldt Military Reservation, with an escort to protect them from here to the Klamath Indian Reservation.

An immediate answer is respectfully requested.

Very respectfully,

Your Ob't Serv't,

D. E. BUEL,

Indian Agent in charge of the Klamath Indian Reservation.

To Maj. G. J. Raines, commanding Fort Humboldt.

Col. Buel's note was handed to Major Raines by Sheriff Van Nest, who was curtly informed that no answer need be expected.

At the other end of the bay, the citizens of Union collected the Indians in that vicinity, 125 in number, and they were taken to the Reservation. A week later Major Raines relented, agreed to acquiesce in the unanimous wish of the Eureka people, and set about collecting and removing the bay Indians in the vicinity of that town and the mouth of Eel River. Guarded by a military escort, 315 Indians were taken from Fort Humboldt to the Klamath Reservation. Why Major Raines had so suddenly vacated his former position was not made public, but his action in that particular was hailed with satisfaction by the citizens, many of whom thought that the breach which had long existed between the soldiers and the settlers

might now be filled up with more friendly relations. The latter idea was not entertained for a long period. The events of the succeeding two months plainly revealed the old jealous and proud spirit, as strong and as pernicious as ever. The Governor, with mistaken ideas and deficient knowledge of the matter, declined to order Capt. Wright's Volunteers into the service of the State for the protection of the settlers, but, in deference to the numerous petitions sent to him, requested Gen. Clarke of the regular Army to dispatch a fresh Company of soldiers to Fort Humboldt. The Company was sent, and immediately upon their arrival were ordered to the Yager Creek country by Major Raines. They proved worse than useless. Major Raines' instructions, if adhered to, would prevent the killing of an Indian or the protection of the settler. The instructions were adhered to, the consequence being that after the arrival of the new Company the Indians killed more stock than before, and were bolder and more impertinent. Major Raines looked on composedly, and enforced his rules strictly. The result was renewed dissatisfaction among the people and increased pomp and pride at Fort Humboldt. The breach between the soldier and the citizen was growing wider and wider. The character of Major Raines' Indian policy may be surmised from certain orders sent to Lieut. R. G. McLearry, commanding the Company of the 6th Infantry sent up by Gen. Clarke. These are extracts : " The Indians impressed with the idea that forbearance will save the lives of some of them, must have its effect." * * * " The hostility

of the Indians is questionable." * * * "Something may be done with a pacific understanding. If you take any prisoners, send them in, under guard, to this post, and if you cannot get at the Indians otherwise, try and make it known to them that you wiil feed them, then send to me, and I will come out and have a talk with them." Such orders would have figured properly in a peace congress, but were not calculated to suppress a hostile Indian demonstration. Such orders made Major Raines the laughing-stock of the settlers, and his name a by-word among those who had served with the Volunteers. They knew that it was the hight of folly for a military commander to send a detachment of soldiers into a hostile Indian country with the expectation that from their mere presence a treaty of peace would ensue and hostilities end. That policy, to all acquainted with the Indian character, appeared to be supremely ridiculous.

In the midst of a fierce quarrel between the officers at Fort Humboldt and the citizens of Eureka and Union, in which harsh language and much abuse was indulged in by both sides, an important order was received at the fort from the headquarters of the Department of the Pacific. The order was from Gen. Clarke. It transferred Major Raines from Fort Humboldt to a post in Washington Territory.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Complicated Situation.

Population of Humboldt and Klamath in 1860.—Indians returning from the Klamath Reservation.—Difficulties in Hoopa Valley.—The situation in the South.—James Casebeer.

Comparative peace was established between the military and the civilians by the appointment of Captain Lovell to the temporary command of Fort Humboldt. It was a relief to be rid of the endless disputes between the citizens and Major Raines, and although Capt. Lovell had not distinguished himself in the field it was hoped that he would exercise sensible discretion in giving orders as commander of the garrison. Contention having subsided to some extent, there was time and opportunity for people to look about them and see what industrial progress had been made in ten years. The census had been taken and several interesting conjectures about the population had been set at rest. According to the census of 1860 the population of Humboldt county was 2,614, exclusive of Indians and soldiers. Eureka township headed the list with 615, Union had 557, Eel River 416, Pacific 351, Bucksport 216, Mattole 282 and Table Bluff 177. This popula-

tion was of a permanent character and engaged in divers pursuits common to a new country. Klamath county, once so populous, was given 1,727 population by the census report, a great decrease from the first half of the decade. The placer mines were being gradually worked out, and the formation of the new county of Del Norte had taken away from Klamath an extensive territory and much of her population. Yet the population of the Northwestern country was not of the floating character that it had been. There was a permanency of settlement, which, disclosed in the census, removed the country from the catalogue of frontier districts and placed it in the list of established communities.

Much to the chagrin and indignation of the settlers the Indians removed from the vicinity of the bay to the Klamath Reservation did not remain there. In July, before they had had time to get accustomed to their Klamath quarters, a few of them straggled back to their old homes. In August there was a steady stream of the returning tribes, stealing away from the Reservation in bands of five or ten and invariably locating near the scenes of their former life. The Agent at the Reservation claimed that they left at night and that his small force of guards was inadequate to prevent them from doing so. In September it was estimated that a hundred and fifty had returned to lower Eel River and as many more to the vicinity of Union and the ocean beach near the entrance to the bay. At this time the citizens presented a petition to Captain Lovell, in command of Fort Humboldt, asking him to

apprehend the returning Indians and take them back to the Reservation. In October Colonel Buel, Agent at the Reservation, went down to the bay, and announced his intention of gathering up the runaway Indians and taking them back. He stated to the citizens of Eureka that the Government did not authorize him to expend any money in taking the Indians back, and that any expense incurred would have to be paid by private subscription. The oft-repeated rumor that there was an insufficiency of food at the Reservation he pronounced entirely false. There was an abundance of food, and the only difficulty was in making the Indians understand that the Government would not allow them to live anywhere but on the Reservation. Assisted by Sheriff Van Nest and others Col. Buel commenced the work of collecting the Indians. Col. Buel abandoned the work in a week, declaring that he had encountered opposition where he had expected assistance, and that to carry out his first intentions would involve a greater expense than he was prepared for. This declaration may have contained the main reason for the abandonment of the undertaking, yet it is a probability that the arrival at Eureka of Major John Drieblebis, Indian Agent for Northern California, had something to do with it. Major Drieblebis had a pleasant jaunt through the country. Repairing to the Klamath Reservation, his official eyes detected several necessary changes in the management of the place. A week was not allowed to pass without at least one important change. Col. Buel's appointment as Agent at the Reservation was revoked and G.

W. Terrill was appointed in his place. An effectual stop was made of all proceedings for the removal of the Indians to the Reservation. Those who had not left the Reservation now did so, with the consent, it was said, of Mr. Terrill, and it was not long before every tribe removed to the Reservation from the vicinity of the bay were occupying their old rancherias, or others in the same neighborhood. The united influence of all the whites, except a very small minority, was brought to bear on the new Agent at the Reservation to induce him to take the remaining Indians back. It was represented to him that when the Indians were taken from about the bay and coast to the Klamath Reservation it was a matter of universal congratulation, and nearly all had expressed a desire to coöperate in the task of removing them and enforcing their residence on the Reservation. The Indians were told that they must not return to their old homes, and the Agent was assured that he would receive necessary assistance if they left the Reservation. The principal reason which they had urged to justify the removal of the Indians was, that they were in constant communication with the mountain tribes, supplying them with ammunition and intelligence, and that there could be no permanent peace while the semi-domestic valley tribes were allowed to roam at will through the settlements and visit and trade with their mountain allies. Another potent argument in favor of the removal of the valley tribes was, that there was danger of a recurrence of the horrible massacres which had disgraced the month of February. The valley tribes had been

removed, and now they were returning. The first stragglers to arrive from the Reservation told a pitiful tale of hunger and destitution, which was repeated by those who came later, saying that they were starved by the Agent and had to leave the Reservation in search of food. Many were imposed on by them, and they were allowed to remain undisturbed while Mr. Terrill was communicated with. Mr. Terrill, in the capacity of Agent at the Reservation, replied in a letter dated November 24, 1860, to the representations made to him. His letter was interesting, particularly that portion of it which described the escape from the Reservation of Mad River and Eel River Indians. "These Indians," he wrote, "about two hundred and twenty-five in number, have remained here, apparently contented, ever since Col. Buel removed them, until a week ago, when three Indians came up from Eel River and told them that there were many white men who wished them to return, and said they should not be molested or taken back to the Reservation. They immediately prepared to escape from the Reservation, which object they accomplished one night, with the exception of about thirty, who were seen in time and prevented from leaving." Mr. Terrill also pronounced untrue the Indians' stories about starvation, stating, in addition, that a good crop had been raised of wheat, potatoes, peas and beans, enough to have fed the Indians well had they remained on the Reservation; but, as he had only three men under his command he could not be expected to follow and return those who had left. There was nothing more to be said by the Agent

or the citizens. The situation, it was generally understood, was not much better than it was when the valley tribes were first removed from their homes. A notice was published inviting the citizens of Humboldt county to meet in their respective Townships on or before Wednesday, the 2d of January, 1861, and appoint delegates to a Convention to assemble at Eureka on Saturday, January 5th, "to ascertain and express the sense of the people of the county as to the policy proper to be pursued relative to the Indians lately returned from the Reservation," and to concert such measures as might be deemed advisable to secure uniformity of action, and also to "consider and give public expression to public sentiment touching Indian difficulties and depredations in the country generally."

Simultaneously, in the Summer of 1860, and while the Valley Indians were returning from their confinement on the Klamath Reservation, there was received in the Bay settlements the intelligence of two murders, one committed by white men and the other by Indians. A drunken citizen and a soldier in Hoopa Valley murdered a young Indian, the son of a leader among his tribe, because he had attempted to protect a squaw. The two men were arrested and taken before a Justice of the Peace, who refused to accept the evidence of Indians who saw the deed committed, and for want of competent evidence ordered the prisoners discharged. An excitement intense and general was manifested by the tribes in the Valley, many of whom left their rancherias, presumably with the intention of taking the war-path and wreaking vengeance on some inno-

cent white man, as was their custom. The murder by Indians was committed with all the cruelty practiced by their race, and was remarkable for the mysterious circumstances that surrounded it and the tragic sequel that followed it. A settler known by the name of James Casebeer, who lived at the mouth of Eel River, on a place called "the Island," had been missing for three or four weeks, and his neighbors supposed that he was absent on business. He lived alone, and consequently no suspicion of foul play was immediately aroused, nor was any search instituted for him. Three or four weeks after he was observed to leave home for the last time a dog that he had left behind acted in a strange and unusual manner; and when the neighbor who saw him went to the premises he found the dead body of Casebeer, half-hidden in the bushes of a ravine, watched and guarded by the faithful dog. There was a deep cut on the back of the skull, made with an ax or hatchet. The house, close by, had been robbed of every valuable thing it contained, the furniture, bedding, etc., having been carried away. The Justice of the Peace for the Township, Wm. Jameson, presided at an investigation of the mysterious affair, which resulted in the arrest of an Indian named "Jack," who was living with a settler named Tewkesbury. The fact that Casebeer had been murdered by Indians was first intimated to Tewkesbury by a squaw, after which "Jack" himself told of it. Some of the Eel River settlers took "Jack" to the Island, and he conducted them to the spot where the murder was committed, and there he told them how it was

done. He told them that on the day when Casebeer disappeared he ("Jack") was in company with an Indian named "Big Jack" and his two squaws; that they were passing by the house of Casebeer, on the Island, when they saw him close by chopping down trees; that "Big Jack" looked through the window and saw a gun in the house, and immediately proposed that the two Indians murder Casebeer; "Jack" refused, and "Big Jack" said he would kill the white man; that "Big Jack" crawled through the window, got the gun in the house, slipped noiselessly up on Casebeer, and shooting him through the breast, cut brush with his ax and covered the body from sight. Basing the necessity for their action on his confession, the settlers put "Jack" in the hands of the Sheriff Van Nest, and in a consultation with Eel River Indians it was agreed that "Big Jack" should be delivered to the whites. Thursday evening, September 27th, 1860, a constable arrived at Eureka from Eel River, having with him the notorious "Big Jack." "Jack" and "Big Jack" were then placed under the care of Deputy Sheriff R. Wiley, Sheriff Van Nest being absent. At that time there was no jail in the county, the authorities confining prisoners wherever they could get available accommodations. For the two prisoners on this occasion Deputy Sheriff Wiley selected an old tumble-down wooden building that had once been a warehouse or store. In this building, as unfit for the purpose as any place imaginable, the guilty Indians were confined: and that same night a mob gathered around the place, the rotten doors were

battered in, and "Jack" and "Big Jack" were swung from a convenient tree, one Lynch acting as judge and jury.

The situation was seriously alarming in Southern Humboldt during the closing months of 1860. In October a dwelling-house on the stock ranch of Southmayd & Osgood, south of Bear River, was burned during the absence of the owners. There was a renewal of depredations everywhere in the Southern portion of the county. Cattle were run off and butchered, houses were robbed, the lives of settlers were constantly threatened. On the Upper Mattole lived a settler named A. A. Hadley, who, in December, was occupied, together with several other men, in getting out oak timber from the forests bordering Eel River near the mouth of the South Fork. The men, on the 6th of December, were taking timber from the place where they had cut it to the river. A gun loaded with buckshot was left under a tree near the scene of their labor. An Indian secured the gun unobserved, and secreting himself among the trees at a distance of a few paces, took deliberate aim at Mr. Hadley and fired. Five severe flesh wounds were inflicted by the shot. Similar occurrences of common report created anything but a pleasant feeling in the community.

Capt. Lovell displayed a commendable desire to distribute the troops stationed at Fort Humboldt to the best advantage throughout the Southern districts, though it must be confessed that the people had little confidence in them. The garrison was reinforced in

November by a detachment of 45 men of the Sixth Infantry. Capt. Lovell ordered a detachment of 30 men, under Lieut. Flynn, to scout for 30 days in the vicinity of the mail route between Hydesville and Long Valley. The detachment was supplied with 30 days' rations and 40 rounds of ammunition to each man. Capt. Lovell's special orders to Lieut. Flynn directed him to proceed via Yager Creek to the South Fork of Eel River, giving such protection to settlers and their stock as circumstances might require, and also to ascertain whether any danger was apprehended at stations on the mail route between Healdsburg and Eureka.

CHAPTER XX.

Gathering Clouds of Impending War.

Second County Convention on Indian Affairs.—The Attack on the Sproul Brothers.—A Fight at Iaqua.—Kentinshou Valley.

Sad experiences and gloomy anticipations marked the opening three months of the year 1861. That an Indian war of unusual severity was impending the events of the preceding three months of 1860 plainly indicated. Mountain and valley tribes alike were restless, bold, blood-thirsty and arrogant. Cattle-raisers had deserted the hills. Farmers had left their plows rusting in the fields. At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th of January, 1861, for the second time a Convention to consider Indian affairs assembled in Eureka. Among the names of pioneers who figured in that Convention are recognized those who, before and since, acted important parts in the development of Northern California. From Union there were W. C. Martin, R. B. Cave, W. S. Robinson, H. F. Janes and T. J. Titlow. From Eureka there were J. S. Murray, W. Van Dyke, A. Monroe, Thomas Dean, C. S. Ricks and B. Van Nest. Bucksport was represented by W. Hagans, Mr. Knisely and F. McDaniels; Eel

River by M. Liles; the Island by T. Eastlake. Thomas Dean was Chairman and B. Van Nest was Secretary. From Pacific Township was received and read to the Convention a communication signed by many citizens, stating that they were of the firm belief that the bay Indians should be kept on the Klamath Reservation, and recommending their immediate removal. A similar communication was also received from Hydesville. On motion of Mr. Van Dyke a committee of delegates, one from each precinct, was appointed for the purpose of framing resolutions expressing the sentiments of the Convention. The Chair appointed Messrs. Janes, Van Dyke, Liles, Knisely and Eastlake. After a recess the Committee on Resolutions reported progress. They reported, as the sense of the Convention and the finding of the Committee, that from nearly ten years' experience the people of Humboldt county had become thoroughly satisfied that their own safety, as well as the welfare of the Indians, demanded that the latter should be removed from the settlements and placed on a Reservation; that in view of this conviction the citizens had generally coöperated with the Agent at the Klamath Reservation, and a year before had removed to that Reservation the various tribes on the bay and on lower Eel River and Mad River; that the removal of the Indians was highly judicious; and that the tribes which had escaped from the Reservation and returned to their old homes ought to be and must be immediately taken back to the Reservation. A copy of the report and accompanying resolutions was transmitted to the Agent at the

Klamath Reservation, with a request to remove the Indians from the white settlements, and the Convention adjourned. It had accomplished nothing more than a public declaration of the desire of the people. In no way had it solved the problems that perplexed the community.

The problems with which the settlers had to deal were no ordinary ones, nor did those problems decrease in proportion to the increasing years. Troubles rapidly thickened around them.

The first attempt during the year to take human life which resulted seriously was in the middle of January, the scene being laid on the South Fork of Eel River. Two brothers lived there, Atwood and Gilbert Sproul, clearing a farm on the bank of the river. On the opposite shore lived a man named Armstrong. A band of mountain Indians attacked the ranch, unexpectedly and suddenly. The brothers defended their home bravely and drove the Indians off, but not before they had both been seriously wounded. At Armstrong's, across the river from the Sproul ranch, Geo. A. Woods was stopping, and observing the attack on the Sproul brothers he launched a small raft on the swollen river and attempted to go to their assistance. The raft was unmanageable, and he abandoned it, near the middle of the stream, getting on a rock that jutted up from the turbulent current. Remaining there for a few minutes only, he endeavored to swim to the shore, and was drowned. The Sproul brothers, as soon as they could, moved across to Armstrong's, where a strong stockade was built as a protection against future attacks.

At about the same time a fight occurred at Iaqua, which resulted disastrously to the Indians. A party of ten hostiles stampeded a drove of cattle. Two days later a party of seven settlers in the neighborhood took their trail and followed it twenty-four hours. At four o'clock in the afternoon the Indians were discovered in a ravine, together with a large rancheria of their tribe. The whites fired one round and made a charge down the hill. Thirteen of the hostiles were left dead on the spot, while several escaped severely wounded. None of the whites were injured. The rancheria was sacked and burned, a large quantity of stolen provisions and other articles being recovered.

East of the redwood forests on Eel River and its tributaries is a beautiful little valley called Ketinshou. A solitary settler lived there in the Spring of 1861. In the beginning of the previous Winter the settlers besides himself had, to avoid the loss of stock by cold and snow, moved down on Eel River. In February the Indians robbed the house of the remaining settler, John Fulwider, and drove him from the place. He went to the nearest settlement. It was deserted. The few families had been compelled to leave everything and seek a safer locality. In the same neighborhood was the ranch of a stock-raiser named Larabee, and here a murder had been committed and the dwelling burned. Ann Quinn, the cook at the ranch, was killed and burned in the building. David King was plowing in a field near the house, and when he heard the firing started towards it. The Indians fired at him and compelled him to retreat. Fulwider was given up as dead.

His hat was found on the bank of Mad River with a bullet-hole in the lower portion of the crown, and on it clots of blood.

Various other outrages occurred as time passed. Property was constantly destroyed, and there was no safety for settlers outside of the populous districts. Application was repeatedly made to Governor Downey for protection by regular or State troops, and the officers at Fort Humboldt bestirred themselves and issued numerous warlike orders ; but the soldiers knew nothing about Indian fighting, and the strictness of their military discipline would not permit them to learn. Small detachments were sent out from time to time, insignificant in number and inefficient in action.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Clouds Break.

More trouble in Hoopa Valley.—The campaign of the Regulars.—Thirty volunteer guides.

In April, 1861, there was a period of turbulent commotion in Hoopa Valley. It began with the discovery of a plot among the Indians to exterminate the white population of the Valley. Families prepared to leave, homes were guarded, houses were fortified with heavy stockades. The Hoopa tribes had been the most peaceably-inclined of any in the Northwest, and it was several weeks before the floating rumors of their hostile intentions were received by the settlers with any belief in their truth. When the fact was known beyond dispute that the tribes there had concocted a scheme to massacre the white residents and commence a general warfare, the excitement was in proportion to the gravity of the intelligence. Capt. Underwood, U. S. A., who was in command of Fort Gaston, acted with energy and zeal. He stationed a chain of guards for half a mile up and down the river in front of the Fort, and having done this, he sent messengers to the Indians with a demand for the delivery of their guns to

him. The wisdom of the demand for the guns was questionable. Capt. Underwood's whole available force did not number over 60 men, and there were not more than 40 citizens who could assist in opposing the tribes if a war ensued. Of the Indians there were at least one thousand warriors within twenty miles of the Fort. A demand for their guns would rather inflame than quiet their discontent. Nevertheless, Capt. Underwood made the demand, announcing his readiness to enforce it. With much reluctance a few of the Indians in the vicinity of the Fort brought in their guns and surrendered them, the majority yet holding back and hiding themselves and their effects in the secret canoñs of the mountains. And again, as in times past, the elements were favorable to the cause of the whites. At the time the demand for the guns was made the Klamath River was rushing a swollen and dangerous stream through the mountain gorges. Even the expert Indian canoers hesitated to venture out on its swiftly running current amid tumbling refuse and debris. The weather was opposed to war. The Indians rested on their arms. Their canoes were hid away and their squaws and papooses were sent to the mountains. Still the weather kept them from the war-path. The storm was the salvation of the whites. Unable to take the war-path, the Indians did much talking, and, like similar exercise among less savage races, much talking created dissension and strife in their own ranks. They were divided in their councils, some wishing to comply with the demands of Capt. Underwood, others stating that they would never yield

their arms, but would fight if the demand was persisted in. Capt. Underwood made no overtures for peace on any other condition than the surrender of their arms. He knew that all the Hoopa tribes, living on the proceeds of their fisheries, if driven from the river by war would be deprived of their accustomed mode of living, and he had good reason to suppose that this consideration would occur to their minds and exert a greater influence for peace than permission to retain their arms. It could not be definitely ascertained how many guns were in the possession of the Hoopa tribes. By those who were best informed the number was estimated at about seventy-five, enough to preclude ideas of peace as long as they were in the hands of the savages. Every Indian had a powerful ambition to own a gun, and scarcely second in power to that ambition was the irresistible desire to shoot somebody when once the gun had been obtained. Capt. Underwood having, judiciously or injudiciously, made his demand, with wise discretion adhered to it when made, and in two weeks thirty guns were brought in from the surrounding country by more or less friendly Indians. In the last week in April a detachment of 30 men was sent out from the Fort to intercept one of the largest tribes in the Valley, who had left their rancheria near the river and gone to the mountains with their arms, provisions and all other movable property. The detachment was divided into two or three small parties and faithfully scoured the country for many miles in all directions. On the 14th of May one party of 5 soldiers and 5 Volunteer guides,

accompanied by John Brehmer and A. W. Turner, who had recently lost much property by Indian depredations, surprised and successfully attacked a large rancheria on Boulder Creek, seven miles from Blue Slide, in the Mad River country. After a spirited assault the result was computed as 14 Indians killed and 20 wounded. Several hundred pounds of fresh beef was found in the rancheria, also many articles of clothing and household goods, which were recognized as property that had been stolen from the settlers. From this time till the ending of the campaign, two months later, the Fort Gaston detachment was constantly on the march. Preparations were made for an active campaign by the regular troops. Capt. Lovell, commanding at Fort Humboldt, was instructed by the General in command of the Pacific Coast Division of the Army to place every available detachment in the field, and a requisition was received from the Governor authorizing the enlistment, for a term of three months, of thirty Volunteer guides, whose duty should be to assist the various expeditions of soldiers. The guides were mustered into the service of the United States at Fort Humboldt on the 17th of April. The enrollment shows the names of Sergeants Chas. A. D. Huestis and S. E. Phillips, Corporals Henry P. Larabee and Green Wilkinson, and privates W. M. Hagans, E. E. Turk, Leroy B. Weaver, Mannon Taylor, E. D. Holland, Geo. W. Huestis, Wm. A. Peasley, Stephen Robbins, B. F. Janes, Thos. P. Wyatt, John Dean, Henry Rogers, J. D. Skilling, C. H. Hendee, J. W. Shoemaker, John Everett, M. W. Markham,

John Tewksbury, John C. Neece, Lewis Taylor, Pryor N. Davis, Wm. Barnett, Cornelius Wasgatt, Edwin B. Hagans, Wm. Bradford and Thos. Griffith.

All were hardy pioneers, experienced in mountain travel and Indian fighting. They proved to be of invaluable aid to the regular forces, which, indeed, would have been worthless without them. They were familiar with the country infested by the hostile tribes, were accustomed to a frontier life, and were acquainted with the hardships and dangers incident to the service upon which they had entered.

The campaign was now assuming an aspect of business-like method and intelligent operation. Capt. Lovell had the general management of the campaign, directing from Fort Humboldt the movements of his detachments. All of the effective force at Fort Humboldt, Fort Gaston and Camp Bragg were ordered to the field. Lieut. J. B. Collins and a detachment of 45 men had left Fort Humboldt on the 26th of March for Yager Creek and the neighboring district to the South Fork of Eel River. Lieut. Collins reported two engagements up to the 20th of April. On Sunday morning, the 14th, a detachment of 23 men from Collins' command attacked a rancheria near Mad River, twenty miles from the Van Duzen, in a brief fight killing 20 warriors and wounding several others; and again, on the following morning, the detachment had a warm fight, attacking a rancheria where the estimated number of warriors was 150. The Indians here stood their ground well through the first assault, and then retreated, leaving five dead and three badly

wounded. A soldier named Casey was wounded in the engagement, an arrow entering his body two inches below the right shoulder blade. Lieut. Collins pulled the arrow out. The stone head was so deeply imbedded that it broke short off and remained in Casey's body until a surgeon arrived from Fort Humboldt.

Other troops made rapid movements and had some engagements. Lieut. Dillon, from Camp Bragg, operated on the South Fork of Eel River; Captain Underwood's detachment from Fort Gaston were in the vicinity of the headwaters of Redwood Creek and Mad River; Lieut. Collins was camped near the head of Larabee Creek. The Indians were on the move all the time, seeking to avoid attacks or to plan or execute ambushed surprises. Lieut. Collins' detachment marched at night, intercepting several bands of hostiles and killing a number of warriors. On the night of May 30th a march was made, and at 6 A. M. a rancheria was attacked and 25 Indians killed. In this engagement John Stuart was wounded in the hand with an arrow. Three days later another rancheria was attacked and 23 warriors were killed or wounded. Lieut. Collins kept his detachment moving all through the month of June, marching, and packing their provisions and blankets on their backs. During the month three men of the detachment were wounded, none mortally.

Capt. Underwood's command was active and successful, but had one soldier killed in a skirmish after the fight at Boulder Creek. In the vicinity of Hy-

ampom the trails to the Trinity were watched by the Indians and packers were frequently attacked. On one occasion the packers of Sanford & Co. were making a camp when ambushed Indians startled them by a scattering flight of arrows, one of the packers named Thompson being wounded in the hand. The packers made fortifications of the freight and saddles, and stood the fire until two of their number returned from Capt. Underwood's camp with assistance.

By the first of July the citizens were willing to admit that the campaign had so far been conducted with ability by Capt. Lovell and his subordinate officers, and had, in less than three months, inspired a hopeful confidence in their good judgment and soldierly qualities. Compelled to fight, the Indians had no time to slaughter cattle; tracked to their hiding-places by the Volunteer guides, they could not escape defeat and severe punishment, if the campaign was prolonged; but if the Volunteer guides were not again mustered into service at the expiration of their first three months, the Regulars would again be at a disadvantage and the settlers in peril.

CHAPTER XXII.

A Rain of Death.

Disbanding of the Volunteer guides.—Hostile tribes on the war-path.—Killing of Geo. D. Cooper, O. W. Wise,—Coates, Jerry Wilson, Chas. E. Parker, Henry Lemke, Christian Lemke, John Stuart, C. A. D. Huestis, E. M. Sproul and Thomas Griffin.—Mass meetings at Hydesville and Eureka.—The battle of Thief Camp.

The thirty Volunteer guides were disbanded. With its accustomed alacrity the Military Department of the Pacific seized the first opportunity to make a serious mistake. Neither the General commanding the Department nor the Governor of the State interested himself in the slightest degree to prevent the disbanding of the guides, and when, on the 16th of July, their three months' service had expired, Cap. Lovell dismissed them at Fort Humboldt. In the performance of this duty Capt. Lovell addressed them in warm terms of praise. He said:

"Volunteers, the term of service which you voluntarily offered to your country has expired, and you are now at liberty to retire, each one to his respective home. I must take this occasion to express to you the great satisfaction I feel at the manner and fidelity with

which you have discharged your duties. Soon after your arrival at the theatre of your military operations, letters reached me from officers in command, testifying to your good conduct as soldiers and men. This reputation you have, throughout, most fully sustained. In proof of the high opinion I have of your worth, I can only express the hope that, should another occasion arise when Volunteers are required, they will follow your example and give the officer who mustered them into service the same satisfaction and pleasure I feel at this moment. I am sorry that the funds necessary to remunerate you for your services have not arrived. It is almost impossible to say when they may certainly be expected. I hope very soon. The conviction that they are most richly deserved must prove a source of pleasant feeling to all concerned."

The disbanding of the Volunteer guides was followed by most serious results. In the vicinity of Kneeland Prairie, Big Bend of Mad River, on the Redwood, and through to the Trinity, hostile demonstrations were of daily occurrence. The Regular soldiers could not fight without the aid and encouragement of the Volunteers, and the Indians knew it. They feared the Volunteers only. When the Volunteer guides, therefore, were dismissed from service, the hostile tribes were apprised of it by their friendly neighbors of the valleys, and fearing no other enemy, they commenced a reign of terror which left death and devastation as its visible results. During the six months from July 1st, 1861, the community was perpetually in mourning for good and industrious citizens, who were

killed, some at their houses, some on the lonely trails and in the woods, but all by Indians. It was a carnival of death, terrible to contemplate even at this distant day. It was inaugurated by the murder of George Cooper, at Cooper's Mills, in the month of July, and in quick succession the frightful list was lengthened with other pioneer names.

Sunday, the 11th day of August, was the date of the second murder of the series. O. W. Wise, a farmer of Mattole, was walking toward his house from his milking-shed, on the evening of that day, and was fired at by Indians. One rifle ball and half-a-dozen arrows struck him, giving mortal wounds. He died on the following day.

Two weeks later an attack was made on a house near the Van Duzen where three white men were living. Late in the evening of Sunday, August 25th, one of the men, named Coates, walked a short distance from the house and was fired at from the brush. He was struck by several rifle balls and instantly killed. The two men in the house heard the firing, caught up their guns, and rushed out to protect Coates, who was unarmed. A brief fight ensued, one Indian being killed, and one of the white men, named Bartlett, receiving a flesh wound. There were 25 in the attacking party.

Early in September a Mad River settler, Jerry Wilson, disappeared from the neighborhood, and when, after two or three weeks, citizens from Union sought to find him, believing that he had been killed or wounded, they discovered sufficient evidence to estab-

lish their conclusion that the Indians had murdered him. Circumstantial evidence also induced the belief that he had been wounded first and then dragged to a spot secure from observation and tortured to death.

October was not to pass without its christening of blood. Chas. E. Parker, an estimable citizen, with four companions, was scouting in the forest between Bear River Ridge and Eel River, in search of a notorious band of Indian thieves who had been plundering the settlements. A rancheria was discovered on the morning of October 20th, and without hesitation the five whites attacked it, killing two Indians, the remainder fleeing to the thicket that surrounded the rancheria. While the whites were consulting in an open space they were fired on from the thicket, Mr. Parker receiving a wound from which he died in eight hours.

November, too, passed through a fiery ordeal of murder and rapine. At Brehmer's Ranch, on Mad River, twenty miles from Union, were living Mr. Brehmer, John Stuart, Christian and Henry Lemke, brothers, and another man, who were engaged in herding cattle in the vicinity. On the morning of the 7th of November they left the house in search of cattle, each going in a different direction. Towards evening, as Henry Lemke was returning home, and while four or five miles from the house, he received a bullet in the back, which felled him from his horse in a senseless condition. When he returned to consciousness a minute later a number of hideous savages were stripping him of his clothes. Realizing that his only chance for

life was to feign death, he succeeded by a powerful effort of the will in controlling his impulse to struggle with his assailants. He lay as limp and lifeless in their hands as though life had really left his body. They stripped him naked and started off; but one, as if to assure himself of the death of the victim, turned back and pointed a pistol at Lemke's head. The ball grazed his neck, and burying itself in the ground threw dirt and gravel in his face. Still he lay motionless, exerting the full strength of his mind in a prodigious effort to refrain from every appearance of life. The ruse was successful. The Indians left him, and disappeared in the forest. Lemke rose to his feet and started on foot, naked, for Brehmer's house. He had gone but a little way when he saw his brother's horse, riderless, running toward him from an opposite direction. The horse knew him, and he caught and mounted the animal. When he reached the house it was vacant. None of the party who had gone out in the morning had returned. He turned away, and sick and faint, bleeding and dying, rode his brother's horse in the direction of the nearest neighbor's place, several miles distant. He met Brehmer and another man, who up to this time knew nothing of what had occurred. They returned to the house with Lemke, and through the night alternately guarded and watched over him. The wound he had received was mortal, and he died before morning. The next day the dead bodies of Christian Lemke and John Stuart were found on a trail near the house.

December filled out the complement of horrors. A

house on the North fork of the Mattole River was then occupied by John Briceland, Thomas Griffiths, E. M. Sproul, two Indian boys and a squaw. Briceland was the proprietor of the house, and was trying the experiment of civilizing the Indian boys, whom he called "Billy" and "Frank." The boys had lived with him over two years, and he trusted them with implicit confidence. "Billy" was fourteen years old, "Frank" seven. Briceland had given "Billy" a rifle, and allowed him to go out hunting with it. In November "Billy" went out hunting and was gone four days. When he returned he said that he had been lost, and Briceland condoled with him for having had such a hard time. On the night of December 2d the three white men slept on the floor, rolled in their blankets. Several hours after retiring Briceland was awakened by two shots, fired close to him. He jumped up in the dark, and began to feel about with his hands. They were covered with blood. He struck a match, and it had no sooner blazed than Sproul roused from his slumber and sat up. As he did so a shot was fired through a crack in the door, and he was instantly killed. Briceland ran out of the house, and to his nearest neighbor's, John Cathey, half a mile away, and remained till morning, when a number of settlers collected and returned with him to his house. Sproul's lifeless body lay on the floor. Griffiths was just dying. The two Indian boys were gone, with "Billy's" rifle, a pistol, and some of Briceland's ammunition. Three days afterwards, at daybreak, as Cathey was going to his haystack, he saw "Billy" and "Frank" emerging

from beneath it, where they had been concealed. He ordered them to stop. "Billy" attempted to run and Cathey shot and killed him. "Frank" then confessed that when "Billy" had pretended to be lost he was with a tribe of Indians on Bear River, who persuaded him to return and kill Briceland. They had tried to kill Briceland on the night when the other men were killed, but had missed him when the shooting was done.

So many murders in half a year left a profound sensation in their train. The community was startled out of any idea of peace that may have been entertained at the beginning of the year. The Indians had entered upon a fanatical attempt to exterminate the whites or drive them from the settlements. Naturally the first thing that occurred to the people was to hold mass-meetings for the purpose of taking measures to secure protection to life and property. The first meeting was held at Eureka on the 24th day of July, which was attended by a large number of prominent citizens. A. J. Huestis was President, J. M. Eddy and Jonathan Clark, Vice-Presidents, and L. M. Burson, Secretary. The President appointed S. G. Whipple, James Hanna, John Vance, John Dolbeer, B. Van Nest, C. W. Long, Wm. I. Reed, J. W. Dwyer, S. Cooper, W. H. Pratt and R. W. Brett a committee to draft resolutions expressing the sense of the meeting. The committee reported, that whereas the hostile

tribes were continuing their depredations and showing an extraordinary malignity in their warfare, destroying property with savage wantonness, shooting settlers in the mountains and murdering citizens on the borders of the densest settlements; and whereas the Federal force was wholly insufficient to protect the lives of citizens; therefore, the committee recommended that resolutions be adopted that the Governor of the State be requested to ascertain whether the General commanding the Military Division of the Pacific was able and willing to send sufficient force to Humboldt county to secure peace and safety to the citizens. It was also resolved that the citizens request the Governor to authorize the enrollment of State troops. A resolution of thanks was passed for the valuable services rendered by the United States soldiers and volunteer guides, but at the same time it was asserted that the force had been wholly insufficient and the period of service too short, and that since the Volunteer guides were discharged the depredations and murders of the savages had become more frequent and alarming. When the resolutions had been passed and some unimportant details arranged, on motion of J. M. Eddy the meeting appointed S. G. Whipple a delegate from Humboldt county to present the grievances of the people to the Governor of the State.

A meeting was held at Hydesville at a later date with the object of providing ways and means of emoving the Indians to the Klamath Reservation.

Mr. Whipple was successful in his mission to the Governor. Representing the true condition of affairs in the North, and using all the influence he could command, he persuaded the Governor to authorize the formation and service of a Volunteer Company.

On the 9th day of September, 1861, James T. Ryan, Brigadier-General of the Sixth Division, California State Militia, mustered into service the Humboldt Home Guards. The officers chosen by the Company were: G. W. Werk, Captain; Green Wilkinson, First Lieutenant; James Brown and John P. Warren, Second Lieutenants. The duties of Quartermaster and Commissary were performed by Major W. C. Martin. S. Lewis Shaw was Assistant-Adjutant on the staff of Brigadier-General Ryan, and T. D. Felt was Surgeon.

The Company was enlisted for three months' service, ending on the 9th of December. During the first two months the Company consisted of 55 men, rank and file; during the last month it was increased to 75 by the enlistment of 20 recruits. The order for increase of force by twenty men was based on the assumption that the entire command would operate outside the limits of Humboldt county; but the order was too late and the increase too small for any good to come of it. Governor Downey could never be brought to understand the nature of the country, the character of the Indians or their number, and the pressing need of the settlers for protection. Like the Governors before him, he had an idea that a little body of less than one hundred men would be entirely sufficient to suppress any Indian outbreak in the Northern country, and his

inclinations were in favor of the regular Army service. Only the most urgent demands, possibly aided by political motives, could have induced him in the first instance to authorize the enlistment of the Humboldt Home Guards, and a second concession in the shape of an order for 20 recruits was to him a serious compromise with his private opinions. The service rendered by the Home Guards during their short campaign was effective and valuable, but the force employed was absurdly inadequate to the exigencies of the occasion. Capt. Werk divided the Company into three detachments, for the purpose of operating in different sections where the hostile tribes had proved most aggressive. One detachment, under Lieut. Brown, went to the country south of Eel River; a detachment under Lieut. Wilkinson was stationed on the Van Duzen, with orders to range between the headwaters of Eel River and Mad River; a detachment under Lieut. Warren was stationed north of Mad River; each detachment having an effective force of about 17 men. The district which this one Company was expected to protect and guard covered an area of at least one hundred miles North and South, extending inland to the Trinity county line. The country was of a mountainous nature, abounding in chaparral thickets, impenetrable forests and impassable cañons—a paradise for the savage, a purgatory for defenseless white settlers. The country was inhabited by hostile Indians to the number of 2,500, who were well supplied with firearms and expert in their use. Without specifying in detail all the various engagements be-

tween the Guards and the Indians, it will be sufficient to state that they numbered fifteen in the three months' campaign, with an aggregate loss on the side of the Indians of 75 killed and as many wounded. The Guards had 1 killed and 8 wounded. Chas. A. D. Huestis was killed; Wm. Peasely, James Brock, Samuel Mills, F. M. Donahue, Lieut. John P. Warren, Marshall Russell, Maurice L. Bosqui and George Watson were wounded.

Throughout September and to the middle of October there was a season of dry, warm weather, in which great fires raged on the mountains and in the forests, placing the Guards at serious disadvantage in following out the plans of the campaign. It was impossible to do much before the rains came, for the contest with the Indians was unequal enough without the added labor and danger of fighting fire. The strange and unusual delay of the rainy season threatened to render fruitless and abortive the campaign of the Guards. It was late in the month of November when they first had an opportunity to distinguish themselves. On the 17th day of the month occurred the battle of Thief Camp. On the day previous Lieut. Warren with a detachment of sixteen men left Thief Camp on the trail of a party of hostiles who had killed cattle in the neighborhood and were packing the spoils to their rancherias. That night, following close on the tracks of the Indians, the Guards saw the light of fires in a large rancheria near Pardee's Ranch. The detachment halted for the night, and at half-past seven o'clock on the morning of the 17th an attack was made on

the rancheria. There were nearly one hundred warriors in the rancheria, who, contrary to the rules governing their race in war, made a firm stand, and returned without flinching the fire of the Volunteers. The fight continued in a desultory manner for an hour, the Indians firing through port-holes in their log houses, the Volunteers from behind trees and stumps. The rancheria was in a singular commotion for a few minutes, when it was ascertained that one hundred warriors from a neighboring rancheria had slipped in unobserved and reinforced the besieged party. A squaw had gone to them in the beginning of the fight and brought them to assist her tribe. The position of the Guards was precarious and uncomfortable. Snow covered the ground and was still falling. The log houses of the rancheria were strong structures, from which it would be difficult and hazardous to dislodge the enemy. Chas. Huestis, who had acted as guide to the attacking party, advised the men to keep behind the trees and fire as they thought best. Disregarding this precaution in his own person, stepping out from behind the trees, and becoming a target for the Indians in the rancheria, he fell, shot through the heart. For nearly two hours longer the Guards maintained the unequal fight, when, their ammunition being exhausted and six of their number being wounded, they were obliged to retreat and abandon the dead body of Huestis. The six wounded were Lieut. Warren, Mills, Donahue, Peasley, Bosqui and Watson. It was estimated that twenty Indians were killed. The Guards retreated to Thief Camp, twenty-three miles

from Union, and on the same evening, the 17th, Capt. Werk sent I. W. Hempfield and three others to Capt. Wilkinson's Camp in Larabee Valley for reinforcements. The four men rode all night, and the next day started back with Lieut. Wilkinson and eleven men. They were joined at Thief Camp by fifteen citizens from Union. The united force thus formed marched to attack the rancheria for the second time, arriving there on the 20th. The rancheria was deserted. The body of Huestis was dug up from the snow two rods from the spot where he fell. Nine men were detailed to convey the body to Union and the remainder of the force pushed on in pursuit of the Indians. The Indians were tracked to Redwood Creek and for some distance down that stream, when word was brought of the location of two rancherias near by. The Volunteer force was divided into two equal divisions, and under the command of Lieuts. Wilkinson and Warren proceeded on each side of the creek with the intention of making a simultaneous attack on the two rancherias. They were discovered by the Indians in one of the rancherias, who escaped. The Warren detachment attacked the other rancheria and killed fourteen warriors. One of the attacking party—Russell—was slightly wounded in the knee by a bullet. On the same day two of the Guards—I. D. Herrick and James Brock—went further down the stream, where they saw two Indians. At a signal agreed upon they fired, killing one of the Indians. The other fled and was chased by Brock, who fired two pistol shots at him, both of which struck but did not stop him. Brock caught him by the hair, and called on his comrade to shoot.

Herrick fired, the ball striking Brock in the hand, severely injuring three fingers. The Indian escaped, badly wounded. Coupled with the wounds received in battle, and with the death of Huestis, this ludicrous termination of the expedition completed its disastrous story.

Affairs on the Klamath were in a condition of unsettled and vexatious difficulty between the whites and the natives, and the settlers on the lower Trinity and on the borders of Trinity, Shasta and Klamath counties were in hourly peril of death at the hands of hostile savages. The mail carrier between Humboldt Bay and Weaverville was furnished with a military escort for protection. Families in remote districts moved to the populous settlements. A miner named Wheelwright was foully murdered at Big Bar. The Governor was petitioned by citizens of Trinity and Klamath to call out a Volunteer force to chastise the Indians and afford protection where it was needed. A month rolled by and his Excellency made no response. Indignant and insulted, the Trinity county people sent this telegraphic dispatch:

WEAVERVILLE, Sept. 6th, 1861.

GOV. DOWNEY, Sacramento City:—The Indians in our county are committing depredations daily—burning dwellings and murdering citizens. The women and children have been removed to the settlements, and everybody lives in dread of attack. A Company of 25 men is absolutely necessary for the protection of life and property, and should be ordered out immediately. Will your Excellency afford us this protec-

tion? The Humboldt Company will not be sufficient, as the Indians will be driven from that county to this. We want protection for our own people. Please answer immediately.

Signed, I. G. MESSEC, Sheriff,
E. J. CURTIS, County Judge,
C. E. WILLIAMS, District Attorney,
M. G. GRIFFIN, County Clerk,
R. T. MILLER,
J. F. CHELLIS,
A. C. LAWRENCE.

The Governor received the message, and, instead of replying directly, forwarded it to General Sumner, in command of the Department of the Pacific, who, three days later, sent a reply. It was:

HEADQUARTERS DEP'T OF THE PACIFIC,
SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 9, 1861.

GOVERNOR:—I have received your letter of the 6th inst., in relation to the Indians in Trinity county. I doubt very much these Indian reports. If 25 men would be a sufficient protection, it would seem that those people should take care of themselves, just at this time, when we have so much on our hands. It is impossible to send regular troops there now, as I am obliged to reinforce the troops in the Southern part of the State.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
E. V. SUMNER,
Brig.-Gen. U. S. Army.

Thus the petition of the Trinity county people was laid on the shelf, and thus the matter stood when, on the 9th of December, the Humboldt Home Guards were discharged from service, leaving the whole tier of Northwest counties unprotected except by a feeble and inexperienced force of the regular Army, too few in number to inspire confidence and too inefficient to inspire respect. Several Companies of Infantry and one of Cavalry were stationed in various parts of the district, and a new post was established, called Fort Seward, in the Yager Creek country; Co. A, 3d Regiment of California Volunteers, relieved Capt. Lovell at Fort Humboldt and formed the garrison at Fort Seward. But the wisdom of maintaining these posts was never demonstrated by the deeds of the soldiers. On the contrary, the concluding paragraph in Capt. Werk's official report of the campaign of the Humboldt Home Guards gives a graphic outline of the situation. He wrote: "In conclusion, I would state that I am well satisfied there has not been a day since Capt. Collins left the field last Spring on which there has not been men or stock killed within the limits of this county; and since the little force under my command has been withdrawn, the Indians seem to be redoubling their efforts against the whites."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Military Operations in 1862.

Correspondence between Governor Downey, Brigadier-General Wright and Indian Superintendent Hanson.—The California Volunteers.—"A safe place for the troops."

A change of base occurred in military circles in January, 1862. Governor Downey, whose views were before so narrowly restricted by an imperfect knowledge of the country and a supreme indifference to the petitions of the citizens, suddenly, through some occult influence known only to himself, experienced a complete change of heart and revolution of ideas. We find, by referring to the records of his official acts of that date, that he even went so far as to acknowledge personally the receipt of letters in relation to Indian hostilities in the counties of Humboldt and Mendocino. A flood of conviction, not unlike the elemental flood which swept the streets and filled the cellars of Sacramento in that Winter of '61–'62, must have visited his mind and obliterated the ideas that had once inhabited it. We find, much to our surprise, that he wrote a touching appeal to Gen. Wright in behalf of the settlers, and urged the propriety of

increasing the military power and extending its authority in certain districts. He deprecated the practice of calling into service home Companies of Volunteers, indicating to Gen. Wright that his preference lay with the regular troops. Gen. Wright was not slow in responding to the communication of the Governor. He replied that the same ideas had occurred to him—showing conclusively that great minds do sometimes meet—that he was fully satisfied of the necessity of an increase of force in the Humboldt District, and that he had intended, even before he received the Governor's letter, to send an officer of rank, with two or three Companies, to Fort Humboldt. He designed, he said, to create a Military District, giving the officer whom he should send there full power over all the garrisons in that portion of the State.

The correspondence between Governor Downey and Gen. Wright was followed by other correspondence on the same subject between Gen. Wright and George M. Hanson, Superintending Agent of Indian Affairs for the Northern District of California. Gen. Wright informed Agent Hanson that the Indian disturbances in the Northwestern portion of the State rendered it "absolutely necessary to take prompt measures to collect all the Indians in that quarter and place them on Reservations set apart for their homes." Having created the "District of Humboldt," and placed it under command of Col. Lippitt, of the 2d Infantry, California Volunteers, he would "instruct Col. Lippitt to act promptly and vigorously in removing the Indians to the Reservations," and he "trusted

that the Indian Department would be prepared to receive and subsist them when collected together." Agent Hanson replied, expressing his pleasure at the General's determination, but referring to the fact of "the entire loss of everything on the Klamath Reservation by the recent flood in that country, leaving over two thousand Indians utterly destitute." This would show, he thought, the impossibility of providing anything in that quarter for additional Indians. The Nome Cult Reservation was the best provided for, and he would recommend that future removals be made to this place.

Projects of doubtful utility sometimes look well on paper, and the people most directly interested, while they placed little confidence in the regular Army service, waited patiently for the outcome of so much military correspondence and bluster. The forces under Col. Lippitt, who was to take command of the new District, had not been long in service. When Gen. Sumner had prepared for an expedition through Arizona to Texas, a year before, he had mustered into his own service nearly all of the soldiers of the regular Army stationed on the Pacific Coast, replacing them by Companies of Volunteers, picked up in various parts of California and Oregon. The troops under Col. Lippitt belonged to the 2d Infantry, California Volunteers. There was a possibility that they had not yet attained to the state of listless apathy usual with the ordinary soldier on the Pacific Coast. Not many of them had had experience in Indian fighting, but they might learn, provided they were not interdicted by ridiculous orders from headquarters.

Col. Lippitt and Staff, with Companies J and K, 2d Infantry, arrived at Fort Humboldt on the 8th of January. The Staff officers were: Adjutant, Lieut. John Hanna; Quartermaster, W. F. Sweasey; Surgeon, S. S. Todd. Co. J was officered by C. D. Douglas, Captain; Henry Flynn, 1st Lieut., and P. B. Johnson, 2d Lieut. Co. K was officered by Charles Heffernan, Captain; C. G. Hubbard, 1st Lieut.; J. J. Robbins, 2d Lieutenant.

The quarters at Fort Humboldt not being sufficiently capacious to accomodate all the troops, a separate post was established at Bucksport and named Fort Lippitt, Capt. Douglas commanding. It was intended as a temporary post only, to be occupied until the troops should be ordered to the field. Three other new posts were established, one at Neal's Ranch, on the Van Duzen, 28 miles East of Hydesville, one at Brehmer's Ranch, on Mad River, and one on Redwood Creek, a mile below Minor's Ranch. The first of these posts was named Fort Baker, the second Fort Lyon, the third Fort Anderson. Fort Baker was garrisoned by Co. A, 3d Infantry, Captain Ketchum, Fort Lyon by Co. K, 2d Infantry, Captain Heffernan, and Fort Anderson by Co. F, 2d Infantry, Lieut. Flynn commanding. Fort Seward was abandoned, by order of Col. Lippitt. Capt. Akers, with a small detachment of Cavalry, was stationed near Cooper's Mills. Lieut. Davis was left at Fort Humboldt with a guard of 20 men.

Having made the necessary preliminary arrangements for the establishment of new posts, Col. Lip-

pitt made a tour of inspection through his District, visiting the new posts and Fort Gaston and Fort Ter-wer. Then, not greatly to the surprise of those who had been acquainted with former military tactics, Col. Lippitt sat himself down at Fort Humboldt and inaugurated the "peaceful" policy with which the people of Northern California had long been familiar—a policy of non-interference with tribes who were not caught in the very act of murdering white settlers. Col. Lippitt instructed his subordinate officers that the purpose for which the force was in the field was "not to make war upon the Indians, nor to punish them for any murders or depredations hitherto committed, but to bring them in and place them permanently on a Reservation." The officers of every expedition were to have strict orders from the commanders of each post to "effect the capture of such Indians, *without bloodshed*," and every man in the field was prohibited by Col. Lippitt's orders "from killing or wounding an Indian, unless in self-defense, in action, or by the orders of a superior officer."

Hampered by strict orders, and restrained by severe penalties, from fighting the Indians after their own fashion, the troops were powerless to accomplish anything while those restraints and those orders remained in force. The officers could be nothing more than military figure-heads, the soldiers picnic parties, the forts tenting-grounds for military parades. The Captains and Lieutenants, with perhaps one or two exceptions, were willing to engage in an active campaign against the hostile Indians; but they could not move

contrary to Col. Lippitt's orders. The men in the ranks were not destitute of ambition—a little training in Indian warfare by competent Volunteer guides might have made them serviceable soldiers in an Indian country; but they could not move contrary to the orders of their commanding officers. The new forts might all have been classed with abandoned Fort Seward, which was situated in the heart of a hostile country, nearly equidistant from the white settlements in Southern Humboldt and Northern Mendocino. A soldier, when asked if Fort Seward was a judicious site for a military post, replied: "Yes. It is a safe place for the troops, for when the streams are up no Indian can get within a thousand yards of the garrison."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THROUGH FIRE.

Attack on Angel's Ranch and shooting of George Zehndner.—Farm houses in flames.—Death of A. S. Bates.

March, April and May were memorable months in 1862, particularly the month of March. On every hand was heard complaint of Indian depredations. Weak and isolated settlements were abandoned in consequence of the increased boldness of the savages, who killed with impunity the stock left behind. From the isolated and lonely settlements the Indians extended their depredations to more populous communities, contracting their sphere of operations with each succeeding outrage.

The bullet and the torch did their deadliest and most destructive work in the month of March. On Saturday, the 22d day of the month, an attack was made on Angel's Ranch, where George Zehndner lived, 11 miles from Union. It was late in the afternoon. George Zehndner and his brother Jacob were plowing in adjacent fields, 500 yards from the house. Unsuspicious of danger, they were quietly at work, when a shot was fired from a spot close by where the Indians

had been hiding, George Zehndner being struck in the side, the ball passing around and lodging in the back. Dropping to his knees, Zehndner contrived to reach the fence, clambered over, and gained the cover of the woods, wounded and crippled as he was, closely pursued and frequently fired at by the savages. Having an intimate knowledge of the neighborhood, he succeeded in eluding his pursuers and reached the house of R. Hanlon, less than a mile from his own. Jacob Zehndner escaped by flight when he heard the shot fired at his brother, and Mrs. Brehmer also escaped by fleeing through the brush. The Hanlons, the Zehndners and Mrs. Brehmer went to Union on Sunday morning and were cared for by the citizens of that place. During the day a party of citizens went to Angel's Ranch. There everything was in ruins, charred and blackened rafters and beams tottering in unsightly desolation where yesterday had been substantial and comfortable farm-houses. The savages had applied the torch to everything that would burn.

On Monday, the 24th, a party of citizens went to the house of a farmer named Goodman, in the same neighborhood, and removed his family to the residence of A. S. Bates. On the same day the house was burned, and on the next day the house vacated by Mr. Hanlon was burned. The excitement attending one depredation did not have time to subside before another occurred, the people of Union being in a continual state of alarm not easily described. Wednesday, March 26th, was the date of a deed, daring and deliberate, which startled the coolest and most self-possess-

ed of the inhabitants into a new sense of impending danger. Seven miles from Union, in a neighborhood which had enjoyed the reputation of being secure and safe, a farmer named A. S. Bates was killed within three hundred yards of his house. It was ten o'clock in the morning, and he had gone out to look for cattle, when the people in the house heard the report of two guns. A dog which had followed Bates returned with a bleeding wound. There were in the house Mrs. Bates and her three children, Mr. Goodman and wife and five children, and B. Croghan. A shower of bullets pelted against the side of the house. The inmates rushed out and fled towards the river. Mrs. Simmons and three children from a neighboring house joined them, carrying three guns. She had fired the guns as a signal to her husband, who had started for Union a few minutes before the Indians appeared. The fugitives reached the river in safety, where they were met by Mr. Simmons and Mr. Aiden, who took them down the river in canoes to Daby's ferry. Remaining there all night, they went to Union on Thursday. A party of citizens went from Union to the Bates farm, where they recovered the body of Bates, who had been killed by a bullet in the neck and an arrow through the body. The buildings had been burned. The death of Mr. Bates was keenly felt in the community. He had resided on his farm since 1854, and had surrounded himself with the comforts of a beautiful home. His tragic death, so near the town of Union, enveloped the community in the heavy gloom of doubt and distrust and fear.

A meeting of the citizens of Union was held on the 2d of April to consider the dangerous condition of affairs. It was like previous meetings of the kind, adopting resolutions expressing the sentiments of the people, and doing nothing more. T. J. Titlow acted as the presiding officer and C. A. Murdock as Secretary. The resolutions adopted stated that every dwelling east of the Hoopa trail for a distance of fifty miles, had been burnt by the Indians, and cattle and other property had been wantonly destroyed. For more than a year, it was asserted, residents of Union had been prevented from going to the country except at great risk of their lives. Improvements in building had been stopped and population steadily diminished. The resolutions embodied a request to the authorities to remove the Hoopa tribe of Indians from their rancherias, representing that they were in league with the hostile tribes; and also a request that all the tribes taken from their homes be removed to a distant Reservation, farther away than the vicinity of Crescent City and Mendocino, from whence they returned at their leisure. Copies of the resolutions were sent to Governor Stanford, to Brig. Gen. Wright, and to Col. Lippitt.

Public meetings were doubtless effective in allaying public excitement, but they could not stop the depredations of the Indians. April and May brought their quota of events to the detriment of the whites. A man named Patrick Regan, an industrious stock-raiser, living five miles from Angel's Ranch, was shot from the woods near his cabin and killed. Cooper's Mills were

set on fire and robbed and plundered. Oak Camp, where W. H. Pratt's pack-train was encamped, was attacked and the three men with the train driven off, some of the goods being carried away by the Indians and the remainder burnt. Other alarming indications were not lacking of a determined purpose to wage persistent and indiscriminating war on the whites. The suffering of the stock-raisers of Bear River and Mattole was terrible. Cattle were driven off, houses were robbed, travelers were murdered. There was no protection and no reason to expect any.

CHAPTER XXV.

Daby's Ferry.

A Night of Terror.—Adventures of a heroic Woman.—Mrs. Danskin's fate.—Babes in the Wood.—Peter Nizet and George Danskin.

Five miles North of Union, where the main road crossed Mad River, a settler, S. Daby, had established a ferry and located Government land. The house was a stopping-place for travelers, well patronized, and the ferry property produced a handsome income. The surrounding neighborhood was not thickly settled. The ferry-house was situated in a wild spot not far from the gloomy forests. Daby himself saw the advantages which were certain to accrue from an early settlement there, for he knew that the land, when once cleared and under cultivation, would be remarkably productive. The Government price was exceedingly low. He could afford to wait for increase of values and profits.

Supper was on the table at the Daby House at 6 o'clock on the evening of June 6th, 1862. Around the board gathered Mr. Daby and his wife, their three children, Mrs. Danskin, mother of Mrs. Daby, and a boy, George Danskin, Mrs. Daby's nephew. In a tent

near the house were two soldiers from Camp Gaston, and on the place were also a Frenchman named Peter Nizet and a half-breed Indian boy. Nizet, who took his meals with the family, had not come in. Mr. Daby went to the door and called Nizet. As he did so a bullet whistled by him. Other shots were heard. Hastily closing the door, Daby said the Indians were firing at the house, and told the women and children to get under the bed in Mrs. Daby's room. The back part of the house being built into a bank, and the bedroom being next to it, the retreat was a safe one so long as the house was not invaded. Mrs. Daby, Mrs. Danskin and the four children were in the bedroom a quarter of an hour, when Mr. Daby told them that their only prospect of escape was to run for the river. A trail led from the house to the river bank where the canoes were tied. The winter flood had carried the ferry-boat away. The inmates of the house and the two soldiers in the tent ran together towards the river. Mr. Daby had one child, Peter Nizet had one, and Mrs. Daby had the 13-months-old baby in her arms. Before reaching the river one of the soldiers was shot. Twenty guns were flashing in the gathering dusk of the evening, and bullets were flying through the air in every direction. There were Indians on both sides of the river. Exposed to a murderous cross-fire, with the prospect of escape dwindling into hopeless nothingness, the men and women and children leaped into a canoe and pushed out into the stream. From the opposite bank sounded the report of fire-arms. A fusilade of shot splashed in the

water as the boat drifted with the current. Mrs. Danskin was struck by a bullet and slightly wounded. Not far down the river was a thicket of bushes. Mr. Daby suggested that a landing be made there and the party separate in the brush, for none could be saved if they continued in the canoe. The suggestion was followed, and the canoe landed. Mrs. Danskin went a few steps and fell, pierced by two bullets. Mrs. Daby, with the baby in her arms, had gone a short distance when a bullet struck her in the right arm, and she fell fainting to the ground. Although she was in a senseless condition for several minutes, she was dimly conscious of what was occurring around her. She heard her husband say to Nizet: "We will hide the children in the bushes." Then she heard no more, and when consciousness fully returned she saw nobody but Indians. She picked up her baby and started toward the clump of bushes. The Indians surrounded her and robbed her of the money and jewelry she had about her person, taking her wedding ring from her finger. Having robbed her they told her to "find papooses" and go to Union. She asked them: "Where is the little boy, George Danskin?" They answered: "Indians take the waugee boy; you go to Arcata (Union), and send men with plenty money, and you get the waugee boy." Perceiving that the Indians did not intend to kill her or the children, she rose and went in search of the little girls. As she rose to her feet she distinctly recognized the features of two white men among the savages, imperfectly disguised as Indians, who turned quickly and

walked away. When she reached the nearest thicket she heard a voice say "Mamma!" and there she found the two girls, Lizzie, aged five, and Carrie, aged three years, now the wife of C. L. M. Howard of Eureka. Carrying the baby and leading the girls, she walked two miles until she reached the forest, where, sick and weary, she hid the two girls at the foot of a tree where the dense undergrowth formed an impenetrable screen. Taking off two of her skirts, she put one under and one above the children, telling them to be still and quiet till she returned for them. Again, with her baby in her arms, she started through the woods and the fields, reaching the Prigmore farm, three miles down the river. The house was deserted. She then went back to the road, and reached the Janes' farm, where there was only a sick man named Chapman and another man who watched over him. Chapman said to his attendant: "I am not afraid to stay here alone; you go and help Mrs. Daby to town." The man carried the baby and they started for Union. It was two o'clock in the morning. When they got to the main road they met a great crowd coming up from Union, among them a physician and Mrs. Daby's father and brothers. Mrs. Daby went on to Union, and the crowd of citizens went to the river. Mr. Daby, when the family separated at the river, had escaped unhurt, and carried the news of the attack to Union. The two soldiers also got in that night, both seriously though not fatally wounded. The relief party from Union carried the dead body of Mrs. Danskin to town at daylight. They had been unable

to find the two little girls, and were about to give up the search in despair, when a fortunate idea was carried into execution by Mrs. Daby's youngest brother, John Danskin. A valuable dog belonging to the family was still on the place. John Danskin called the dog to him and said: "Jingo, go find the children!" With what seemed to the excited men as more than brute intelligence, the dog led them eagerly into the forest—and at the very spot where Mrs. Daby had left the children, stopped and growled, as if directing further search. Parting the intervening boughs and brambles, the men saw the children lying there, locked in each other's arms, fast asleep.

Only Nizet, George Danskin, and the half-breed Indian boy remained to be accounted for. The half-breed was wounded in the thigh, and after a desperate fight, in which he killed two of his assailants, he escaped, crawling to Union in his disabled condition, reaching the town on Saturday night. It was the general supposition that Nizet had been killed and George Danskin carried into captivity by the Indians. Rewards were offered and searching parties organized, but with no avail. The days passed and neither Nizet or the boy was heard of. The Danskin family as a last resort employed friendly Hoopa Indians to make inquiries about the fate of Nizet and the boy, promising them a liberal reward for reliable information. At the end of nine days the Hoopa Indians returned and reported that they had ascertained the fate of the missing. The attacking Indians, they said, tried to capture the boy, but Nizet picked him up in his arms and ran to a large

log which spanned the stream. Half-way across the stream Nizet was shot, falling to the water below with the boy in his arms. They fell in a deep pool, where a powerful eddy whirled them round and round and dragged them down to death. When their bodies were recovered the arms of Peter Nizet still clasped the form of the boy, loyal even in death.

It was a miraculous thing that any escaped from the river unhurt. Besides being wounded in the arm, Mrs. Daby had two bullet holes in the ruffles of her dress. There were three holes in the baby's dress. Mr. Daby had a bullet hole through his hat.

The Daby family never returned to their farm. The Indians burned the buildings and drove off the stock, and the land passed into the possession of others.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Military Operations in 1862.

Marching and counter-marching.—A benevolent Indian Agent.—Lieut. Flynn's detachment.—The force at Fort Humboldt.—Independent Companies.

A resume of military operations in 1862, if carried through the year, would strike the intelligent reader as being a record of farcical movements and abortive campaigns. Col. Lippitt's command, either actuated by explosive orders from headquarters or some nervously-energetic motive of its own, was constantly on the move toward imaginary enemies, with purely imaginary successful results. There was marching and counter-marching; there were official orders from Fort Humboldt rivalling in weighty magnificence the proclamations of a Commander-in-Chief; there were forced marches with no visible or invisible object; there were changes and exchanges of garrisons and officers with no imaginable or reasonable purpose.

One influence which made the movements of the troops more vacillating at this time than they would otherwise have been, and which made the various military posts merely useless and expensive luxuries,

was the non-interference policy of the Indian Department as represented by the Superintendent for California. That official, Geo. M. Hanson, in a letter to S. G. Whipple under date of April 21st, 1862, wrote that he was "truly pained to see an account of so much trouble," and that he had "entertained a hope that the troops under command of Col. Lippitt would have succeeded, in a peaceful manner, in collecting and removing the Indians to Del Norte county." He had made temporary provision for them in Del Norte county, and he still had hopes that Col. Lippitt would succeed in their removal "without the absolute necessity of resorting to bloodshed." Waxing warm in his zeal in behalf of the Indians, this model Superintendent exhorted the whites to use "forbearance toward those unfortunate creatures." The idea of keeping four or five hundred soldiers in an Indian country, where white settlers were daily being robbed or murdered, with orders not to resort to bloodshed in the punishment of the hostiles, could only have originated with a benevolent Superintendent or a military commander. It could not have been reasonably expected that the troops would do good service, or any service at all, influenced by the sentiments expressed by Superintendent Geo. M. Hanson.

Two new Companies arrived at Eureka in April and proceeded to Fort Gaston. Col. James N. Olney, of the 2d Infantry, was in command. Capt. Douglas, Capt. Ketchum, Lieut. Staples, Capt. Heffernan and Lieut. Flynn were in the field with detachments from other posts. Their engagements were few and un-

important. On the 26th of April Capt. Ketchum, with a detachment of 25 men from Fort Baker, attacked a small rancheria on Larabee Creek and killed three or four warriors. Lieut. Staples' detachment had a skirmish in the same neighborhood, in which 15 Indians were killed.

Lieut. Flynn, commanding a detachment of 25 men from Fort Anderson, was scouting in the Mad River section, and on the night of the 6th of May the detachment camped near Croghan's Ranch. A camp fire was burning cheerfully, around which the men reclined. Lieut. Flynn and John Saff, the latter being the guide to the detachment, were conversing near the fire, when they were startled by the report of half a dozen rifles within fifty yards of the camp. One bullet struck Saff in the thigh, inflicting a dangerous wound.

Everywhere the troops were useless and inefficient. Cooper's Mills were robbed and plundered while soldiers were sleeping in a house forty yards away. Robert Neece was shot and dangerously wounded near Central Prairie, eighteen miles south of Eureka. And though Col. Lippitt did issue an order that the depredations and murders by the Indians amounted to "a declaration of war" by them, and instructed the troops to act accordingly, the settlers had no more confidence in him than they formerly reposed in Major Raines. The force at Fort Humboldt was composed of 132 men, officers and privates, and of these there were 37 on the sick list, and 32 under arrest, for various offenses against military discipline. It was not surprising that the people felt wronged and indignant. Their

indignation was increased ten-fold by a visit made by Superintendent Hanson to the Klamath Reservation. Hanson took with him to the Reservation a large assortment of fancy articles, colored glass beads, and ribbons, and went through the ludicrous ceremony of delivering fatherly advice and presents to the Indians, telling them that if they would be good to the whites the "Great Father at Washington" would be good to them—an agreement that was neither understood nor appreciated by the savages, who were in reality impressed only with a sense of the weakness of Hanson's authority and the worthlessness of his promises.

The question of organizing independent Companies of home Volunteers was generally discussed and decided in the affirmative. When the news of the attack on Daby's Ferry reached Eureka a mass meeting of the citizens was held at the Court House, to take into consideration measures for protection. The meeting authorized S. G. Whipple to open a muster-roll for the purpose of getting a sufficient number of names to form a Company of Riflemen, and a resolution was passed recommending the people in the different sections of the country to organize independent Volunteer Companies, wherever practicable, under the laws of the State, and apply for and obtain public arms as a means of obtaining home protection. Walter Van Dyke was appointed to make proper application on behalf of the people for State arms, and also to interview General Wright on the subject of military affairs in Humboldt District. The young men of Union also organized a Company, under the Militia law of the State, for the protection of that neighborhood.

The appointment of Walter Van Dyke to interview Gen. Wright resulted in some interesting correspondence between the two gentlemen. After visiting Gen. Kibbe and obtaining a requisition for 30 rifles, Mr. Van Dyke addressed a note to Gen. Wright. It was:

RUSS HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO, June 12, 1862.

BRIG.-GEN. WRIGHT—*Dear Sir:*—The citizens of Humboldt county, at a public meeting held at the Court House on the 9th and 10th inst., delegated me to lay before you the present alarming condition of Indian affairs in that section of the State, and to secure, if possible, further assistance, to enable the officer in command of that District, by more vigorous action, to kill or capture the armed bands of murderous savages now laying waste the country. This is the only way, I beg to suggest, by which to bring the present hostilities to a speedy close, and to prevent the war now being waged by these Indians from being protracted indefinitely, and thereby causing further sacrifice of the lives and property of our people at the hands of the savages.

Trusting that it will be in your power to extend relief to the people in that section without any great delay, I am,

Respectfully, your ob't servant,

WALTER VAN DYKE.

Gen. Wright replied, on the same day, that he was "watching over the Indian difficulties" in the District of Humboldt "with much anxiety." Col. Lippitt, he

informed Mr. Van Dyke, had ten Companies of Infantry and one of Cavalry in his District, and it had been supposed that his force "would be sufficient to maintain peace" The remainder of Gen. Wright's reply was composed of a panegyric on the "ability and energy" of the command under Col. Lippitt, and a promise that three full Companies should be added to the troops in the Humboldt District.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Death Roll.

A Scene at Muhlberg's.—Tragedy on the Trinity Trail.—W. T. Olmstead's Adventures.—Massacre at Whitney's Ranch.—J. P. Albee.

From the time of the attack on Daby's Ferry till the close of the year there was a ceaseless round of depredations and an appalling record of death. The smoking embers of Daby's house had scarcely cooled before the torch was applied to the dwelling of G. F. Muhlberg, an industrious German farmer, two miles below on the river. It was about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 7th of June, the day after the attack at the Ferry, that Mrs. Muhlberg, looking out from a window in her house, saw a number of Indians on the hill-side not far away. The Indians tried to hide behind the fence on the upper side of the house, where they would be in a position to shoot Muhlberg as he went out. His wife had already left the house when Muhlberg, who was on the porch, divined their intention, and instead of passing through the room and out at the door jumped down from the porch and joined his wife below the house, and between it and the river.

Two hundred yards below there was a boat. Muhlberg and his wife ran for the river and the Indians commenced firing at them. Bullets splashed in the water and knocked splinters from the boat as they pushed it out into the current. A landing was safely effected out of reach of the Indian rifles, and soon afterwards Mrs. Muhlberg reached Union. Muhlberg remained behind and watched the savages plunder and burn the house. Lieut. Myers and several soldiers arrived from the Janes farm but were afraid to attack the Indians.

Other depredations, similar in character, followed thick and fast during the remainder of the year. A man was shot at near Eagle Prairie; a house was robbed in the Mattole Valley; the residence of Neil Hill, two miles from Elk Camp, in Klamath county, was attacked on the night of the 30th of July, the only occupant being a man named Miller, who was seriously wounded and escaped through the woods to Elk Camp while the Indians burned the house; J. F. Denny, the mail carrier from Union, was warned that the woods were full of hostile tribes and that his life was in danger; a party of twelve persons, on their way from Gold Bluff to Trinidad, were twice fired at from the brush, and an attempt was made to hem them in—their escape being effected by a circuitous route to the mouth of Redwood Creek, from whence one of the party went by sea to Trinidad in a canoe—the people of Trinidad at the same time assembling in a brick building, very much alarmed, and sending to Eureka for a tug to remove them from their homes;

Mr. Brehmer's house on upper Mad River, from which he had removed, was burned to the ground; E. Horner was attacked near Rainbow Ridge, several bullets passing through his clothing and his horse being shot; Wm. Bradford and K. N. Geer narrowly escaped death in the Bear River country, the former being driven from his home.

Tragic scenes were enacted on the Trinity trail. Four men—William T. Olmstead, Hiram Lyons, Steven Adams and James Grounds—who were en route to Trinity county with a drove of beef cattle, on the 10th of July camped for the night at the Upper Mad River ford, thirty-five miles from Hydesville. Just before sunset supper was prepared and the men sat down to enjoy it. As they did so two shots were fired from the grass close by. Lyons sprang up and fell dead. Olmstead was struck by the second ball. Adams and Grounds fled, reaching the settlements safely, the former on the same night and the latter the next day. Olmstead ran a quarter of a mile in the brush, the Indians pursuing and never losing sight of him. When he would turn upon them they would crouch in the grass and weeds, and when he turned to run they would be upon him again. A large rock stood in his way. He got behind it. Watching his opportunity, he stepped quickly out and fired at his pursuers, killing one. The fire was returned and he

received a second wound, in the right thigh. The Indians, not more than ten yards away, dropped down in the grass and disappeared. Sorely wounded, Olmstead started up a ravine, through which a little creek rushed foaming to the river. Before him was a steep ascent, from which the water fell in a swift torrent. He slipped, and fell back into a pool, waist deep, at the foot of the bank. A tree had fallen across the ravine, below the pool, making a jam of driftwood there. Olmstead swam under the log and sheltered himself among the driftwood, securely hidden from sight. When he had been so hidden a few minutes there came five Indians, who fired guns into the drift and threw stones into the pool, and being satisfied that their victim was gone, went away themselves. Olmstead remained in the drift till daylight, when he crawled out and broke two small limbs from a fallen tree, which he used as crutches. Thus equipped, he labored up the ravine towards the trail. The sun rose, the air grew warm, and he was obliged to lie down, exhausted and weak. At one o'clock in the afternoon he attracted the notice of a relief party from North Yager Creek and Fort Baker, who had received information from Adams of the attack at the ford. A litter was brought on which Olmstead was carried to Yager Creek.

Two months after the attack on the Olmstead camp three men were killed in the daytime, while traveling the same trail, and nearly in the same spot. Joseph Bashow, Lewis Cash and another named Mann, were going to Trinity county with a drove of hogs. A pack

train was a short distance in advance of them. The two men with the pack train forded the river, unconscious of danger. Bashow, Cash and Mann were shot and killed by Indians concealed among the rocks, one falling in the river, the other two on the opposite bank. Cattle-drivers who arrived at the ford on the same day saw the bodies and went to Fort Baker for assistance.

Whitney's Ranch, on Redwood Creek, four miles below Fort Anderson, was the scene of a massacre on the morning of Monday, July 28th. There were at the house George Whitney, the owner, Wm. Mitchell, James Freeman, three soldiers belonging to Captain Douglas' command, and a domesticated Indian boy. Between 9 and 10 o'clock the dogs barked furiously. Freeman stepped out to reconnoitre. A few paces from the house he was shot at, the bullet grazing his head. He went back to the house and the inmates waited a half an hour for further demonstrations, but saw or heard nothing more to indicate the proximity of Indians. At this time two soldiers of the Cavalry arrived, riding express from Fort Gaston to Fort Humboldt. They had seen no Indians, they said, but would advise the men at Whitney's to stay in the house until the arrival of Capt. Douglas, who had been scouting in the neighborhood for several days, and who would return that way to Fort Anderson in a few hours. After a brief conversation the express riders

went on; and after consulting together the men at Whitney's concluded to send word to Captain Douglas of what had occurred and hasten his arrival. Freeman volunteered to go. When he had gone Whitney and Mitchell armed themselves and went to a field near the house to work, leaving the boy and the soldiers in the house. One of the soldiers stepped out into the yard a few minutes later, and was instantly shot and killed by the Indians, receiving seven bullets in his breast. At the same time the two men at work in the field were shot, Mitchell being instantly killed and Whitney receiving a wound from which he died the next day. The Indian boy went out and recovered the dead soldier's gun, and he and the two surviving soldiers defended themselves, killing two of their assailants and wounding several others. Before he reached Capt. Douglas the sound of the firing was heard by Freeman, who explained the situation so graphically that Douglas' command started on the run for the scene, arriving there only to find that the Indians were gone and their services would be too late.

After the attack on Whitney's Ranch Capt. Douglas removed the guard which had been stationed at J. P. Albee's place, in the same neighborhood, Col. Lippitt informing him that guards could not be furnished "to every isolated farm-house in the country." Mr. Albee, whose place was in a dangerous neighborhood,

being left without any means of defense, was compelled to move his family to Union, and practically abandoned his property. He left valuable stock on the place, and on the first of November he went back to ascertain what had become of it. Five or six days afterwards two men from Minor's Ranch were on Albee's land in search of stray mules. When they got near Albee's house they saw a squaw, who appeared to be on the lookout, immediately giving an alarm when she saw the white men. Five Indian warriors broke from the garden, running towards the trail above the two men, as though intending to prevent their escape in that direction. The latter spurred their horses and gained the trail, by this means getting out of range of the Indians, and when they had reached a considerable eminence above the house, looked back and saw that it was in flames. Not knowing that Albee had gone to his place, the two men rode away, and it was not until three days had passed that the news reached Union of the burning of the house. A volunteer relief party went to the place in search of Mr. Albee. All the improvements, the result of years of hard labor, were in ruins, and in a field, close to a plow with which he had been at work, lay Albee's body, pierced with one arrow and two bullets. Albee had resided on this place since 1854. He had ever been a friend to the Indians, being so confident that his friendship for them was respected that he hesitated to remove his family to Union after frightful massacres had occurred in localities less exposed than his own.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Military Operations in 1862.

Union Volunteers and Eel River Minute Men.—The Battle of Light's Prairie.—A Fight on Little River.—The Smith's River Reservation.

Tired of waiting for the slow protection of United States soldiers, always expected but never afforded; tired of listening to dreadful details of Indian butcheries occurring at their own doors, the citizens of Union organized a Volunteer Militia Company, and elected as its officers Captain, G. W. Ousley; First Lieutenant, J. A. Whaley; Second Lieutenants, A. Schumacher and C. A. Murdock; Sergeants, S. Schobell, J. M. Short, C. C. Sands and R. Burns; Corporals, J. E. Wyman, J. C. Bull, Jr., John Harpst and H. C. Mills.

There was also organized, in Eel River Valley, a Company called the Eel River Minute Men, with A. D. Sevier as Captain, and A. P. Campton, L. B. Weaver and John Kemp as Lieutenants.

Of the regular Army forces there is little to relate. Their marching and counter-marching was continuous throughout the year, and several hundred prisoners of both sexes were captured; but the prisoners were

mostly of friendly tribes, who willingly surrendered for the sake of temporary shelter and food, and the depredations of the hostile tribes were neither diminished in number nor severity.

The organization of a Volunteer Company at Union was immediately followed by important results. Soon after the organization had been effected two white men who lived with the Indians were seen in the woods near the town. Their camp was found, the two men retreating further into the forest when they saw the citizens coming. Their baggage, which they left behind, contained articles which had been stolen from houses recently robbed, thus corroborating suspicion of their association with the Indians. They were pursued by several parties of citizens belonging to the Volunteer Company, and one party of seven under Capt. Ousley, while in the vicinity of Dow's Prairie, discovered a fresh trail, which was followed by them until dark. The trail led to a camp in a small clearing called Light's Prairie, five miles from Union. Capt. Ousley and his men got within fifty yards of the camp and could see the Indians around their fires. They had butchered a steer and were preparing their evening repast. There appeared to be twenty-five or thirty warriors, all well armed. Capt. Ousley led his party back to Union while the Indians were feasting, without attracting their notice or suspicion, and before 12 o'clock that night, August 20th, a force of thirty Volunteers and seventeen soldiers of the regular Army was ready to march on the camp. It was 4 o'clock of the 21st when the camp was reached. The command-

ing officer, Capt. Ousley, formed the men in three divisions and stationed them at different points. It was agreed that he should fire a signal shot for a general attack on the camp. The Indians had three fires burning, and were sleeping on their arms, but they had no sentinels out. Twenty minutes before the attack several shots were heard in the direction of Dow's Prairie, evidently signals to the sleeping savages, who roused themselves and stirred up their fires. At this moment Capt. Ousley fired his gun and a round of bullets was poured into the camp. The attack was made too soon. Day was but just appearing over the Eastern hills, and it was not light enough to see objects in the camp distinctly. The whites were at a disadvantage in other respects. Fern and underbrush grew high and luxuriant about the camp, forming avenues of escape, through which the savage warriors darted and were lost to sight. Six were killed and the others fled. One of the Volunteers, James Brock, was killed. In their flight the Indians had no time to carry away their dead or wounded. One of the latter James Brock stumbled over as the whites rushed upon the camp after the first fire. He caught the wounded Indian by the hair, who, throwing his arm around Brock, shot him through the heart with a pistol. None of the whites were wounded, Brock's death being the only casualty. Six rifles were taken in the fight, including one which had belonged to the murdered men at Whitney's Ranch.

On the next day after the fight at Light's Prairie a squaw who had lived with a white family and was a

prisoner among her people contrived to escape from the rancheria where she was held and went back to the settlement. She told the whites that hostile Indians were camped on Little River, ten miles above its mouth, and she signified her willingness to guide the Volunteers to the place. Believing her story to be true, a force of thirty-five Volunteers and eighteen Regulars, the former under Capt. Ousley, the latter under Lieut. Campbell, left Union on the 22d of August for Little River. The squaw was faithful, and on Sunday morning, the 24th, the camp was surrounded and an attack was planned. But investigation revealed the fact that the camp was deserted. The Indians had taken everything with them except some bloody garments which had belonged to their wounded at Light's Prairie. A consultation was had by the whites and it was unanimously agreed that the late occupants of the camp had not moved far, as they had too many wounded to allow of swift or long-continued travel; they were in a new camp, not far away, either up or down the stream. A difference of opinion here arose between Capt. Ousley and Lieut. Campbell concerning the direction the Indians had taken—Campbell asserting that they had gone down the river, Ousley as strenuously maintaining the opinion that they had gone up the stream. The dispute resulted in a division of the party, Lieut. Campbell going down the river, Capt. Ousley in the opposite direction. The Volunteers had not proceeded far up the stream when they saw the foot-prints of one of the two white men who had fled from their camp near Union a week be-

fore. A split across the sole of one boot was the clue to the man's identity, the imprint being plain and easily recognizable in the sand of the river bank. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the barking of a dog gave warning of the proximity of the Indians. Scouts came in with the information that the camp contained over fifty warriors, armed with guns and pistols. Capt. Ousley divided his command into four squads, who took positions within easy rifle range of the camp. Their approach was noiseless and undisturbed. The Indians were camped on a sand-bar in the bed of the river. Above and below the camp, agile warriors were bathing and performing gymnastics in the sand. In camp, some were playing cards, some repairing and cleaning guns. A number of squaws were preparing food over a large fire. The time was most auspicious for a successful surprise and rout of the camp by the whites. Capt. Ousley fired the signal shot, selecting for his target a powerful Indian who was cleaning a gun. At the first volley from the guns of the Volunteers the Indians fled precipitately, leaving in the camp twenty-two dead, besides six rifles, ammunition, blankets and a miscellaneous assortment of articles from every house that had been plundered and burned during the preceding eight months. While the plunder was being examined, some of the Indians, secreted behind a rocky point which jutted out into the river, fired several shots, one ball striking a Volunteer named McDaniels and severely wounding him in the thigh. A hasty inventory of the dead disclosed among them the body of the white man whose boot-tracks had

shown the way to the camp. He was unknown to all —a waif of reckless humanity. Capt. Ousley destroyed the camp and on the second day returned to Union, having accomplished the object of his expedition.

While Capt. Ousley was routing the Indians in the vicinity of Union the commanding officer at Fort Humboldt was preparing to send all who had surrendered to the Smith's River Reservation. This Reservation was situated in Del Norte county. Its creation was one of the official acts of Superintendent Hanson. An exorbitant price was paid for several farms, large and expensive buildings were erected, the whole representing an outlay of money entirely inconsistent with economy or common-sense. The Reservation itself was within an easy day's travel of the Klamath River, and to keep the Indians there would require as many soldiers as Indians. Lieut. Mulholland was in command of a recruiting post on the peninsula opposite Bucksport, where prisoners were kept to await transportation to the Smith's River Reservation. Here were over 800 savages of all sizes and ages and of both sexes They were kept here until the steamer *Panama* was chartered by the Government to take them all to Del Norte county. The people of Del Norte did not want them, but it was in vain that they represented, in lengthy petitions, that their presence would endanger life and property, or that they would return to Humboldt county in a few months or weeks. The Indian Superintendent had established the Smith's River Reservation. To make it profitable to anybody it must be populated.

Eight hundred Indians embarked on the steamer *Panama*, and were taken to Del Norte. As was anticipated by every person having a knowledge of the county — with the possible exception of the army officers—the Indians did not remain on the Smith's River Reservation two months. October, November, December, each witnessed a decrease in the number on the Reservation and an increase in the population of the Klamath and Mad River country. In one month fully 300 warriors left the Reservation and went back to the scenes of their former bloody exploits.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Mountaineer Battalion.

A Deserted Country.—Organization of the Mountaineer Battalion.—Companies A and B.—Preparations for War.—Stone Lagoon.

At the beginning of 1863 the hostile tribes had complete possession of all the Mad River and Redwood country back as far as Hoopa. Every channel of traffic between Humboldt, Trinity and Klamath counties was effectually blockaded. The only farm-house saved from the torch the year before—on Minor's ranch—was now burned, and all other improvements on the place were destroyed. On the North side of Mad River, from the head of Redwood to its mouth, not a single dwelling had been saved from the general ruin. Minor's Ranch had been known as the "half-way house" between Fort Gaston and Union. Col. Lippitt was frequently urged to keep a detachment of soldiers there; but his military plans did not include Minor's Ranch; and this, the only house left in the Redwood country, was added to the list of ruined homes, through the negligence and systematic fault of Col. Lippitt.

The situation in Klamath county was well described

by its Grand Jury in their report of January, 1863; remarks about the services of the United States soldiers there would have applied with equal felicity to any other part of the Humboldt district. The Klamath Grand Jury, with most refreshing frankness, said:

"The Jury find that that portion of Klamath county bordering on Humboldt county is entirely deserted, many of the houses and other improvements of our citizens in that region having been burned and laid waste, as well as many valuable lives being sacrificed to the brutal savages that infest that section. Every appeal of the citizens of Humboldt and Klamath counties to the Governor of the State and the Federal authorities in California, for an active, efficient protection against the murderous depredations of these hostile Indians, has proved of no avail. The fact that several companies of Volunteer United States soldiers are stationed in the two counties seems to render, in the estimation of the State and Federal authorities, any further protection or attention unnecessary, when the true facts are that these United States Volunteers are utterly worthless as a protection against Indians. The Jury does not desire to reflect upon the courage or discipline of these soldiers, but simply to state that the experience of the people of Humboldt and Klamath counties during the past twelve months has proved beyond question or cavil that through the inefficiency of officers or bad management they have entirely failed to punish for Indian atrocities and massacres, and utterly failed to protect our citizens against the

attacks and depredations of these murderous savages. We recommend that the proper authorities make another effort with the Governor of this State to call out a sufficient body of resident citizens of these two counties to chastise and expel forever, if possible, the hostile Indians from that portion of these counties at present made utterly untenable by their presence and depredations."

Weight and influence were given to the report of the Klamath Grand Jury by a reference to Indian affairs in the message of Governor Stanford to the State Legislature. The Governor acknowledged the existence of serious trouble in the Northwest and the need of adequate relief. What that relief was to be he could not say. He was willing to leave the question to the law-makers and the military authorities.

The report and the message were published in January. In February Senator Van Dyke and Assemblymen Whipple and Wright—the legislative delegation from the counties of Humboldt, Del Norte and Klamath—visited General Wright and requested him to call upon Governor Stanford for the enlistment of Volunteers for special service against the Indians in the Northwest. The legislative gentlemen represented to Gen. Wright that their constituents were anxious to engage in such Volunteer service, because their families and their homes were in danger, because they were familiar with the habits and haunts of the Indians, and because they were confident of their own efficiency and distrusted the efficiency of soldiers enlisted abroad who were not interested in the establishment of permanent peace.

Gen. Wright was unable to resist the influence of the arguments made to him and politely gave his assent to the request preferred. Governor Stanford as promptly assented to the suggestions of Gen. Wright, on the 7th of February issuing his proclamation declaring that Gen. Wright had asked for the enlistment of six companies of Volunteer troops, "for special services against the hostile Indians in the Humboldt District," and inviting the citizens of the counties of Humboldt, Del Norte, Mendocino, Trinity, Siskiyou and Klamath "to organize the number of Companies necessary to fill the requisition." The six Companies were to comprise a Volunteer force to be known as the Mountaineer Battalion, to be mustered into service against the Indians only, and to be mustered out of service when peace should be permanently established.

Commissions were issued to Geo. W. Ousley, of Union, and Chas. W. Long, of Eureka, authorizing them to organize and enroll two Companies in Humboldt county. Inducements of various kinds were held out to facilitate a rapid organization of the Battalion. Bounties were offered, contributions accepted, and taxes levied. Mr. Long opened his enrolling books in Eureka and Ousley opened his in Union. A law was passed by the Legislature authorizing the Supervisors of Humboldt county to levy a special tax and appropriate the money so raised to an increase of the pay of her Volunteers. Several weeks elapsed before the Companies were fully enrolled, some delay having been experienced in the transmission of necessary papers and instructions. In April, the prelim-

inary arrangements having been completed, Capt. Fleming, U. S. A., mustered into the service of the United States, for the suppression of Indian hostilities, Companies A and B, Mountaineer Battalion. Companies C, D, E, and F were organized in other counties in the District, and completed the complement of the Battalion. The commanding officer of the Battalion was S. G. Whipple, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. A. W. Hanna was Adjutant of the Battalion, W. H. Pratt Chief Quartermaster, and Jonathan Clark Surgeon. The officers of Co. A were: Captain, C. W. Long; 1st Lieut., K. N. Geer; 2d Lieut., S. C. Beckwith; Sergeants, W. P. Hanna, A. D. Sevier, L. B. Weaver and Wm. Bradford; Corporals, D. L. Marshall, Jno. Cathey, Henry Sneider, J. I. Owens, Wm. D. Mitchell, J. P. Chapman, Jesse Walker and N. Stansberry. Co. C was commanded by Captain Geo. W. Ousley, and the other officers were: 1st Lieut., I. W. Hempfield; 2d Lieut, Edward Hale; Sergeants, Jasper N. Janes, Wm. Hurst, John S. Hughes, Sam. Overlander and Jacob Underwood; Corporals, Jas. D. Barnes, Geo. Creighton, Milton C. Cunningham, H. Tilton, Jas. H. Underwood, Jas. B. Truman, J. B. Herrick and Andrew A. Pardee. Capt. Abraham Miller, Captain Wm. C. Martin and Captain John P. Simpson were in command of the three Companies raised in Trinity, Siskiyou, Klamath and Del Norte counties. The Mendocino Company did not participate in the operations in the extreme Northwest.

Familiar with the geography of the region, and with the habits and customs of the natives, inured to the

privations and hardships of life in a new country, the men of the Mountaineer Battalion were well adapted to the service before them and well prepared for the accomplishment of the work for which it had been called into existence. Many of them were substantial and influential citizens, whose only motive in entering the military service was to aid in terminating the Indian depredations from which they had suffered severely for many years. The officers, from highest to lowest, were zealous in the discharge of their duties. Fortunately they were ignorant of the details of military affairs. The importance of military discipline is not paramount in the eyes of frontiersmen who have been used to fight Indians after their own fashion. The dark horizon of Indian affairs in the Northwest grew light with a bow of promise.

The Indians prepared for war. Lassac, a noted leader among the hostile tribes, who had been sent to the Trinity Reservation and escaped from thence with two hundred of his people, stirred up discontent and revengeful feeling all along the Klamath, and others of his class kept alive the disaffection on Mad River and the Redwood. Spies were sent out from the retreats of the mountain tribes, who visited the valley tribes and learned of the organization and movements of the Volunteer soldiers; foraging parties made swift descents upon the ranches of the lower foot-hills, carrying

back whole carcasses of beef to be dried and stored for food; their pack-trains moved systematically from the scenes of cattle-slaughter to their secret rancherias on the Redwood or the Klamath; at one point on the Redwood, in the mountains above the Bald Hills, a log fort was constructed and strongly fortified; everywhere in the hostile country, by a preconcerted agreement among the different tribes, extensive and elaborate preparations were made to give the whites a warm reception.

Only one of the Redwood tribes contended for peace. The promptness with which this tribe and its objections were swept away indicated with what fierce determination the hostile tribes awaited the fate of war. On the East side of Stone Lagoon, a body of salt water four miles South of Redwood Creek, lived a tribe that had long been friendly to the whites. They were uncommonly intelligent, uncommonly industrious, and their rancheria was the best of its class for many miles around. Their white neighbors regarded them without fear and expressed admiration for their peaceful and industrious habits. One day in March a runner from the Hoopas arrived, with intelligence that a war with the whites would soon occur, and demanding the support of this tribe against the Mountaineer Battalion. The Hoopas had generally refrained from active warfare, but now the strongest tribes were ready to take the war-path. The Stone Lagoon tribe refused to listen to any proposals for war with the whites. They were friends, and would remain so. The runners returned to their tribe. In the night, on the 11th of April, a

large party of the Hoopas and Redwoods attacked the Stone Lagoon Rancheria, massacred the tribe, and burned their houses. The rancheria contained about forty Indians of the friendly tribe, thirty of whom were killed and the others wounded, less than half a dozen surviving the gun or the knife. Engaged in some devotional exercise, or exhausted from participation in some savage rite, the Stone Lagoon tribe had put aside their arms and were defenseless when attacked. One squaw was carried off by the attacking party. She afterwards escaped, and said that the Hoopas were guilty of the massacre. Sixty warriors of the Hoopa tribe were camped on Pine Creek, between Hoopa Valley and Redwood—well provided with arms, ammunition and food. They were bold and aggressive, determined that every tribe of their race in the Redwood and Klamath country should rise against the whites or incur a repetition of the massacre at Stone Lagoon.

CHAPTER XXX.

Beginning of the Two Years' War.

The Tribes that were Engaged in it.—Skirmish at Big Bend.—Oak Camp.—The Trinity.—Movements of the Mountaineers.—Ousley's Camp at Faun Prairie.—Lieut. Hempfield's Expedition.

Dating from the massacre at Stone Lagoon, there was a war—the last of its kind in the Northwest territory; which lasted nearly two years, and was finally brought to a successful close by the Mountaineer Battalion—which was the culminating act in a long series of tragic scenes. It is impossible to state with reliable accuracy what tribes were engaged in it. It is probable that the Win-toons, and nearly all of the smaller and less powerful divisions, were on the war-path against the whites. The Hoopas, considered in the complicated tribal relations, were known to be among the hostiles, and the same was known of all the mountain rancherias. The valley tribes alone, whose fisheries were in the midst of white settlements, remained peaceable through the ordeal of the times. The number of hostile Indians can only be conjectured. There was no system or unity of action binding one rancheria to another. Their predatory warfare knew no con-

nected force under one general direction. If this had been the case it would have required three times six companies of Volunteers to crush their hostile spirit. No estimate that is not simply a generalization from knowledge and experience can now be made of the number and tribal relations of the Indians engaged in the last determined struggle between the races in Northwestern California. The list of peaceful tribes should exclude all the mountain rancherias. The number of hostiles was sufficient for a formidable resistance to any advance of the Volunteers.

Capt Flynn, U. S. A., must have the credit of leading in the first actual engagement of the war, which occurred a few days before the Stone Lagoon massacre, in April, at a place called Big Bend, on the North fork of Eel River. A detachment of thirty-five U. S. soldiers under Capt. Flynn and Lieut. Winschell made an attack on a large rancheria, killing thirty warriors and taking forty prisoners. In the engagement a soldier named Timothy Lynch, who enlisted in Oregon, was shot through the heart with an arrow. The guide to the soldiers was Steven Fleming, who led Capt. Flynn to the rancheria and planned the successful attack. One rifle was captured, and a large number of bows, arrows and knives.

Another attack—this time by Indians—was made on the last day of April, the scene being Oak Camp, and the object of attack the capture of a pack train. Oak Camp, three miles from Minor's crossing of Redwood Creek, was a favorite spot for surprising a train, thick brush and large rocks forming convenient re-

treats for an ambushed foe. The train on this occasion was en route to Fort Gaston, and was guarded by six soldiers. The guard had camped on Redwood the night before, in company with other trains, but went on ahead in the morning. As the train passed Oak Camp there was a rapid firing from the brush and the guard in front was instantly killed. Mules were shot under the other guards, who fled to save their lives, one of them being wounded in the arm. The mules that were not killed were captured by the Indians, and also all the camp equipage of the guards, including a number of guns.

Encouraged by their success, the Indians made a second attack at the same place a month later, capturing a pack-train of thirty animals laden with merchandise for Hoopa Valley and New River. There were five men with the train. One, Charles Raymond, was shot and killed, and a man named Barham was twice wounded.

On the Trinity, for many miles above its confluence with the Klamath, there were indications of a general uprising of discontented tribes. At Cedar Flat a trading post was attacked and destroyed, the keeper and another man escaping to Burnt Ranch. The family at Burnt Ranch was removed to a safer locality, and none too soon; one day thereafter the Indians arrived and set fire to everything that would burn. At Barnard's Ranch, in the same neighborhood, all the

buildings were burned, the family having left the place. From Cedar Flat three thousand pounds of flour was carried off, besides other provisions. That the outbreak on the Trinity was primarily due to the negligence and weak philanthropy of Col. Olney, commanding at Fort Gaston, was believed by many who professed to be cognizant of the facts. It was asserted by them that Col. Olney had entertained a scheme for a treaty of peace, by which the past transgressions of the hostile tribes in his jurisdiction would have been forgiven and their permanent settlement in the Hoopa Valley assured; but the organization of the Mountaineer Battalion had put a stop to the treaty negotiations, and Col. Olney was fain to content himself with a masterly inactivity. The neighboring tribes, impressed only with a sense of what they considered the weakness of the whites, were bolder than ever before, and much less inclined to sue for peace at any price. Encouraged and elated by the success of their late raids, the Hoopa tribes were more than ever inclined to listen to the Redwoods and join them in whatever marauding expeditions they might undertake.

Movements of the Mountaineers were necessarily slow in the first months of the existence of the Battalion. The Companies experienced delay in being mustered in, and there were various other influences at work to prevent rapidity of action. Three months

of the year had passed when Capt. Ousley went into camp at Daby's Ferry on Mad River, and it was some weeks later when Capt. Long's Company was stationed at Fort Baker. The other Companies were not yet full.

Capt. Ousley did not remain long at Daby's Ferry. In June he moved his command to Faun Prairie, where he was in a position to guard the Trinity trail.

Capt. Ousley was in Union when the intelligence of Charles Raymond's death reached that place. With 21 of his own men and 9 citizens who volunteered to go, he started on the Weitchpee trail, hoping to head the Indians off before they got to Hoopa, where, it was supposed, the majority of them came from. He did not meet with the success he anticipated, the Indians evading him. At about the same time Lieut. Hempfield left Faun Prairie with 40 men and found the trail made by the Indians in their flight. At the head of Willow Creek they made a stand, and Hempfield recovered a number of animals belonging to the trains captured by them at Oak Camp. None of the whites were injured in the engagement. Hempfield's detachment found and buried Charles Raymond near the spot where he fell. The scenes that met their eyes while traveling through the country were not reassuring. The slaughter of stock had been wantonly extravagant. They rode for hours over the deserted stock ranges, and were never out of sight of dead animals—cattle, mules and horses. An incident illustrating the treachery of the savages attended the retaking of the captured mules by Hempfield. Near the

head of Willow Creek, following their trail along a bald ridge, he saw a bundle of clothing hanging in an oak tree, securely fastened by ropes. The thought occurred to Hempfield that this might be a decoy of the Indians, devised to lead him into an ambush, and so it proved to be upon subsequent investigation. Hempfield made a detour with his detachment and fell in with the stolen mules that he recovered. The Indians were seen in the brush, and a number of shots were exchanged with them, but Hempfield did not deem it prudent to attack them with his small force. Reporting the results of his expedition to Capt. Ousley at Faun Prairie, the latter prepared to march on the Indians with a force of 100 men, and was to have started to their camp a few days after Hempfield's return, when an order was received from headquarters transferring him and his command to Fort Gaston.

Henceforth, military affairs in the Humboldt District had only to do with the Mountaineer Battalion. Col. Lippitt's regiment was relieved from duty here and assigned to other posts. Lieut. Col. Whipple assumed command at Fort Humboldt, where he established the headquarters of the Battalion.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Two Years' War.

A Raid near Trinidad.—Battle of Redwood Creek.—Scouting parties from the forts.—Death of Samuel Minor, Joseph Sumption and John McNutt.—The Trinity.—Sandy Bar.—Capt. Miller's Defeat.—The Willow Creek Fight.—Position of the Mountaineers.

A sensational scene interrupted the monotony of life at Trinidad in June. The people, every minute expecting an army of savage warriors to sweep down upon the place like so many human vultures, in hot haste prepared for the worst. Some left for Union and Eureka; some barricaded their houses and prepared to fight; all anticipated that an attack would be made upon them. Their fear was caused by a raid of the enemy near the town. A band of Redwood warriors, coming unexpectedly into the settlement, drove the laborers away from the Trinidad saw-mill, robbed a house and burned it, went to the mouth of Little River and robbed and burned another house, and when they had secured enough booty to satisfy them, returned to the mountains from whence they came.

The Mountaineers were not inactive. They had

enough to do, when pack-trains had to be escorted across the mountains, houses had to be guarded, swiftly moving bands of savages had to be trailed over deserted hills and through dangerous cañons. The escorting of pack-trains was the most dangerous part of their work, and it was in the performance of this duty that a detachment of Co. C participated in a hard-fought battle on Redwood Creek, near Minor's Ranch—a fight that is recorded in local history as one of the most desperate encounters that occurred during the war. Manheim's pack-train of 35 mules, escorted by Lieut. Middleton and 18 men of Co. C, went from Union to Fort Gaston, on Monday, July 6th, with a load of flour; and on Tuesday morning, the 7th, they started on their return. In the evening the train camped on Redwood Creek, twenty miles from Fort Gaston and close to Minor's Ranch. Here Lieut. Middleton and two others left the train and pushed on to Union, the escort remaining with the train under command of Sergeant G. W. Day. The men were up early on the morning of the 8th. Their frugal meal was soon eaten and preparations were made for the homeward journey. The mules were driven up, and the packs were being placed on them, when the enemy opened fire from two sides of the camp, from the underbrush across the creek, and from a high bluff in the rear. The entire force of the whites at this time consisted of Sergeant Day and 17 men of Co. C, two men of Co. B, and two packers—22 in all. The Indians numbered at least 100, and they had the advantage in position, as well as profit-

ing by the confusion in the camp resulting from the surprise. The Indians, too, were well armed with guns. Not an arrow was sent into the camp, but a rain of bullets fell thick and fast. The fight had lasted three hours, half of the white force being disabled, when five of the Mountaineers climbed the bluff in the rear, dislodged the enemy and drove them across the creek. At noon the Indians reluctantly withdrew, carrying their dead and wounded from the field. How many Indians were killed could not be ascertained. The Mountaineers suffered severely. In their exposed position it would have been impossible to gain shelter, and contesting the fight bravely and stubbornly, as they did, added to the danger of their position. Two men were despatched to Fort Gaston for reinforcements, and Sergeant Day took account of his losses. Ten men, half of the number in camp, were wounded in the fight. The official list of the wounded prepared by Sergeant Day contained the names of Chas. L. Kell, Co. C, wounded in thigh and arm, dangerously; John Blum, Co. C, right lung and leg, dangerously; Wm. Taylor, Co. C, thigh, shoulder and hand, dangerously; Gilford Bridges, Co. C, ankle, severely; Andrew Foote, Co. B, thigh, slightly; George Robinson, Co. C, thigh and leg, slightly; Wm. Stevenson, Co. C, leg, slightly; Wm. Griffin, Co. C, cheek and arm, slightly; J. McMahan, Co. C, hand, slightly. Sergeant Day was also slightly wounded in the thigh. At 4 o'clock of Thursday morning Sergeant Hurst and 7 men of Co. B arrived and reinforced the tired and exhausted detachment,

and on Friday 10 men from Co. C arrived from Union. The wounded men could not be moved before their wounds were dressed. Three surgeons were summoned to the camp. When the surgeons considered their removal safe, the wounded were conveyed to Fort Humboldt. The fact that the fight was with men of Co. C, which was raised in Trinity county exclusively, and the further fact that great bravery had been exhibited by them, naturally elevated that Company at once to a high place in the estimation of the people. The battle could not be claimed as a victory, it is true, yet it had shown, in the beginning of a long conflict, the brave and determined character of the Mountaineer Battalion.

Reports from the scouting parties first sent out from the Forts were not of an encouraging nature. The scouts were energetic and persistent, yet the only practical result of their work was a knowledge that the Indians were trying to concentrate their forces. The exact locality of their base of operations was not determined, though it was understood to be somewhere in the Redwood Creek region. Some tribes were in the mountains at the head of Pilot Creek, where they were almost inaccessible, and where they might elude the vigilance of pursuers until hunger compelled them to seek the more open country of the foot-hills. Co. B sent out many small detachments for scouting purposes, who thoroughly explored the country in the vicinity of Fort Baker. Lieuts. Geer and Beckwith and Sergeant Bradford traveled over a large extent of country in the neighborhood of

Yager Creek and Larabee Valley, satisfying themselves that the enemy had moved to another locality.

The locality of the hostile tribes was not long concealed. It was brought to the attention of the citizens of Union, especially, in a manner which could inspire nothing but feelings of dread and dismay. The 3d of August was a day marked by excitement in Union fully equal to that which had reigned in Trinidad a few weeks before. The women and children were gathered in a fire-proof store for protection, the Arcata Guards turned out with their arms, citizens who did not belong to the Guards were armed with anything of which a weapon could be made, and every possible preparation was made to resist the general attack which all anticipated was soon to be made. It transpired, however, that a general attack had not been planned by the Indians; the sole cause of the excitement was the murder of a citizen in the suburbs of the village. The murder was atrocious and horrible, being committed by a few Redwood Indians, the victim being Samuel Minor, a logger of Union. Samuel and Isaac Minor, brothers, and Wesley Sumption were at work in the woods a few hundred yards from the village on the morning of August 3d. Isaac worked a little while and then returned to town: Samuel remained at his work in the woods, and Sumption, who was driving the team, left the logging camp with his third load at 11 o'clock. Sumption had driven away when he heard a shout back in the woods. Thinking that Minor had cut his foot, or that a tree had fallen on him, Sumption ran back to his assistance. A horrible scene was

revealed when he had passed the intervening trees. He saw Minor lying face downward on the ground; saw an Indian fix an arrow to his bow and drive it deep into Minor's prostrate form; and saw another Indian take Minor's ax and strike him a powerful blow on the head. Then the murderers left, and Sumption raised up his fallen comrade. His assailants had shot him first in the back, the deeds which Sumption witnessed being merely the superfluous exhibition of their ferocity. Minor was not dead, and in the house of his brother he lingered till half-past seven o'clock that evening. Capt. Miller, of Co. C, arrived that evening with a detachment of Mountaineers, and started in pursuit of the murderers, but it was impossible to follow their trail. Guards patrolled the streets of Union through the night following the murder, and Col. Whipple ordered Capt. Miller to send out scouting parties daily between Mad River and Freshwater Slough. That the deed was committed by a few—probably not more than four or five—did not lessen the probability that there was a large tribe in the immediate neighborhood of Union.

August and September brought desolation and death to the Trinity. That section of the vast mining region of the North was almost depopulated through the effects of the war. Every house in one of the most thickly-settled districts on the river, for a dis-

tance of twenty miles along the stream, was sacked and burned by the Indians. To make matters worse, a number of the tribes near Hoopa were at war among themselves, and were thus rendered more savagely ferocious than Nature had made them.

A wounded Indian arrived at Hoopa Valley from the upper country in the beginning of September, and represented to the citizens there that while he was staying at the house of a white man Redwood Indians attacked the place and killed the man and a woman, besides wounding him in the leg. A few days later the report was confirmed by a Chinaman who had passed near the blackened ruins of the house. Capt. Ousley, in command at Fort Gaston, detailed Corporal Underwood to the scene, with orders to bury the dead and pursue the Indians. Corporal Underwood ascertained that the burned dwelling had been inhabited by a man named Merrick and a woman who was known by the name of Madame Weaver, both of whom had been killed by the Indians. The charred remains of the man were lying in the ruins of the house where he had fallen. By his side were the fireproof parts of a rifle, a shot-gun and a Colt's revolver —evidence that the house had been bravely defended.

Following closely on the news of the attack at Merrick's house—so closely that the general excitement had no time to subside—came intelligence to military headquarters of other equally terrible deeds. News of any kind was apt to travel slowly along the Trinity or the Klamath; and even the startling intelligence of extraordinary Indian atrocities, when it reached the

populous settlements near the sea, was not apt to be of much service as a guide to military operations. But any extraordinary occurrence on the mail trail—the chief highway of trade and traffic to the mines—was usually reported to the trading posts within a day or two thereafter.

From Fort Gaston to Weaverville the mail was carried by Wallace Van Aernam, who, in times of danger, was escorted by a military guard. Van Aernam, escorted by Owen Washington and Wm. S. Terry, of Company C, left Hoopa Valley for Weaverville on the night of the 14th of September. At Sandy Bar, five miles below Taylor's Flat, they were fired on from the brush. Terry was shot through the body and fell from his mule. Washington, who was yet unhurt, dismounted, and attempted to raise Terrry from the ground. A second volley was fired from the brush. Washington was struck by two bullets, one in the thigh and one in the side. Perceiving that it would be certain death to remain, and that Terry had received a mortal wound, he remounted his own mule and escaped, going to Little Prairie, from whence he was carried to Cox's Bar. Van Aernam rode on after the first volley was fired, and Washington supposed that he had escaped, until, on the way to Little Prairie, he saw his mule on the trail riderless. Two days from that time a posse of citizens went from Cox's Bar to Sandy Bar, intending to find Terry's body and Van Aernam. Close to the trail, at the root of a projecting stump, one of the party picked up a slip of paper. On it was written, in a hurried but nervous hand:

Shot by Indians—back at the River—this morning
W S Van Aernam

Terry's body was where Washington had left it, and was mutilated almost beyond recognition. The flesh had been cut from the face ; a large knife, run directly through the neck, pinioned the head to the ground.

The disappearance of Van Aernam was explained by his note, but his fate was yet a mystery. He might have escaped to the settlements on foot, or he might be lying somewhere in the woods, perishing of hunger, if he lived at all ; and if dead, his body should be somewhere near Sandy Bar. The neighborhood was scoured for miles and miles, but no trace of Van Aernam was discovered. The mail bags were found, unopened, and saddle-bags that had been rifled of their contents. When the news reached Col. Whipple that Van Aernam had not been found, he ordered a detachment of fifteen men, accompanied by J. F. Denny, mail contractor, to go and search for him. Little hope was entertained that he would be found alive. Those who knew him regarded the note he left on the trail as only an evidence of his unflinching nerve strong in death. Three weeks after the fatal attack at Sandy Bar Mr. Denny found Van Aernam's dead body not far from where the note was picked up. His watch, pistol and money had been taken from him. His body had not been mutilated. That he was not found sooner must be attributed to the negligence or excitement of those who had previously searched for him. Owen Washington, who escaped to the settlements at Little

Prairie, died there of his wounds, at the house of a farmer.

People in the vicinity of Humboldt Bay did not confine their attention to the exciting news from the Trinity. They had incidents of the war at home to demand their greatest interest. The death of two citizens occurred soon after Minor was killed. One, Joseph Sumption, who saw Minor killed, was shot near the same spot on the 23d of August, and in the same manner—the Indians firing from an ambush behind logs and trees. The other victim, John McNutt, was shot on the 2d of September while riding in the Mattole Valley.

Four full and efficient Companies, each containing eighty men of the Mountaineer Battalion, were now ready for action in the field, and the enrollment of two more Companies was progressing satisfactorily. Wm. C. Martin, of Union, received a commission as Captain of Co. C, and went up to Del Norte county for the purpose of recruiting his force. Col. Whipple disposed the four Companies in service to the best possible advantage. Fort Baker was abandoned, and Company A, Captain Long, was ordered to go into quarters at Iaqua, between Kneeland's Prairie and the head of Yager Creek. Captain Ousley was relieved from Fort Gaston and ordered to the field, that post being assigned to Major Taylor's command from Siskiyou. Co. C, Capt. Miller, guarded the Trinity border, and

Co. E, Capt. Simpson, was posted along the mail route on the Northern boundary of Mendocino.

Never had there been a week of greater excitement in Hoopa Valley than the first week in September. An Indian charged with several murders was arrested by Lieut. Hempfield on Willow Creek, and search was made for two other Hoopa Indians suspected of having been implicated in the killing of Merrick and Madame Weaver. It was ascertained that they were in the rancheria of the Ma-til-tins, the largest and most powerful of the peaceable tribes in the Valley, situated one mile from Fort Gaston. Lieut. Hempfield and three men were sent to arrest the Indians and take them to the Fort. The Ma-til-tins refused to give up the culprits. Major Taylor and several citizens went to the rancheria and demanded the murderers. The Ma-til-tins again refused to surrender them. Major Taylor then told the leading Indians that if the murderers were not given up in three days he would attack the rancheria and destroy it. Returning to the Fort, preparations were made to guard against the possible resistance of other tribes that professed to be peaceable, and detachments were posted in available positions to watch the movements of the Ma-til-tins. A warning was sent out to all the friendly tribes to remain in their own rancherias for twenty days. Women and children of white families living in the Val-

ley were given accommodations in the garrison. The three days' notice expired and the murderers were still in the Ma-til-tin Rancheria. On the night of the third day Capt. Ousley left the Fort with twenty men, passing to the Eastward, over the summit of Trinity Mountain, so as to flank the rancheria on the East side. On the morning of the expiration of the notice Lieut. Hempfield with twenty-five men made a circuit to the Westward and approached the rancheria from that quarter. In the meantime Sergeant Hurst with another detachment had taken a position below the rancheria, while Major Taylor, with one cannon and a detachment of artillerymen, passed up the West bank of the Trinity. The rancheria was completely invested from all sides. Major Taylor waited quietly for several hours, when the Indians, seeing that he was disposing his forces in fighting trim, as quietly surrendered. One hundred and fifteen prisoners were taken and escorted to a position under the guns of the Fort, where they were allowed to remain.

The easy victory, achieved without fighting, gained by Major Taylor was offset by the disastrous defeat of Capt. Miller and a detachment of sixteen men of Co. C, in November. Miller was returning to Fort Gaston from Weaverville. Passing through a field five miles above the mouth of the South Fork of Trinity, a skirmish was had and two Indians were killed. The others retreated, and were seen no more until the detachment was crossing the South Fork, when the Indians in their turn made an attack from the hillside commanding the crossing. Two men were wound-

ed while in the stream. Miller urged his men across, and in extricating them from their exposed position several mules were lost, three, loaded with the camp equipage, provisions and the U. S. mail, falling into the hands of the Indians. The attack was so sudden, and his position so exposed to the fire of the enemy, that Capt. Miller appears to have been well satisfied to escape with his detachment at the expense of the mules and stores and with two men wounded.

Capt. Ousley commanded a detachment from Fort Gaston which was immediately dispatched in pursuit of the Indians who had defeated Miller. After a long scout with 15 men, in which he recovered the U. S. mail lost by Miller, Capt. Ousley camped at the mouth of Willow Creek, November 16th, intending to return to the fort within two or three days. The provisions being nearly exhausted, two of the men—privates Buckman and Johnson—went up the creek in search of game on the morning of the 17th. Capt. Ousley and 4 men, scouting near the camp, followed a fresh trail that led up a rocky ridge. They were still near the camp when they heard firing on the creek below them. Ousley hastened in the direction of the firing and saw Buckman and Johnson defending themselves against an attack of the enemy. Ordering the whole force of 13 men to join him, he started to the assistance of the two men, from the camp, but had not reached them when another party of Indians appeared and the fight became general. Capt. Ousley was wounded in the leg, Johnson was struck in the breast, and another man was wounded in the thigh, the last two being so

severely hurt that they could no longer participate in the fight and were carried to the camp. The loss of these, and of two others who were detailed to their protection, reduced the force to 12, who gallantly maintained their position. Once Capt. Ousley attempted to gain the shelter of a group of trees, but on nearing it a warm reception was given by Indians concealed there. Capt. Ousley was compelled to resume his former position, which he held until the close of the fight. His little detachment, opposed by 40 Indians armed with guns, fought bravely for eight hours. Their position was exposed, the foe dodging from tree to tree and hiding in the brush; yet they stood their ground through all the fight, some escaping miraculously from menacing death. Corporal Underwood had the charger shot from his powder flask; private Adams had the stock of his gun shattered; a ball struck one of private Nichol's shoes, tearing off part of the sole and grazing the skin; another man received a ball through the leg of one boot. After fighting eight hours the Indians withdrew, carrying away of their number 7 dead and 10 wounded. Capt. Ousley's total loss was 3 wounded. The Indians were from the South Fork of Trinity and from Redwood tribes.

While the Mountaineers were getting in position for Winter quarters there went down to General Wright several petitions from Trinity county asking that additional troops be sent to the Humboldt District. The petitioners were represented by Governor Stanford, Col. Whipple, A. Wiley, and Senator Jones of Trinity, who had a personal interview with Gen. Wright, stat-

ing very explicitly the necessity for sending more troops to the District. The General agreed to send two Companies of the 2d Regiment, California Volunteers; and in December the two Companies arrived at Fort Humboldt, and were assigned to garrison and scouting duty in the vicinity of Humboldt Bay.

Latest intelligence from Fort Gaston induced the belief that some of the Hoopa Valley tribes were preparing for a desperate struggle. The citizens of Hoopa Valley and the troops at the fort were given notice to leave, the Indians declaring that they would wage relentless war upon them. The hostile tribes really represented only a small part of the native population of the Hoopa country. There were many strong tribes and rancherias that could not be induced to go to war with the whites. Yet the hostile tribes were sufficiently numerous to create a lively apprehension of their power and designs. Major Taylor exerted his full authority and capacity to afford protection to the settlers, and before the end of the year they were all under the guarding guns of the fort.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Two Years' War.

Shelling a Log Fort at Bald Mountain and escape of the Indians.—Concentration of Troops.—Disastrous raid in the Salmon River Country.—"Big Jim's" Band.—"Ceonaltin John."—Sheriff Brown's Independent Company.—A resolution in the Legislature.—Reinforcements.

A remarkable engagement occurred in the month of December at Bald Mountain, five miles from Angel's Ranch and one mile south of the old trail leading from Union to the Trinity River,—an engagement which was remarkable for its character in an Indian country, for the fact that it developed into a genuine siege, for the nature of the assault and the defense, for the adroit manner in which the besieged escaped the besiegers, and for the criticism and comment it originated. The Indians had constructed a log fort, enclosing a spring of water, so arranged as to command the approaches from every direction. There were four log houses, pierced with loop-holes, and situated in the center of a small prairie, surrounded by hills covered with heavy timber, on the flank of Bald Mountain. On the South was a deep ditch or gulch, impassible

to those who did not know the ground. Col. Whipple, who was at Fort Gaston, ordered Lieut. Middleton to take thirty-five men and attack the Indian fort. Lieut. Middleton arrived on the ground on Christmas morning, and without delay the attack was commenced. The Indians had a clean sweep of the little prairie from their port-holes, for which reason it was not considered advisable to attempt to storm the fortress with the small force under Lieut. Middleton. The fighting was confined to shooting from the shelter of the woods, a brisk fire being maintained from the fort. For two hours this preliminary engagement lasted, one of Middleton's men belonging to Co. C being wounded. Middleton then withdrew his command out of range and sent for reinforcements. At half-past 8 o'clock on the evening of the 25th Capt. Ousley and fifteen men of Co. B left Fort Gaston for Bald Mountain, arriving at the scene of the fight before sunrise on the 26th. Lieut. Middleton was not there, nor was his command anywhere within sight. Capt. Ousley, ignorant of Middleton's whereabouts, and unwilling to attack the fort with fifteen men, fell back and remained inactive until 11 o'clock, when he was joined by Lieut. Beckwith and 24 men of Co. A, and by Lieut. Hale and 15 men of Co. B. The latter also brought a howitzer and shells from Fort Gaston. The inferior officers informed Capt. Ousley that they had seen Indians on the road, which induced him to begin the attack that day, instead of waiting another day for Middleton's detachment to return—because he was confident that as soon as the Indians learned of the arrival

of the howitzer they would quit their position. The first shot was fired at half-past twelve o'clock. Lieut. Beckwith was on the right with 24 men, Lieut. Hale in the center with 20 men, and 10 men operated the howitzer on the left, making a total of 54 as the number of the attacking force. At 4 o'clock the amunition for the howitzer was exhausted, and as he had no axes, without which the fort could not be successfully stormed, Capt. Ousley prudently withdrew and camped for the night. The Indians were still in possession of the fort and had shown no disposition to yield. The second day's fight had accomplished no more than the first. The fort had been considerably damaged by shells from the howitzer, but its strength had not been materially diminished. The vigorous fire from the port-holes had not slackened, nor had the whites succeeded in killing many of the Indians. One man of Co. B was wounded. At five o'clock 10 men from Lieut. Middleton's command arrived from a place where he had camped on Bald Mountain. As darkness gathered Capt. Ousley posted a strong picket all around the fort, with instructions to give warning of any suspicious movement by the Indians or any attempt to leave their strong-hold. The sun rose on the third day of the siege, the first Sunday after Christmas. There was silence at the fort. Not a sound issued from its port-holes, not a flash or a whistling bullet, no movement of any kind gave sign or token of the presence of a savage foe within. The silence was easily explained. The Indians were gone. Right through the ranks of the surrounding pickets they

had passed, amid the darkness and the shadows of the night. Three hundred sturdy warriors, who might have been captured or killed, were once more on the war-path, leaving their fort to be destroyed, but leaving in it nothing of value to the whites.

No one could fix the blame for the failure at Bald Mountain upon any particular officer or man; but the severe criticism on the affair, and the harsh censure of all who might have been derelict in duty or incapable in management, were quite sufficient to demonstrate the depth of indignation which pervaded the community. The censure and criticism provoked a letter from Capt. Ousley to J. E. Wyman, of Eureka, in which he stated that if anybody was to blame he alone was the man; that there was no way to prevent the escape of the Indians, because the fort was surrounded by tall grass through which it was easy for them to crawl out unperceived; and that having tried to do his duty faithfully he had no apologies to make for the unfortunate occurrence. Here the discussion ended, and with it the criticism and the censure. Capt. Ousley was respected as a brave and conscientious and diligent officer; and as he had voluntarily assumed the full blame for the Bald Mountain failure, the people were readily inclined to the opinion that the affair was one of the unforeseen accidents of war which cannot be prevented and for which no one should be uncharitably condemned.

It was Col. Whipple's policy to concentrate his troops at Hoopa, in January, 1864, as many as could be spared from the military posts, transient or permanent, in the District. The available force at Fort Gaston was increased to 350 men, the garrison being reinforced by a part of Co. D under Lieut. Herrick, a part of Co. A, and all of Captain Pico's Cavalry Company of Native Californians.

It was well that the concentration of troops was made so soon, for hostilities were commenced by the Indians in a locality which had been comparatively tranquil and secure in the preceding stages of the war. The field of operations was suddenly extended to the South Fork of Salmon River. A raid was made on the settlements there by Hoopa Indians, who destroyed property and killed and wounded many people. Six white men were known to have been killed, and a large number of Chinese miners. Two stores were robbed and destroyed, from which much ammunition was carried away. The Indians who made the raid were divided into three bands—one headed by "Big Jim," one by "Ceonaltin John," and one by "Handsome Billy." These notables of their tribe knew the country thoroughly, were thoroughly acquainted with the white settlements and the Indian retreats, and so great was their influence that they were reputed to control all but one of the Redwood tribes, notwithstanding their own relationship with the Hoopas. The three bands contained 150 warriors, well armed, possessed of large stores of ammunition. Their raid on the South Salmon was unexpected and unprepared

for. Success to them was easy, because the settlers and miners were quietly pursuing their accustomed avocations at the time, unconscious of danger. When a realizing sense of their peril was felt by the miners, and preparations were made for defense, six white men had already met their death: John Teague, Robt. Roberts, Jesse Staleup, Geo. Brown, W. B. Teaters, and another known as Italian Frank. The miners gathered at Salmon Bridge and fought through the greater part of Saturday and Sunday, January 16th and 17th, and prevented the passage of the bridge. In this fight John Teague was killed. When intelligence of the raid was received at Fort Gaston two detachments were ordered out under Capt. Ousley, Co. B, and Lieut. Middleton, Co. C, with instructions to intercept the Indians on their return to Hoopa Valley; but they failed to accomplish the object for which they were sent, the three leaders of the enemy being so much better acquainted with the country that they easily avoided the troops and reached the Valley by a secret trail. In the Valley, late at night, two detachments, under Lieuts. Middleton and Hempfield, crossed the Trinity River with the intention of surprising "Big Jim" in his camp. Spies who were watching their movements betrayed them, and when they had surrounded the camp they were chagrined to find in it nobody but a few women and children. "Big Jim" and his band had escaped on the first intimation of their approach.

There was great activity at Fort Gaston. Scouting parties were sent out daily and nightly. Capt. Ousley,

with twenty men of Co. B, established a post on Redwood Creek. An Independent Volunteer Company, containing 50 miners from Salmon River and Orleans Bar, together with twenty friendly Indians of the Klamath and Salmon tribes, arrived at the Fort under command of the Sheriff of Klamath county, T. M. Brown. Capt. Baird's Company, raised in Siskiyou county, was daily expected to report for duty.

On the 29th of January one of Capt. Pico's men was shot and mortally wounded by Indians concealed in the Ceonaltin Rancheria, from which all the able-bodied males were supposed to be absent. Nearly all the Ceonaltins were out under their leader, "Ceonaltin John," and Lieut. Herrick, with a detachment of Co. C, was sent in pursuit of them. As usual, the Indians escaped under cover of the brush-clad ravines. The tribe having escaped, a few days later the rancheria of the Ceonaltins was destroyed by fire. It had been a nest of vipers. "Ceonaltin John," from whom it derived its name, was the leading spirit in the uprising of the Hoopa and Redwood tribes, and he was the most daring and intelligent, the bravest and shrewdest of all leaders of his race in Northern California. It was believed in many quarters that he had been the leader of the band that carried destruction to the homes of Bates, Daby and Muhlberg, and he was also reported to have been engaged in a majority of the desperate fights on Redwood Creek since the settlement of the country by the whites.

During the time that the raid on the Salmon was attracting public notice the Representative in the

State Legislature from Humboldt county, A. Wiley, introduced a resolution expressing the conviction that reinforcements of troops were urgently needed to subdue the Indian war in the Northwest. In his preamble he stated that the war then progressing in the Northern counties was far more extensive in its results than people in other parts of the State understood or suspected; that 1,500 armed warriors were in the field against the whites; that in a few years past there had been three score of citizens murdered and many homes reduced to dust and ashes; that the hostile tribes were constantly adding to their supply of arms and ammunition by murder and robbery, and were inciting peaceable tribes to rebellion. A long debate was had on the resolution. Some of the members from towns on the plains and from the extreme South were disposed to doubt the truth of reports concerning the gravity of the war; and others, of the class of sentimental philanthropists, were disposed to view the trouble as an incident of oppression by the whites. So indisputable and clear was the proof presented that even the scruples of the two classes named were overcome. The resolution requesting the Governor to send more troops to the Humboldt Military District was passed with only one dissenting vote.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Two Years' War.

More Troops.—Change of Commanders.—Attack on J. M. Dyer's house.—The Mattole country.—Movements of the Mountaineers.—White Thorn Valley.—Snyder's Ranch.—Humboldt Ridge.—Booth's Run.

Having passed both Houses, the resolution asking for more troops for the Humboldt District went to the Governor, and the latter, conferring with Gen. Wright, brought the question to an issue. Whatever General Wright's opinion may have been about a so-called "implied censure" of the military authorities contained in the resolution, his action did not manifest any feeling of wounded pride or spiteful antipathy. Promptly agreeing that it would be best to send more troops to the scene of the Indian hostilities, he wrote an official letter to Mr. Wiley, stating that he would send Col. Black with 250 men to take the field and make a vigorous campaign. He would make a change of commanders, giving Col. Black command of the Humboldt District. He had no fault to find with Col. Whipple, who had been active, zealous and energetic: inasmuch as he was sending a large force of the 6th Infantry he

deemed it proper to give the command of the District to Col. Black.

Col. Black and staff, and Companies C, E and G, 6th Regiment. California Volunteers, arrived at Fort Humboldt from San Francisco on Wednesday, February 17th, and on the very same day there was a call for their services.

An attack was made on the house of J. M. Dyer, near Union, by forty or fifty Indians, only Mrs. Dyer and a hired man being on the place. Mr. Dyer was in Union. The hired man was plowing in a field between the house and the bay at the time when the Indians appeared, which was about 11 o'clock in the morning. He was shot at several times and wounded in the arm. Seeing that the Indians were between him and the house, he turned and ran towards the bay. Four of the Indians pursued him, firing as they ran. His heavy shoes were clogged with mud from the plowed ground and his pursuers gained on him. He knew that they would overtake him if he did not throw off his impeding shoes. This he could not do without cutting the strings which tied them to his feet. Stopping short, and turning toward his pursuers, he drew a sheath-knife from its scabbard. The Indians thought the knife was a pistol, stopped, and dodged out of the way. Their intended victim took advantage of their mistake, quickly cut the strings and kicked the shoes from his feet, resumed his flight, and escaped. Mrs. Dyer, hearing the shots and divining their origin, fled from the house, taking the precaution to hide a gun in a feather bed so that it might not be carried away

and used against the whites. The Indians completely pillaged the house, turned over the beds and found the hidden gun, took every article of clothing, opened grain sacks and scattered the contents on the ground, and ended their work by setting fire to the building. By this time Union was aroused and citizens were hastening to the scene, a messenger being sent to Fort Humboldt for assistance. The Indians were gone when the citizens arrived, and they were able by hard work to extinguish the flames and save the building. Three hours after Col. Black's troops arrived at Fort Humboldt the messenger from Union stated his mission. A detachment of 65 men of Co. C, C. V., under Capt. Bulkeley, started across the bay within fifteen minutes thereafter.

While Northern Humboldt and the counties of Trinity and Klamath were the scenes of the notable events of the war, and while public attention was generally directed to them, events of a serious character were transpiring in the Southern part of the county, on the Mattole. The protection afforded to settlers in the Mattole country, either by Volunteers or Regulars, had always been spasmodic and inefficient, and it was scarcely more efficient now than it had been in former years. Destruction of life and property was scarcely less frequent.

Two settlers, P. Mackey and Thos. Lambert, were attacked on the morning of the 23d of February. They

were returning from the fields to their house, were a-foot and armed only with their revolvers. They had got within half a mile of the house and were fired on from behind, Lambert being struck in the back and head, falling and instantly expiring. Mackey escaped to the house.

Following a precedent which had been established by the people of the Southern country years before, the settlers of the Mattole assembled together in mass meeting, when the two months which had elapsed after the killing of Lambert demonstrated anew the critical condition of the settlement and the inadequacy of military protection. The meeting was a reproduction of others that had preceded it, with the addition of fresher and newer details of destruction. A few years before, it was said, the settlements of Upper and Lower Mattole were thriving and populous: a large proportion of the inhabitants were of a permanent class who had acquired homes and built houses. The desolating Indian war had been destructive of all growth and prosperity. The settlers, many of whom were stock-raisers, had been compelled to drive their stock away and abandon their ranges, and many had fallen victims to savage ferocity. A preamble and resolutions, detailing at great length the difficulties and dangers by which they were surrounded, were adopted by the settlers, and one of their number, M. J. Conkling, was delegated to interview Col. Black and ask for military protection of some kind.

Mr. Conkling, in pursuance of the duty imposed on him, had an interview with Col. Black, and that officer

was prompt to assure the citizens of Mattole, through him, that he would grant their request at the earliest practicable moment.

Upon the surface, the result of the Spring campaign of 1864 was not satisfactory; but to those who looked beneath the surface it was apparent that the Indians were losing ground. The best way to terminate an Indian war was to keep the Indians moving, and this the Mountaineers, assisted by the California Volunteers, were doing. The succession of fights and scouts and skirmishes kept the hostile tribes moving from one rancheria to another, from one camp to another, and gave them no time to recuperate their forces or provisions.

The record of the Mountaineers was creditable. Lieut. Frazer, Co. E, was stationed at Upper Mattole with twelve men. In February he was on a scout in White Thorn Valley, twenty-five miles from the Upper Mattole, and here he killed, in a series of attacks on rancherias, fourteen hostile Indians, besides taking twenty-one prisoners. The expedition to the White Thorn, small as it was, did much to relieve the settlers of the Mattole from the depredations of the band of roving savages who killed McNutt and Lambert.

In other localities where the war raged fiercest there was hard fighting and loss of life—fighting that was not remarkable for numerical strength of contending

forces, but whose result was as important to Northern California as the issue of conflicts of mighty hosts at the South was to the Union. The two years' war was unquestionably a war for supremacy between the two races then inhabiting the country.

On the Salmon River there was severe fighting with Trinity Indians by detachments of Mountaineers under Lieuts. Randall and Middleton, several soldiers and many Indians being killed.

Snyder's Ranch, situated on a ridge between Mad River and Redwood Creek, was the scene of a fight on the 2d of March. Scouts from a detachment under Lieut. Geer, Co. A, located a camp of the hostiles on the evening of the 1st, and returning to their own camp reported to their commanding officer. Before daylight on the 2d the detachment was disposed at a convenient distance from the camp of the enemy, who had chosen ground with discretion, the broken ridges, deep gulches and thick chaparral forming natural advantages which were sure to be appreciated by savage warriors. At daylight the attack was made. The Indians stood their ground for several minutes, then broke and fled, leaving three of their dead and five prisoners with the whites. One of the Mountaineers received a severe wound in the leg, the shot fracturing and breaking the bones. A considerable amount of clothing and blankets was captured, and one gun. After the fight Lieut. Geer returned to his camp. Guards were posted on the night of the 2d and orders were given that no one should leave the camp. On the morning of the 3d private Wilson left the camp,

alone, saying that he intended to kill a deer. He had not been gone five minutes when the guards heard two shots in the direction he had taken. Lieut. Geer could not believe that the two shots had been fired by Wilson so near the camp. A number of men were sent out to reconnoitre. Three hundred yards from the sentry they found their comrade on the ground, dead, having been shot twice by ambushed Indians. The reconnoitreing party were fired at when they approached the body, but none were struck. Lieut. Geer was untiring and zealous in pursuit of the Indians, yet the wild and broken character of the country, its impenetrable forests, and chaparral-covered hills, and dangerous cañons, all were against him and favorable to an enemy whose acquaintance with the country was the growth of an intimacy dating from birth.

Two months passed before Lieut. Geer could strike a blow to avenge his loss at Snyder's Ranch. On the 1st of May he, in company with Lieut. Taylor of Co. E, C. V., with a detachment of seventeen men, followed a trail on Humboldt Ridge, near the headwaters of Elk River. Two mules had been taken from camp to pack the blankets and supplies. When the fresh trail was seen Lieut. Geer detailed privates Perry and Mills, of Co. E, to drive the mules back on the trail they had come and intercept the Government train under Hugh Hamilton, which was then on its way to Iaqua, giving them instructions to return to camp when they had delivered the animals to Hamilton. Geer and Taylor followed the fresh trail and on the night of the same day they saw the fires of the Indian

camp. Next morning the camp was captured, and in the fight six of the enemy were killed and five prisoners taken. The two men who had started for the Government train with the mules did not fare so well. As they approached the locality known as Booth's Run, a deep cañon forming the outlet of Winter streams, they saw the train on the opposite side. As they attempted to cross the cañon Mills was shot and killed and Perry was wounded. The latter escaped, reaching Lieut. Geer's camp after having wandered over the country, demented and bewildered, for two days and nights.

In May occurred the death of Corporal J. D. Barnes, of Co. B, C. M., who was attacked at Kneeland's Prairie by seven Indians and a white man. He was alone. The first shot fractured his right arm, causing him to drop his gun. Another shot gave him a mortal wound. Clinging to his saddle, he rode four miles to Company headquarters, where he died in three hours.

The loss of life among the whites had indeed been terrible since the beginning of the year, yet valuable results had been accomplished. Many Indian warriors had been killed and many more captured and sent to Fort Humboldt. Tribes and families, aggregating 175 in number of individuals, surrendered themselves voluntarily to Capt. Hull at Fort Bragg, and an equal number were captured by detachments in the field. The large surrender to Capt. Hull was probably induced by a very successful raid which he had made on the Indians in the vicinity of his camp in April—a raid in which 25 warriors were killed, 15 prisoners taken, and a number of rancherias destroyed.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Two Years' War.

Military Affairs.—Another Change of Commanders.—Operations in the field.—Lieuts. Frazer and Geer.—Richard Johnson's Daughter.—Alfred Varian.

In July military circles experienced another change. Col. Black, who had been assigned to the command of the Humboldt District, was ordered by Secretary Stanton to report at West Point, New York, and Lieut.-Col. Whipple, of the Mountaineers, was reinstated in the command of the District.

Col. Black had been in command of the District a few months only. His character as an officer in an Indian country had not been fully developed. His actions had been energetic and full of promise, to say the least, and a generous testimonial presented to him by the enlisted men of his regiment, on the eve of his departure for New York, may be considered as a spontaneous recognition of his merits as an officer and gentleman. Lieut.-Col. Whipple resumed the command of the District with ripened experience and unabated ardor.

Some changes were made in the disposition of

troops. Co. I, 2d Infantry, was ordered to the Peninsula opposite Bucksport, to guard prisoners prior to their removal to Reservations. Co. G, 6th Infantry, Capt. Cook, was transferred to Fort Humboldt from Iaqua. Co. C, 6th Infantry, Capt. Buckley, was ordered from Boynton's Prairie to Iaqua. Lieut. Geer, of Co. A, C. M., was ordered to relieve Lieut. Frazer, of Co. E, C. M., commanding the detachment of the Battalion stationed on the Mattole.

Movements in the field during the Summer months were principally confined to the operations of Lieuts. Frazer and Geer. To them had been assigned the duty of ridding the Mattole country of the marauding tribes that had made it desolate. Their work was accomplished with energy and success. On the morning of the 8th of July Lieut. Frazer destroyed a rancheria in the mountains, and on the 11th killed a notorious warrior of a daring tribe. Lieut. Geer was equally successful, scouting with ceaseless watchfulness, killing many desperate warriors and capturing many prisoners.

The favorable progress of the war and the gradual submission and capture of the hostile tribes was not unattended by incidents of sad import. Small bands of daring savages, their hands red with the blood of innocent victims, still colored with the horror of their deeds the current chronicles of the time.

Two events occurred—one in July and one in

August—which exhibited the depth of depravity to which the Indian race can descend. The first occurrence was in Eel River Valley, where a white girl, aged nine years, the daughter of Richard Johnson, and a domesticated Indian girl living with the same family, were attacked and cruelly wounded while picking blackberries in the woods. The Indian girl saw ten or twelve warriors in the wood and began to shout for help, when she was told by them that if she made any more noise they would kill her. She ran toward the house, half a mile distant, and was shot several times with arrows. Richard Johnson's daughter was overtaken, beaten on the head with stones, and left senseless. The Indian girl escaped to the house of Capt. Wasgatt and parties were soon out in search of her companion. The child was found on the following morning, having been in the woods, seriously wounded and exposed to the cold, for nearly ten hours. Though the wounds inflicted were not fatal, the affair was justly considered an act of brutality meriting the severest punishment that could be devised by avenging settlers.

The second occurrence was on the Klamath River —a murder which was never surpassed in the annals of border life for cold-blooded cruelty and devilish depravity. The victim, like those of the preceding outrage on Eel River Valley, was a child. The boy, Alfred Varian, seven years of age, lived with his guardian, L. Houghton, eight miles from Orleans Bar. One day he was missed from the house by a man who had been left on the place by Mr. Houghton, who was

away from home. A search of twenty-four hours' duration failed to reveal his whereabouts. T. M. Brown, Sheriff of Klamath county, Judge Carey and others, joined in the search with all the assistance they could give. Still no clue to the missing child. Suspicion rested on a young Indian who had started from Houghton's house with a letter to Orleans Bar. He had not delivered the letter nor had he returned to Houghton's. With commendable alacrity the friendly Indians in the neighborhood volunteered to arrest the suspected one and bring him to Houghton's place. They did so, and the young Indian, taken back to the scene of his crime, confessed that he had murdered the child. He led his captors to a gulch, two hundred yards from the house, where he had buried his little victim. Under a great pile of stones the body lay, crushed and mangled. The murderer exhibited the most stoical indifference, and even smiled on the little face upturned to the light, as if the boy were only sleeping, "after the fashion of the dead," and he had come to wake him to life again. Such heartless cruelty was enough to invoke the swiftest punishment known to the unwritten law of the mines; but the rough miners who gathered around the murdered and the murderer had enough respect for the law of the land to keep them from interfering with the Sheriff's prerogative. The murderer was placed in the Klamath county jail, to await the formalities of the law, and was afterwards executed on the scaffold for his crime.

CHAPTER XXXV.

END OF THE TWO YEARS' WAR.—PERMANENT PEACE ESTABLISHED.

All quiet on the Trinity and the Klamath.—Movements of Troops.—Prisoners on the Peninsula.—The Mountaineers mustered out. Promotions and appointments.—The Government's Indian policy and the Reservation System.—Early Reserves in the Humboldt District.—Col. McKee and his Eel River Scheme.—Robinson's "Bonanza."—Mendocino and Mattole.—The Hoopa Reservation.—The Mouth of the Klamath.—Permanent Peace.

The Winter of 1864–'65 witnessed the final extinction of Indian troubles in the Northwest. The vigorous policy pursued by Col. Whipple, and the unflagging efforts of the officers and men of his command, brought the two years' war to a successful close, and terminated forever the Indian depredations which had threatened the existence and prosperity of the white settlers. The result had not been accomplished without serious loss of life, but it was certainly better that lives should be lost in battle than in massacres and murders. The troops of the Mountaineer Battalion behaved nobly during their long service, and when they were mustered out the kind wishes of the community went with them.

The movements of the Mountaineers in 1865 were

directed to their prospective "mustering out" of service and to a quick completion of any needful work which yet remained to be done. In January Lieut. Middleton, Co. C, arrived at the Peninsula with a large number of prisoners, comprising the last of the hostiles in Trinity county. By their capture, it was said, Trinity county was cleared of all Indians who lived in rancherias and tribal relations, the few who remained being wandering and peaceful domesticated families, too few in number to be feared or avoided. The Klamath country was quiet and prosperous once more. The miners, unharassed by war, prepared for a profitable Summer's work. The trails were opened and the arteries of commerce pulsated with renewed life.

Gradually the last remnants of hostile tribes in Humboldt county were brought in and confined on the Peninsula. By the time orders were received to disband the Mountaineer Battalion the blessings of peace were experienced throughout the entire Northwest. That it would be a permanent peace there was little reason to doubt. The hostile tribes had been killed or captured, had been flooded by storms and driven by man, had been starved and beaten into absolute and final subjection. There was but one question to be decided, how to dispose of the large number of prisoners, and that was a question for the Government to decide. The Mountaineers had done their duty. They were ready to be honorably discharged.

Prior to the discharge of the Mountaineers several promotions were announced, both in the Battalion and in the other regiments of the Volunteers. In

the Battalion, Capt. C. W. Long was promoted to the rank of Major, and First Lieutenant K. N. Geer was promoted to a Captaincy. Major Wright, of the 6th C. V., was transferred to the 2d Regiment, and made a Lieutenant-Colonel. Capt. O'Brien, of the 2d, was promoted to be Major of the 6th Regiment, and Capt. Morton was promoted to a similar position in the 7th Regiment. After the discharge, in recognition of the value of his services, Lieut-Col. Whipple was awarded a commission as Brevet-Colonel, U. S. A.

An order for the discharge of the Mountaineer Battalion was received at Fort Humboldt in June, and on the 14th day of that month the men were mustered out of service.

Accompanying the order of discharge was a special order from the Headquarters of the Department of California commending the Volunteers, a copy of which is here given:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., July 7, 1865.

Special Orders No. 145.

The occasion of the mustering out of the United States service of the Battalion of Mountaineers, California Volunteer Infantry, is taken to commend them and their most worthy commander, Lieut.-Col S. G. Whipple, for the valuable services they and he have rendered the country in connection with the suppression of the Indian hostilities in the district of Humboldt. Far away from the great battles of the

East, with nothing of the excitement which the intense interest concentrated on these great events creates, this Battalion has undergone much privation and toil, and has discharged the arduous duty imposed on them readily, earnestly and successfully, and merits the thanks of the Department.

By command of Major-General McDowell.

R. C. DRUM,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

The services of the Battalion are appreciated by all who remember that twenty years have passed and the peace they established has not been broken, nor is there any apprehension that it ever will be. The Battalion was composed of men who had been for years residents and citizens of the counties of Del Norte, Klamath, Trinity, Siskiyou, Mendocino and Humboldt—men who were identified with the interests of the country—and the work they undertook was accomplished with the knowledge that the safety of their own homes depended upon the result. Not only were the enlisted men of the Battalion regarded with public favor, but the officers, as well, escaped the censure which seems a part of military glory and were held in high repute. The standing of the commanding officer, Col. S. G. Whipple, particularly with his inferior officers and the men of his command, can be derived from the correspondence that follows:

FORT GASTON, CAL., March 25th, 1865.

Sir: I have the honor to send you a slight testimonial of respect and esteem, in the shape of a writing desk, the operative and speculative efforts of your friends Thompson and Watson; the operative portion being the handiwork of the former, aided somewhat by the latter in speculation only.

It is not for its intrinsic value alone that it is sent, but that it may ever be a memento of the many obstacles overcome by a portion, at least, of those who, under a brave and skillful leader, have been instrumental in bringing to a successful issue a campaign fraught with vexation and danger; as a remembrance of pleasant hours spent while serving your country, in an organization that will soon be numbered among the things that were.

Neither the fir tree, nor the cypress, nor the cedar of Lebanon are added to enhance its value; but the yew of the forest, the laurel of the mountain, and the manzanita of the banks of the turbid Trinity are intermingled to form a curious and compact whole, the union of which, I trust, may be firm and enduring.

Hoping that it may be received with feelings of satisfaction, it is with pleasure I subscribe myself,

Most respectfully,

Your obedient friend and servant,

JOHN A. WATSON.

LIEUT.-COL. S. G. WHIPPLE,
1st Battalion Mountaineers, California Volunteers,
Commanding Humboldt Military District,
Fort Humboldt, California.

FORT HUMBOLDT, CAL., April 8th, 1865.

My dear Watson: Upon my return from San Franciso a few days ago, I was deeply gratified by the perusal of your polite and kind letter, which was accompanied by a writing desk, a present from you and Thomas Thompson of Company "B."

Not for the intrinsic value of the desk (though that is not inconsiderable) is it chiefly prized by me, but the spirit which prompted its construction and presentation, the cordial and hearty manner in which it is offered, the associations connected with the time and place of its manufacture, together with the fact that it is the gift of well-tried comrades and staunch friends when friends were needed—all conspire to render beyond money computation the worth of this artistic piece of workmanship. This present will always be treasured by me as among the most precious of my valuables.

Please accept for yourself, and kindly convey to Mr. Thompson, my grateful thanks for the souvenir.

Sincerely your friend,

S. G. WHIPPLE.

1st LIEUTENANT JOHN A. WATSON,
Fort Gaston.

The duty of the Battalion, while sustained and induced by the strongest of all earthly ties, was in itself of a purely military character—to hunt, fight, and subdue the hostile Indians. Having accomplished these things, their labors were ended. Whatever remained to be done to effect a complete and final adjustment

of Indian affairs in the Northwest must thenceforth devolve upon another and different arm of the Government. Whatever complications might thereafter grow out of the disposition of Indian prisoners or the location and condition of Indian Reservations could in no manner be attributed to any lesser power than the National Government and its officers.

Always ineffective, and always putrid with fraud, the Government's Indian policy had been, for many years, a legitimate subject of ridicule by pioneers. It may indeed be said that from its very inception the policy of the Government on Indian affairs was extremely weak, and in relation to the system of colonizing the Indians in the midst of white settlements was extremely ridiculous. The colonizing, or Reservation system, was inaugurated by Mr. Fillmore's Administration and continued in force by his successors. When Fillmore assumed the responsibilities of Government the Indian problem was yet to be experimented with. It had not passed beyond the first stage of experimental measures. But as Administration succeeded Administration, and the Reservation system exposed more and more of its inherent defects and corruption, it was not strange that the people became critical and sensitive. It was not strange that the inhabitants of border States denounced the system as an inducement to fraudulent practices and an utterly abortive provision

against Indian disturbances. It was strange that the system should have been continued by successive Adminstrations, and it is stranger that it is continued to the present day. Some ineffectual attempts have been made to remodel and remedy the procedure of the United States in the management of Indian affairs. Abraham Lincoln, with that comprehensive sympathy with all the real grievances of the people which ever characterized him, understood the defects of the Reservation system, and urged upon Congress the duty of revising and remedial legislation. Certain sentimentalists and certain interested Government contractors used all their influence to defeat wise legislation on the subject; and the consequence was that the measures finally passed rather tended to make the matter worse than it was before. No reform worthy of the name has ever been made in the Reservation system since Fillmore unwisely inaugurated it. To-day it is as weak in practice, as fraudulent in management, as inefficient in results, as it was when Congress disregarded Lincoln's wise advice.

Of all the counties in the State of California the five which composed the military district of Humboldt suffered most from the Government's Indian policy. When the State was admitted into the Union it was estimated that an aggregate of 65,000 Indians resided within the jurisdiction of the first Superintendent of Indian affairs for California, Col. Redick McKee. In 1857 there were six Reservations in the State, which were presumed—in Government official circles—to be supporting and civilizing 12,000 of the total of 65,000

Indians. The number of Reservations was not always the same. The estimate for 1857 was made by Col. Henley, then Superintendent, and it may have been colored by the gifted imagination of a zealous officer. Allowing for extraordinary zeal and lively imagination —a combination of faculties which was extremely liable to promote a slip of the tongue—we may safely conclude that the total number of Indians colonized and "civilized" in California never exceeded 10,000 at one time. As the number of Reservations was decreased or increased to suit the whim or convenience of different Superintendents, the number of Indians gathered under their paternal care was diminished or multiplied.

One of the first Reservations in the State was located in Humboldt county by Col. McKee—the same McKee who carried a ton of beads and trinkets to the Klamath River Indians, drew imaginary lines for a Reservation there, and never returned to complete the treaty so auspiciously made with the assistance of Robert Walker—and was situated at the mouth of Eel River. In the Summer of 1851, when Col. McKee visited the Northern tribes for the first time, he told them of the generosity of the Government, and extorted from them, by the magic influence of presents they could appreciate and speeches they could not understand, a promise to be "good Indians," and inhabit peacefully the homes the Great Father at Washington

might provide for them. Col. McKee was accompanied by a detachment of United States soldiers under Capt. Paul, from Benicia barracks, who established his camp at the head of the Bay. The Eel River Reservation had a nominal existence of several years, though, like all of Col. McKee's visible schemes, it never attained to more than a shadow among practical projects. Some preliminary correspondence relating to the scheme is of more than ordinary interest. It need not be read between the lines to convey an idea of the enormous and flagrant abuses which were perpetrated in the name of the Government. Prior to the establishment of the Eel River Reservation Col. McKee wrote:

CAMP UNION, Head of Humboldt Bay, Sept. 18, 1851.

To Messrs. E. H. Howard, Kennerly, Dobbins and N. Duperu, Humboldt Bay:

Gentlemen:—Finding it impossible, in the absence of interpreters, to communicate with the Indians on Eel River and this bay, and that in consequence no formal treaty can be made with them at this time, I have, nevertheless, in view of their destitute condition, concluded to set apart for their use a small district of country between the mouth of Eel River and Cape Mendocino, and make some little temporary provision for their support and improvement. A plot of the Reservation I left for you with Mr. Samuel Kelsey: and I have left with Mr. Charles A. Robinson, of Eel River, as the property of the United States, in trust, for the use of the Indians who may settle on the Reservation, besides some beef and hard bread,

three pair of fine, large, American oxen, and $140 in money to pay for three ox-yokes, three log chains, and a large prairie plow now building in this town. I have also ordered from Messrs. Long & McNiel, San Francisco, to care of E. H. Howard, for C. A. Robinson, as above, a half-dozen chopping axes and half a dozen corn hoes.

Mr. Robinson engages to fence in and break up and plant in potatoes, during this Fall and Winter, five or six acres of land in the Reservation, and, with the assistance of the Indians, make as large a crop as possible; all of which is to be for the use of the Indians who may be on the Reserve, or who may agree to remove to it.

I have entire confidence in Mr. Robinson doing all he has engaged to do, but as the whole community is interested in the object, I beg you to advise with him and render him any assistance in your power. Should any accident happen to him, rendering it impossible for Mr. R. to fulfil his engagements prior to the arrival of a regularly appointed Agent of the Government to superintend Indian affairs in this neighborhood, I hereby authorize you to take possession of the above Government property and preserve it until called for.

In the meantime it is understood that Mr. Robinson is to have the cattle, etc., for his own use and benefit after the above work shall be done for the Indians.

I am, with respect,

Your friend and ob't serv't,

REDICK MCKEE,

U. S. Indian Agent for California.

According to the standard of values at that time Robinson was virtually paid about $2,000 for breaking up and planting six acres of ground. Robinson had a "bonanza," and he was shrewd enough to know it. The gentlemen honored with the advisory powers implied in McKee's letter found their position a sinecure, there is reason to believe, but without even a chance to share in a division of the financial proceeds of the scheme. Robinson got the money and they got the glory. Robinson, with that freedom of action so truly characteristic of your free-born American citizen, conducted the Eel River Reservation for himself, by himself, and appropriated to himself all of the property of the Government held by him, without bonds, "in trust for the Indians." Pioneers who were personally acquainted with Col. McKee gave him the credit of being a philanthropic and conscientious man, and that he was moved by what he considered a principle of "higher law" to interpret in the broadest sense the letter of his authority, and to exceed his written authority when he thought the spirit of his mission demanded such extraordinary action. He relied too much on the honesty of others, and was too negligent of business methods, to be a safe executive officer in a responsible position, and his philanthropic sentimental views were totally at variance with any common-sense treatment of the Indians. At the time of his death he had a claim against the Indian Department of the Government, on account of money expended by himself and others in the prosecution of a misguided "civilizing" process, amounting to over $60,000. The claim was

preferred by himself, as Indian Agent, and under the head of "private relief bills" was on the Congressional calendar for twenty years. The claim was never allowed, and is as utterly forgotten now as the Eel River Reservation, or Col. McKee himself. When Robinson had appropriated the oxen, and the money, and the agricultural implements, the Reservation lost its vital power and lapsed into a merely nominal existence; and even this, after a brief period, was extinguished by time and improvement.

Another of the early Reservations was the Mendocino, fifty miles South of Cape Mendocino. For gross mismanagement and fraudulent practices the Mendocino Reservation should rank at the head of all Government failures. In connection with this Reservation a fraud was attempted in 1857–'58, which, if it had succeeded, would have robbed many worthy citizens of their homes. In the Summer of 1857 a report was circulated that the limits of the Reservation had been, or were about to be, extended to Bear River, Humboldt county. Col. Henley was Superintendent of Indian Affairs for California at that time. In answer to an inquiry on the actual or proposed limits of the Reservation the sub-Agent, H. S. Ford, replied, under date of July 25, 1857, that he had been informed by the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and also by Dr. Gwin, Senator for California, that Congress had "appropriated the land from the mouth of Bear River

to the mouth of the Noyo River three miles from the coast," for an Indian Reservation. Against this information the people of Bear River and Mattole rebelled as unreliable and unsatisfactory. They had received no official notice of the limits of the Reservation being extended so as to dispossess them of their homes, and they were not disposed to submit to such a scheme without interposing a most emphatic objection and remonstrance. They knew that Congress alone would have power to extend and locate the lines of the Reservation and they had received no notice of such action. Thoroughly convinced that there was a fraudulent design somewhere, a scheme to rob them of their homes, the citizens of Mattole and Bear River, and also a large number in other portions of Humboldt county, signed a remonstrance and sent it to J. W. Denver, Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington. The remonstrance represented that a Reservation of the extent reported would greatly injure the county of Humboldt, because it would appropriate for the use of the Indians nearly one-half of the coast line; that it would nearly ruin 60 or 70 settlers in the Bear River and Mattole Valleys, whose homes were but just established; and that such a Reservation would be unnecessarily large for the number of Indians in the vicinity. The remonstrance in conclusion urged upon the Commissioner the injustice of the whole proceeding, and asked him to use his influence to prevent an injurious extension of the limits of the Reservation, if such extension had not already been made. Not satisfied with a simple remonstrance, the citizens of Hum-

boldt county held a mass meeting at Eureka to consider the subject. A. J. Huestis was Chairman and H. W. Havens and L. K. Wood were Secretaries. H. W. Havens, of Union, James T. Ryan, of Eureka, Jonathan Clark, of Bucksport, Jesse Dungan, of Table Bluff, Wm. M. Taylor, of Eel River, S. Lewis Shaw, of Pacific, Cornelius Odell, of Bear River, and John Casard, of Mattole, were the Committee on Resolutions. The resolutions were similar in tone and spirit to the remonstrance, but the meeting went further, and authorized a representative, Thomas Swales, to present the subject more fully to the proper officials of the Government. Months passed before any satisfactory information was received from Washington Officials of the Mendocino Reservation, presuming to act with Government authority, studiously circulated the report that the Reservation included Bear River and Mattole Valley, and some private land was actually taken possession of in the name of the Government. Petitions and remonstrances burdened the mail to Washington; the most profound silence was maintained by the Superintendent for California; and seventy settlers of Bear River and Mattole were kept in a condition of constant fear.

The State Legislature took up the subject and discussed the fraud, but having no power of definite action in the premises, ended the matter by enacting, on the last day of the session of 1857, a sarcastic and amusing measure, "An Act declaratory and amendatory of certain other Acts," "and for the purposes of affording relief to other than State prisoners." Section

1 declared "that place commonly called Humboldt county" to be "an Indian Reservation of the second class." Section 2 provided: "The Indian Agents shall immediately take possession of said territory, and corral a certain Indian called 'Lo, the poor Indian,' and all the tribe under him, at or near the county seat, and there keep them in a comfortable condition under suitable shelter, and feed them upon the provisions of this Act." Section 3 provided: "The Indian Agents shall keep in full operation the saw-mills therein situated, for the purpose of manufacturing sawdust, upon which alone the said *ingens* shall be fed; *provided* that nothing in this section shall be so construed as to apply to 'John Brown's little ingen boy,' who is still young and unprotected."

As the Act was passed in the last hour as well as in the last day of the session, it was not engrossed as the law of the land.

The Indian Department at Washington was apprised, after many months had passed, of the action of local officials on the Mendocino Reservation, and of the fears of the settlers there; and either through a lack of diligence on the part of lobbyists, or because of a lack of courage on the part of local schemers, the project of dispossessing seventy settlers of their homes ended in abject failure.

Other frauds in connection with Indian Reservations in Mendocino county, of more recent date, have been attended with greater success. For instance, a special committee on Indian affairs was appointed by Congress in 1884, and a sub-committee was author-

ized to visit and inspect the Reservations in California. Senator Dawes, of the sub-committee, transmitted its official report to Congress in the present year (1885), and in that report it is stated that of the 102,000 acres of land embraced in the Round Valley Reservation, in Mendocino county, only 5,000 or 6,000 acres are occupied by the Indians. The Indians themselves are not self-supporting. The Agent buys 6,000 pounds of beef every year to feed them. This beef is purchased of men who enjoy the exclusive use of all but a very small portion of the Reservation. Cattle fattened on land belonging to the Indians are sold to the Agent on the Reservation to feed them White men, who pay nothing to the Government, who have no legal authority, occupy nearly 95,000 acres of the 102,000 acres constituting the Reservation, upon which they herd sheep and have erected fences. The names of the illegal white occupants of the Reservation, with the number of acres controlled by each, are contained in the report. The illegal holders of the principal tracts are: Henley Brothers and Gibson, 28,000 acres; J. G. Short, 18,500 acres; Jacob Updegraff, 11,000; D. Z. Johnson, 12,000 acres; and G. E. White, 7,600 acres. The economy with which the few remaining acres are devoted to the use of the Indians is illustrated in the fact that during twelve years prior to 1885 the Government paid out, on account of expense incurred by this Reservation, the immense sum of $241,000. The committee further report that the Indians on the Reservation are confined to a very small proportion of their lands; that the Agency

herds of cattle are reduced; that the buildings are out of repair; and that general demoralization prevails: all owing to the bad and fraudulent manner in which the Reservation is conducted.

Another striking example of the failure and injustice of the Reservation system is presented by a tract of country twenty miles long and two miles wide which extends up the Klamath River from its mouth. Col. S. G. Whipple, who located the Reservation in 1855, was actuated by what he considered the best policy under the circumstances that then existed; in reality the worst policy that has ever been pursued in any country with native tribes. The Reservation was practically a failure from the time of its location, and for ten years past it has been practically abandoned by the Government; yet it is a fact that the lands embraced in it are now withheld from actual settlement by white people. A territory rich in minerals and timber and fisheries, twenty miles long and two miles wide, is sacredly preserved to the use of less than 150 Indians. Citizens have represented the facts to the Indian Department, Congressmen have introduced bills, special and general, committees have made reports, yet the Reservation is effectually secured from white occupation by the idiotic provisions of a false and foolish system. We need not depart from official sources to derive information in regard to this Reser-

vation which will lead any fair mind to the conclusion that it is an imposition on the people and a fraud of the worst description. In 1880 a bill was introduced by Congressman Berry to declare the Reservation abandoned by the Government and open to settlement by citizens, and the Committee on Indian Affairs made a very exhaustive report in returning the bill to the House with a recommendation that it pass. They stated plainly that "the formation of this Reservation was exceedingly wrong and unjust to the public interests, as it rendered all the lands lying outside, opposite and adjoining the same comparatively valueless, as the water front on both banks was within the Reservation." From a mass of testimony brought before the Committee it appeared that after the destruction of the Indian settlements and the public property at the mouth of the river, by the freshet of 1861-'62, it was generally understood and believed that the Government had abandoned all claim to the lands embraced within the Reservation. As a result of such belief and understanding, citizens entered upon, occupied and improved certain portions of these lands, and many of them expended large sums of money and much labor in the erection of their homes. To dispel any doubts which might be entertained as to the rights of settlers on the Reservation, in the year 1874 the Hon. J. K. Luttrell applied to the Department of the Interior for information as to whether "the Klamath River Reservation was still held as such by the Government," and the reply he received was:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 27, 1874.

Sir:—In response to your verbal inquiry concerning the Klamath Indian Reservation in California, I will state that the Reservation in question, being described as a strip of country commencing at the coast of the Pacific Ocean and extending one mile in width on each side of the Klamath River, and up the same twenty miles, was approved by the President on the 16th of November, 1855, as one of the two Reservations for Indians in California authorized by a clause in the Indian Appropriation Act of March 3, 1855. (Stat. L., vol. 10, p. 699). In the year 1861 nearly all of the arable land was destroyed by a freshet, rendering the Reservation almost worthless, in view of which a new Reservation was established adjacent thereto by order of the Secretary of the Interior, dated May 3, 1862. This Reservation was known as the Smith's River Reservation, and was discontinued by a clause in the Indian Appropriation Act approved July 27, 1868 (Stat. L., vol. 15, p. 22). The Klamath Reservation has not been used for any public purpose since the freshet referred to, and the Department has no claim upon it.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

EDWARD SHUTER,
Commissioner.

HON. J. K. LUTTRELL,
House of Representatives.

This official communication, proceeding from an authorized agent of the Government, was relied upon as an official declaration that the Government had relinquished and abandoned all claim to the lands of the Reservation which had been conferred upon it by the act of March 3, 1855. It was confirmatory of what had been for years the general understanding and belief. Settlers on the abandoned Reservation rested in security. As natural to such an event, possessed with the idea that the title to their homes and the result of their labor would remain undisturbed, a fresh impetus was given to the improvement of farms, the building of houses, the establishment of fisheries, the erection of mills, and many other processes of development incident to the settlement of a new country. In the progress of this development the wants of the settlers called for mail facilities, and a post-office was established at the mouth of the Klamath River. The establishment of this office was another recognition on the part of the agents of the Government of the permanency of the white settlement and occupation.

In the year 1877 the Government re-asserted its rights on the Reservation. It was in evidence before the Committee on Indian Affairs that some time in the Spring of 1872 Lieut. James Halloran visited the Reservation and reported to the Government a condition of affairs which would lead to hostilities between the whites and Indians if the whites were not removed. This report of Lieut. Halloran was, through the War Department, laid before the Secretary of the Interior, and, in turn, he called upon the Secretary of War to

cause the settlers to be removed from the Klamath Reservation.

Acting upon an order from the War Department, Gen. Irwin McDowell, commanding the Department of the Pacific, on the 19th of October, 1877, ordered Capt. Parker to notify the settlers on the Reservation to leave immediately, and this order he executed by notifying fourteen persons to leave with their property, four of whom were admitted to be without the limits of the Reservation. These settlers earnestly protested against being forced to leave. Subsequently the order was modified, allowing them six months in which to abandon their homes. The settlers protested that they had lived there many years in the belief that they were on the public lands, and that such belief was strengthened by the universal impression that such was the fact, and that the Government had relinquished its claim, as evidenced by the letter of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs addressed to the Hon. J. K. Luttrell, Representative from California.

Under Gen. McDowell's order, however, the settlers were removed or driven off; and at the time of their removal it was in evidence before the Committee on Indian Affairs that the whole number of Indians, male and female, occupying the Reservation did not exceed 125. There was unimpeachable sworn testimony to establish this fact.

The concluding paragraphs of the report to Congress made by the Committee on Indian Affairs, to whom the bill for abandonment of the Klamath Reservation was referred, presents the situation in concise and explicit terms. The report says:

"Should this Committee admit the power of the President to establish permanent Reserves by executive order, there should be a protest entered against the manner in which that power was exercised in establishing the Klamath River Reservation. A reserve containing but forty square miles of territory, covering forty miles of water front, extending but one mile back from the river banks, is, to say the least, preposterous. This Reservation might as well extend ten or twenty miles back from the water, on each side of the river, as one mile, inasmuch as no one can or will settle on lands outside of the Reserve for its entire length, as they would be cut off from the river, which is the only and natural highway. The injustice which has been arbitrarily inflicted upon the settlers is at once apparent. To permit a few Indians to hold 40 sections of land, and thereby control over 400 sections is an injustice, if not an outrage, that should not for a moment be tolerated.

"It is clear that the Government exercised no control over the Klamath Reservation for a period of sixteen years; that settlers went upon lands in good faith, believing that the Government had abandoned the Reserve; that in 1874 the Commissioner of Indian Affairs declared officially that 'The Klamath Reservation has not been used for any public purpose since the freshet referred to, and the Department has no claim upon it.' These facts are to be considered in determining the relative rights of each race of settlers. While the Committee would not do an injustice to the Indian, they are at the same time unwilling to permit an out-

rage to be inflicted upon the white settlers who entered upon these lands in good faith, and under the sanction of the Government have made valuable improvements thereon. These white settlers are, in the opinion of the Committee, as much entitled to the protection of the Government as other good citizens who, by the power of the Government, are protected from an invasion of their rights and the destruction of their homes and property.

"There are other and conclusive arguments to be urged in favor of restoring these lands to the public domain. By the singular construction of this Reservation, as shown in this report, a large area of the public lands, embracing many thousands of acres of fertile lands, are practically withheld from settlement and improvement. The Klamath River is 300 miles in length, taking its source near the Oregon line. The stream is now navigable for 40 miles, and by a slight expense in the removal of rocks from the river bed would be navigable for 100 miles or more. The climate and the nature of the soil both combine to render the commercial values of this stream of great importance. It is asserted by competent authority that this section has no equal in California as a fruit and wine growing country. Along the entire length of the Klamath River, and especially within the Reserve in question, and back of it, are large bodies of the best timber in use, including redwood, yellow and white pine, and cedar. The natural highway to these immense values is the Klamath River, none of which can be appropriated to the uses and arts of civilization so long as the Reservation remains as such.

"If there be no use for this abandoned Reserve for the purposes originally intended, the Committee can see no valid reason why it should not be restored to the public domain. Entertaining this view, after an impartial and careful consideration of all the evidence submitted, the Committee are constrained to vote in favor of the measure, and they therefore return the bill to the House with the recommendation that it pass."

The bill did not pass. And successive sessions of Congress revived and discussed the subject, and got no further than the Committee on Indian Affairs; and at the present time (1885) there is no immediate prospect of the lands of the Reservation being restored to the public domain.

With the experience of their own times before them, it was natural that the people of Northwestern California should feel deeply interested in the disposition of the prisoners when their last Indian war was drawing to a close, triumphantly for them. What was to be done with the hundreds of prisoners confined on the Peninsula? Were they to be colonized and "civilized" on the Klamath or on the Mendocino Reservation, in the midst of the white settlements, near to their old haunts and their old homes; or were they to be sent away to some far-off abode where they would not be tempted to return and renew their war-

fare on the whites? This inquiry, in the Autumn and Winter of 1864, was uppermost in the public mind. It was soon answered in a way that sent new consternation and surprise to all minds and awakened old doubts and fears.

The office of Superintendent of Indian Affairs for California was rarely filled by any one man for any great length of time. A year or two, at most, seemed to satisfy the Government that a change was needed. Whether this fact was due to certain eccentricities of conduct, attributed to the various Superintendents, not in precise conformity with the moral code, or whether the Government desired to distribute its official favors so as to confer the greatest good upon the greatest number, cuts no figure in the case. It is sufficient for our purpose, in the pursuit of knowledge respecting Indian affairs twenty years ago, to be informed that, in the course of evolution attending the office, Austin Wiley, of Humboldt county, was invested with a little brief authority under the name of Superintendent of Indian Affairs for California.

Mr. Wiley had been a resident of Humboldt county since its permanent settlement by the whites. He knew the needs and the desires of the people, who thought they could trust him to use his influence with the Indian Department against the colonization in their midst of the Indian tribes. For several years manager of the leading newspaper in the county, he had been consistent in advocating the removal of the Indians to a residence far distant from their native homes. His opposition to the colonization system

existing in Northern California was represented in the columns of his paper as unflinching and unequivocal.

When it was learned that Mr. Wiley, as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, had determined to adopt a policy directly opposite to that which he had advocated so persistently as publisher, the surprise and consternation of the people may be imagined but not described. All through Humboldt county, all up and down the Klamath and Trinity, mass-meetings of the people were held, and resolutions adopted, strongly condemning the proposed colonization of the hostile tribes in Northern California. The dangers of the system were recounted; the liability of the Indians to return to their rancherias and resume the war-path; and Superintendent Wiley was urged not to be a party to a scheme which he knew would be detrimental and might be ruinous. The Superintendent was so directly implicated in the controversy that he could do no less than defend himself. He replied, in a published letter, that he was not to blame; that he was expected to carry out the designs of the Government; that if the Government designed to colonize the Indians, he could not be individually responsible, even though he appeared to act contrary to his own feelings and opinions; and that he had endeavored to have the Indians removed to some point South of San Francisco, but had failed.

To follow the controversy through all its phases would be neither pleasant nor instructive. It ended in disappointment to the people. Superintendent Wiley carried out the policy of the Government to the very

letter. A new Reservation was located in the Humboldt District, in the heart of the Indian country.

By virtue of the power vested in him by an Act of Congress, passed April 8, 1864, Superintendent Wiley located for an Indian Reservation the whole of Hoopa Valley, perfecting the location and taking possession in February, 1865. A Commission was appointed to appraise the improvements of the settlers in the Valley and their lands were possessed by the Government. Two thousand Indians were gathered within the limits of the Hoopa Reservation.

The unsatisfactory settlement of the Hoopa controversy may be entitled the last act in the closing scene of Indian troubles in the Northwest. The fears renewed by the location of the Reservation were fortunately destined to be unfulfilled. In an earlier period of white occupation the country would undoubtedly have been plunged again into the horrors of Indian warfare. The contiguity of the captured hostiles to their former homes would have been a resistless temptation which they could not have withstood. But the white population had now increased until it outnumbered the Indians two to one. The tribes that formerly were most noted for hostility and numerical strength had become weak and powerless. Their strength was exhausted and their spirit broken. Henceforth, wherever the remnants of hostile tribes might be gathered,

the whites would be numerous enough and powerful enough to awe them into submission. The end of the Two Years' War was the beginning of permanent peace between the two races in the Northwest, a peace that was to endure unbroken through all the years of the future.

[THE END.]

APPENDIX.

THE NORTHWEST AS IT IS—HUMBOLDT, DEL NORTE, TRINITY.

Having witnessed the earliest voyages of discovery by sea and land on the Northwest coast of California, and followed the adventurers through the perils and conquests of location and settlement; having seen the development of a country and the growth of towns; having passed in review the Indian wars and difficulties—having, in fact, seen the country as it was, the story would not be complete did we not see it as it is. The Northwest—particularly the three counties of Humboldt, Trinity and Del Norte—has been sadly ignored by the tourist and the capitalist. The wealth of the country has been produced in it, and its rich men have grown from poverty to affluence there; the beautiful and rich offerings of its natural scenes have seldom received inspection from any but its own inhabitants. This has been the truth of the past, albeit

the enterprise of the present is extending the possibilities and fame of a long-neglected region. It will be not only interesting, but advisable and proper, to append to the preceding volume a brief account of the natural features and resources, the social and industrial status, of the three counties which comprise the territory to which it relates.*

Separated by one little county from the Oregon line are the forests and mountains, the rivers and bays of Humboldt. Isolated and inacessible by cheap and easy means of transportation, Humboldt county, rich as it is in timber, minerals, agricultural and grazing lands, for a quarter of a century dreamed away its existence in the sluggishness of backwoods growth, and only within the two years have those rapid improvements occurred which always precede or accompany the material development of a new country. Even now there are many people in San Francisco who could not locate Humboldt Bay without looking on the map, and it is a common thing for travelers to express unbounded surprise when visiting this section for the first time. They are astonished to find a large and deep bay, a city of 7,000 inhabitants, and a country marvelously rich in natural resources.

As before remarked, the Northwest has been singularly neglected—has never received that attention from immigrants and capitalists which its advantages merit.

*It is proper to state that this Appendix has been compiled from special articles written by the author and published in the San Francisco *Call* and the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and from the writings of T. E. Jones on Trinity county.

For many years there has been current in San Francisco and other cities of the State an expression which, for baffling vagueness and general unreliability, cannot be surpassed, and which might, under varying circumstances, mean much or little. This expression has been discreetly condensed into two words: "Up North." Until within the past two years, a person contemplating a trip to Humboldt county from San Francisco would answer the inquiries of his friends by saying, "Oh, I'm only going up North," leaving the comforting reflection that he might be going to Point Reyes or Alaska. So little was known about the resources of the county, so little thought given to the possibilities of future development, that Humboldt in general, and Eureka in particular, were tacitly acknowledged to have an existence in the Northern part of the State, but an existence which created a second thought in none but speculative minds. Within the past two years (1884-'85) there has been an awakening of interest in regard to the lumber resources of Northern California, and this interest has chiefly centered in Humboldt county. The result has been a steady flow of immigration and capital to Humboldt Bay, and a wonderful spirit of improvement and progression in the county seat, Eureka. The quickest and safest means of reaching Eureka from San Francisco is, at present, by steamer, the distance being 221 nautical miles. The run from bar to bar is usually made in 22 hours, and although not pleasant to those who are susceptible to seasickness, the trip is attended by all the comforts, as well as some of the

discomforts, incident to an ocean voyage. The steamers are commodious and elegantly and conveniently appointed, and the officers are courteous and obliging. The steamer *Humboldt*, owned in Eureka and commanded by George Paton, makes her regular weekly trips and is one of the staunchest vessels in the coast service. The Pacific Coast Steamship Company have also put a steamer on this route, and competition for passengers and freight is lively and persistent. Humboldt county may also be reached by stage and railroad from Sonoma county. The enterprising Humboldt firm of Robarts Bros. have recently inaugurated a steamship line between San Francisco and Eel River, the steamer *Mary D. Hume* having made several successful voyages there during the present year (1885). There is a good depth of water on the bar, and the river is entered without difficulty or great danger. The success of the venture by Robarts Bros. will have a decided tendency to encourage the raising of fruit and other perishable products in Eel River Valley, and in the matter of freight it will effect a saving to the farmers of many thousands of dollars annually.

Eureka, the county seat, and the metropolis of the Northwest, is situated on the Southern side of Humboldt Bay, seven miles from the entrance. Thirty years ago the place was a wilderness, the primeval forests coming down to the garden plots of the first settlers. Now it is a city of 7,000 inhabitants and is growing faster than any other town in California, with the possible exception of Los Angeles. The town

is well laid out, with broad streets and ample wharves and water front. It is lighted by gas, and there is an excellent system of water works. The churches are many and large, and the schools are taught by competent teachers. The business blocks would be creditable to any community, and many of the residences are models of comfort. The most noticeable thing about the place at present is its wonderful growth. It is spreading in all directions—a mile from the city front back into the woods; another mile Westward on the tide lands which stretch inland from the ocean; and still another mile Eastward to the marshes that fringe the bay. The total population of the county is now estimated as being in the neighborhood of 25,000.

The first impressions of the stranger in Eureka, especially if he come from a strictly agricultural country, are not likely to be correct. In the first place, the streets to him have a deserted appearance. He does not hear the noisy rattle of wagons and trucks, and he wonders if the trading community is having a holiday. Again, there is at first an indefinable sense of isolation, of being fenced out from the world and hemmed in within a narrow compass by the dark line of unbroken forest, and he is apt to speculate upon the probable effect of the surroundings upon the minds and hearts of the people, and to wonder if they are narrow and pinched in their every-day habits and customs. He has been familiar with boundless landscapes, offering no obstacle to the sweep of the eye. Here the mountains and forests seem to have made room reluctantly for the waters of the bay, and stand

like impregnable walls inclosing a forbidden land. These are his first impressions. By and by these impressions are effaced as observation brings to his mind the facts. He learns that the trading community prefers the great highway of the bay to thoroughfares of cobble-stones, and the busy stores and shops attest the commercial importance of the place. The sense of isolation is indeed slow to pass away, but gradually it leaves him as he becomes accustomed to the topographical features of the country. The forests, above all, change in their aspect to him. He explores the dark recesses of the wood and finds in the stately magnificence of the trees a new revelation of strength and independence. Can it be that such surroundings exercise a binding, narrowing, debasing influence! He finds that this idea is a mistaken one. Acquaintance with the people developes the fact that nowhere in the world can more liberality be found, more generosity, more public spirit and laudable desire for the public good. The people of Eureka, with few exceptions, are ever ready to lend a helping hand and an encouraging word, and the stranger who learns to know them eventually comes to the conclusion that Nature has been their teacher, that something of the grandeur of the mighty redwoods has entered into their souls and expanded their perceptions and their sympathies.

Eureka is, in every particular, a flourishing city, and its importance is all the more wonderful when it is considered that but a little over thirty years have passed since the discovery of Humboldt Bay. The prin-

cipal industry is the manufacture of lumber. The harbor has a Custom House, foreign shipping is constantly arriving, and Humboldt Bay is destined soon to take an important place among the commercial harbors of the world. There are three newspapers and several excellent hotels. The Humboldt County Bank is a flourishing institution, established in 1873, with a paid up capital of $200,000 The commercial interests of the city are guarded by a Chamber of Commerce composed of prominent business men. Secret, business, benevolent and social societies are well represented. The new Odd Fellows' Hall is a fine structure, indicating the very prosperous condition of that order. The public buildings are not to be boasted of, the Court House, in particular, being a rickety old edifice, as weather-beaten and scarred by the rough usages of time as any member of the Humboldt Society of Pioneers. It is gratifying to know, however, that the Board of Supervisors are erecting a new Court House, of brick and iron, which will cost over $100,000 and be an ornament to the city and county. There are no Chinese in the city of Eureka. Not long ago, in the heart of the city, four hundred Mongolians lived in filthy quarters and criminal practices, quarreling and fighting among themselves, endangering the lives of citizens, defying the officers of the law. A prominent citizen, passing the Chinese quarter, was shot and killed by highbinders. The town was in a blaze of excitement. The largest public hall was thronged with determined men, and only by the strongest persuasions of a cooler minority was a terri-

ble conflagration and loss of life prevented. Cooler counsels prevailed. The Chinese were given 24 hours to leave the place. They left, with all their personal effects, and joined their brethren in San Francisco. To-day there is not a single Chinaman residing in Eureka, and the people have said in the most emphatic terms that none shall hereafter reside there.

The progress of Humboldt county in commercial and industrial pursuits has been rapid and great. Within the past ten years the value of taxable property has more than doubled. The assessment roll of 1883 placed the value of lands and town lots in the county at $2,763,858, and the value of all building improvements at $709,835. In 1884 there was an increase of probably $1,000,000, on account of timber land entered and purchased from the Government since December, 1883, and an increase of $200,000 in buildings. The export of lumber products gives employment to a large fleet of sailing vessels. A very important feature of the lumber trade, which is just now coming into prominence here, is the foreign demand for redwood. Rough and clear lumber, doors, sash, laths and shingles are staple articles of export to Australia, South America, Mexico and the Sandwich Islands, and there is a possibility that a large trade will come from Europe when the Panama canal is completed. But, although the commercial growth of Humboldt must always depend upon the prosperity of her mills, the manufacture of lumber is not the only industry of the county. In the city of Eureka there are three furniture factories, a factory for making doors, moldings and ready-

made houses for shipment to Australia, a factory for the making of the Finch gun (a rifle invented by a citizen of the town), a white labor cigar factory, a granite yard where native stone is worked up, a large tannery, a brickyard, a saw factory, a foundry and machine shop, boiler works where heavy repairing is done, a basket factory, extensive ship-yards, a large pork-packing house, a salmon cannery, besides a number of other industries of lesser importance. In the country towns, also, are a variety of thriving industries, notably a long-established and large tannery in Arcata. It is estimated that the value of all exports from Humboldt Bay in 1884, including agricultural and lumber products, was at least $4,000,000. Outside of the county seat there are two newspapers, both published in Eel River Valley, the Ferndale *Enterprise* and the Rohnerville *Herald*, which represent well the industries and resources of Southern Humboldt.

It has been asserted that it will be but a few years before the builders of the nineteenth century will be forced to find some new material for building purposes. While it is interesting to theorize on the length of time the forests will last at the rate they are being consumed at the present time, and while the above statement may be true of certain localities, it can hardly apply to Humboldt. From the Southern line of Humboldt county, extending to the Klamath River on the North, is a vast forest of the finest timber in the world. The variety is mostly redwood, spruce and fir, though some cedar is found at a distance from the coast. The

redwoods are of immense size, many of them being from ten to fifteen feet in diameter. It is almost impossible to estimate the amount of this vast body of timber or the wealth which it will yet create. Already has the manufacture of lumber become the chief industry of the city and county; but the lumber business here is yet in its infancy. The lumber now sawed is a trifling amount to that which will be cut in a few years to come. The most reliable figures obtainable in relation to the lumber trade are contained in a report of the Eureka Chamber of Commerce. It is there stated that within the limits of the county are 450,000 acres of redwood, which will cut on an average 100,000 feet to the acre. The redwood supply in this county is greater than the whole timber reserve of Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin put together, and there are also large bodies of pine and spruce. Within the county there are now seventeen sawmills which manufacture for the export trade. Nearly all of these sawmills have shingle and lath mills attached, and there are five or six mills which manufacture shingles exclusively. The value of the lumber exported in 1884 was $3,250,000, representing something over 70,000,000 feet.

Agriculture in Humboldt is of necessity secondary to the lumber industry. In the entire county there are less than 35,000 acres of cultivated land, the remainder of the area being covered by timber or devoted to stock raising and sheep husbandry. Nearly all the farming land is comprised in the country adjacent to Arcata, on the bay, seven miles north of

Eureka, and in Eel River Valley surrounding the flourishing towns of Springville, Ferndale, Rohnerville and Hydesville, in the Southern part of the county. The soil is rich and inexhaustible, producing thirty-five to ninety bushels of oats to the acre, thirty to eighty-five bushels of barley, thirty to sixty bushels of wheat, five to seven tons of potatoes. Horticulture is receiving much attention now, and it has been demonstrated that in certain sections of the county, far enough inland to be free from the fogs, a most excellent quality of fruit can be raised with ease and profit. The climate is never very cold, and there is always abundance of rain to insure the growth of whatever is planted. The moist climate always prevents a failure of crops, whether of grain or fruit, and in all the deplorable seasons when Southern California is scorching beneath the sun of a dry year, Humboldt farmers are rewarded with bountiful crops.

Aside from the various short lines of lumber-transportation roads there are three railroad enterprises which deserve mention--the Arcata and Mad River, the Eureka and Trinidad, and the Eel River and Eureka railroads. The first named road is owned by Korbel Brothers of San Francisco, is twelve miles in length, and extends from the Arcata wharf to the North Fork of Mad River. The road is fitted up for passenger and freight traffic, and is doing a thriving business. The second road mentioned—the Eureka and Trinidad—is not yet in existence. Articles of incorporation have been filed by a local company, having a capital stock of $750,000, and it is proposed to construct a

standard-gauge road from Eureka to the town of Trinidad, via Arcata, a distance of twenty-eight miles North. It is expected that the road will be completed in 1886. The most important railroad enterprise ever inaugurated in the county is the Eel River and Eureka Railroad, which is to extend, when completed, from Eureka to a point on the Van Duzen, a tributary of Eel River forty miles South. The company building this road consists of local capitalists, and was incorporated in 1882 with a capital stock of $1,200,000. Twenty miles of this road have been completed, and passenger and freight trains run from the bay to Hydesville, in Eel River Valley. The road runs through a splendid agricultural country and also taps some extensive belts of fine timber. It is a broad-gauge, solidly constructed, and is equipped with first-class cars and locomotives.

It would be impossible to measure with exactness the future of Humboldt county—its growth, its development, its rank among the prosperous communities of a great State. It has all the elements of enduring and permanent prosperity; it has boundless natural advantages which are destined to be the source of inexhaustible wealth; and its isolated condition will be changed by railroad connection with San Francisco within the next five years. If future progress shall not be retarded by adverse circumstances; if the demand for redwood lumber continues; if Government improvements to navigation already begun are prosecuted with vigor, the improvement in Humboldt county will continue, its resources develop, its commerce grow,

its trade expand. Very little and insignificant things, these "ifs," to be sure; yet little things sometimes change the destinies of nations. Wonderful developments have taken place in the thirty years past, and still more wonderful will be the progress of the thirty years to come.

Nearest to Humboldt Bay, and closely allied to it in business interests, is the smallest of the trio of Northwest counties.

California is fortunate in the matter of beautiful names. Her villages, cities, streams, mountains and counties have derived from the native Californians or the Indian tribes names as picturesque and attractive as the localities which bear them. It is a noticeable fact that the inhabitants of Northern California, as a rule, do not pronounce the Spanish and Indian names correctly. Especially is this the case in regard to Del Norte—the inhabitants giving it the pronunciation of "Del Nort," as if omitting the final letter of the last word. This sounds hard, guttural and harsh, and one who hears it involuntarily sighs for the smooth, flowing speech of the Southern Californians, that sweet musical cadence of the Spanish tongue which is so charming among the Angeleños. Del Norte, signifying "the North," is situated in the extreme Northwest corner of California, and is bounded on the East by Siskiyou county, on the West by the Pacific Ocean, on the North by Curry and Josephine counties, Oregon,

and on the South by Humboldt and Siskiyou counties.

The Legislature of 1856–'57 passed a bill providing for the division of Klamath county and for the creation of the new county of Del Norte. It located the county seat at Crescent City, and ordered an election held in May, 1857, for the election of the first county officers.

The tract of country in which Crescent City is situated is somewhat remarkable by its location immediately at the foot of the Coast Range of mountains, which elsewhere, from San Francisco to the Columbia River, with few exceptions, rise abruptly from the ocean, without leaving more of low bench land than here and there a sandy beach or the bottom grounds of a river that finds an outlet in the sea. On the right hand, running due North with the Humboldt meridian, is the redwood ridge, from 300 to 1,000 feet high, forming the first bank or tier of the Coast Range, which, after passing Smith's River, turns to the left to close up again with the ocean. Crescent City is situated on the Southerly side of a low promontory extending from the great Coast Range. The extremity of this promontory forms Point St. George, and consists of table land elevated some 50 or 60 feet above the level of the sea. On the North side this promontory consists of low sands, and in the interior is a shallow laguna of considerable size. The Southerly side at the site of the town consists of low timber land. The harbor of Crescent City affords good shelter in Summer, but it is open and unprotected

against the Southerly gales which prevail during the Winter months on this Coast, and which at times cause a heavy swell to set in from the Southwest dangerous to vessels in the harbor. It is conceded by all that this danger might be obviated by closing up with a breakwater the gap half a mile wide between the headland of Crescent City (Battery Point) and the rocks South of it. Vessels can find good anchorage in five or six fathoms of water, and if needed improvements to the harbor were made it would be safe at all seasons of the year. The harbor has no bar, being an open roadstead. It is situated 280 miles North of San Francisco and about the same distance South of the Columbia River. Perhaps the best evidence of the dangerous character of the harbor during the Winter months and of the necessity for improvements could be furnished by the Underwriters, who lose large sums every Winter on account of vessels which part their lines and go ashore on the beach at Crescent City. The smooth character of the beach prevents vessels going ashore there from becoming total wrecks, but the heavy surf pounds them against the ground until they sustain severe damage, costing a large amount to repair. Although it is estimated that it would require $3,000,000 to build a complete breakwater here, a much less sum, say $1,000,000, would suffice to make such improvements as would render the harbor safe in all seasons.

Crescent City, as seen from the ocean, does not present a very attractive appearance. The buildings are nearly all low, wooden structures, and seen from

the deck of an approaching steamer the town looks like a collection of huts. The place improves on a nearer view, and perhaps it is the grandeur of the surrounding scenery which gives it such a dwarfed, poor appearance at first sight. It is well laid out and compactly built. There are twelve brick buildings and one stone warehouse. The population is about 1200. There are two churches and twelve saloons. Several secret societies flourish here, the Odd Fellows, Masons, Good Templars, and A. O. U. W. The schools of Crescent City are among the best in the State, and at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876 they received credit for the best exhibit of work done in the public schools of California. The business of the town is principally confined to lumbering operations. Railroads from the Elk River and Lake Earl mills extend to the end of the wharf, where vessels load with lumber. West of the wharf, on an island about one hundred yards from shore, stands the Crescent City lighthouse. It is a low, grayish colored stone structure, elevated fifty feet above the sea and facing the bay; from its centre rises a tower in which at eventide a revolving light guides vessels entering the harbor and warns mariners at sea of the dangers of the rocky coast. The Government is constructing a new lighthouse of the first class, modelled after the famous Eddystone lighthouse, on Seal Rock, off Point St. George. There is one newspaper published in Crescent City, the *Record*, J. E. Eldredge proprietor. Crescent City is reached by steamer from San Francisco and Eureka, and by stage from Smith's River Valley and Jacksonville, Oregon.

Nestled at the foot of the mountains, the village of Del Norte, in Smith's River Valley, forms a pretty picture. The houses are white and new looking, and contrast pleasantly with the surrounding forests and fields. Four miles Northwest of Del Norte, at the mouth of Smith's River, is situated the Hume saw mill, having a capacity of 30,000 feet per day, and the Occident and Orient Commercial Company's fishery and cannery. Near the mouth of the river are a number of sloughs, branching out from the right and left, and during the fishing season these waters are literally alive with salmon. The fishing season extends from the first of September to the middle of November. A smooth, level beach affords excellent facilities for hauling seines, and as the fishing is not interfered with by rapid currents or obstructing drifts it is an easy matter to catch and handle the fish. There has been a fishery at the mouth of Smith's River for over twenty years, but the present extensive cannery was established only a few years ago, the fish having formerly been put up exclusively in barrels. In 1877 Wm. Fender, the owner of the fishery, leased it to the Occident and Orient Commercial Company for a term of ten years. Since the company came into possession of the property they have expended over $10,000 in making improvements. The main building is 200 feet long and 60 feet wide. The annual product of the cannery is worth over $40,000. Some difficulty is at present experienced in shipping. The entrance to the river is dangerous for either sailing vessels or steamers, on account of sunken rocks in the channel. An appro-

priation of ten or fifteen thousand dollars, applied to improvements at the mouth of the river, would be sufficient to make a safe and easy entrance. If the needed improvements were made, not only would fish from the cannery be shipped, but lumber from mills on the river, minerals from the mountains and produce from valley farms would also form a portion of the exports.

There are only three villages of importance in the county, the third being Happy Camp, situated ninety miles east of Crescent City. It is built on both sides of Indian Creek, near its junction with the Klamath River. Surrounded by mountains, the only means of reaching it being by mountain trails, it yet has a thriving trade. The country around it is rich in mineral wealth and a large capital is invested in mining property. The village contains three or four stores, two hotels and two or three saloons. The stores do a large business, and it is said that the merchants of Happy Camp pay annual freight charges to the amount of twelve thousand dollars.

From the southern line of Del Norte county, extending to the dividing line between California and Oregon, is a vast forest of redwood, spruce and fir. The timber lands in the county that may easily be made available are estimated as follows: Elk Valley, 24,300 acres; Smith's River, 51,200; Mill Creek, 48,000; Klamath River, 115,200; making a total of 238,700 acres. This estimate includes only those sections of timber land that may be easily made available. Taking the very low estimate of 250,000 feet

of lumber to the acre, the above area would represent a total of 59,675,000,000 feet. Calculating the number of working days in saw mills at 300 per annum, and limiting their capacity to 25,000 feet per day, these forests would furnish material to one saw mill for 8,525 years; to five saw mills for 1,705 years; to ten saw mills for 853 years; to twenty saw mills for 426 years. There are at present seven saw mills in the county, with a combined capacity of about 15,000,000 feet per annum.

The mineral wealth of Del Norte county is known to be immense. Gold mining has been steadily and successfully pursued since 1851. The placer diggings on Smith's River and on the Klamath, the black sand on the ocean beach, and more especially the extensive hydraulic mining carried on in the region of Happy Camp, all demonstrate everywhere in this section the presence of gold in paying quantities. Happy Camp is the only section of the county that has yet received any benefit from capital. A large amount of money has been invested in Happy Camp mines, and they are now being worked with profit. There are several mines in the vicinity now lying idle which only need capital to make them paying properties. Point Lookout, an old mining locality, was several years worked with varying success by many parties. Indian Flat, another old mining locality, is situated on the other side of the Klamath and almost directly opposite Point Lookout. Between it and Muck-a-Muck Flat, a distance of six miles, is a continuous range of gold-bearing gravel deposits, extending at some points several

miles back from the river. Various places on the different forks of Indian Creek, long since abandoned by those who had to depend upon their own arms to wrest the gold from the hard cement and adamantine rock, can be made to pay well by the use of improved machinery and under the supervision of practical miners. The mining districts comprising Big Flat, Haynes Flat and French Hill are rich in gravel deposits. Besides these placer mines, there are several well-defined leads of gold-bearing quartz, and the black sands on the ocean beach are heavy with fine gold. The Bald Hill Quartz Mine, situated in the Bald Hills, twelve miles northeast of Crescent City, has been worked more or less for twenty years, but the parties prospecting it, having limited means, did not give it a fair test. Some very rich specimens have been found in spurs of this ledge. The Del Norte Gold Mining Company own the mine.

The beach mines are worthy of an extended notice, for they are destined to be an important feature in the future industries of Del Norte. The existence of vast deposits of gold-bearing sands on the sea-coast of California, Oregon and Washington Territory has been a matter of notoriety for over a quarter of a century. The value of these deposits is fabulous. The largest deposits of gold-bearing black sands are in the vicinity of Humboldt Bay, Gold Bluff, the Klamath River and Crescent City. Gold Bluff miners have been working for twenty years, and it is the most extensively worked beach mine on the coast. One claim on the beach four miles South of Crescent City has also

been worked for several years. The return per ton is very meagre, and the tailings prove by careful assay to be nearly as rich in the precious metal as the sand before washing. The black sand is very heavy, but the gold obtained from it is so light that when dry it will float on the surface of water. In addition to gold the sand contains many other varieties of minerals The opinion has been held by some that this beach gold comes from the bottom of the ocean, but a majority believe that it comes from the bluffs along the coast and that the action of the sea working night and day is the great natural separator. And it has been remarked that when the direction of the wind is such that the surf breaks square on the beach it rolls up quantities of coarse gravel, and no black sand is visible; but that, when it cuts the beach at an angle, the gravel is washed into heaps at certain spots, and in others black sand is deposited more or less rich in gold. Attempts have been made to separate the gold from the sand by various processes with machinery, and by chlorination and boiling, until finally nearly all parties working these mines have returned to the old process of sluicing. Only a moiety of the gold is obtained by this process, yet the work pays a small profit. The value of these sands is greatly enhanced by the quantities of platinum they contain, which is now wasted, owing to the imperfect manner by which the gold is obtained. The various processes hitherto tried have been unable to accomplish anything more than by the primitive process of sluicing, and the beach mines of Del Norte will continue to temptingly expose

their riches until some inventive Yankee discovers a method of extracting the gold from the sand.

There are several ledges of silver-bearing quartz in the county. In fact, nearly all the gold-bearing quartz contains some silver, and the copper and chrome ores contain more or less. Time will demonstrate that there are silver mines here unequalled elsewhere on the coast.

There are well-defined and extensive copper and chrome leads. Copper ore was discovered in 1860, in the Northwestern part of the county, on the Low Divide, a depression in the Coast Range which forms the dividing line between this part of the State and Oregon. There are five good copper mines in the Low Divide District, viz: the "Hanscom," "Occidental," "Alta," "Union" and "Monmouth," all located on fine leads. From 1860 to 1863 there were shipped from the "Alta" and "Union" mines about 2,000 tons of good copper ore, its market value per ton in San Francisco being over $60. For several years past the mines have remained idle, the owners lacking the necessary capital or enterprise to work them. The chrome mines are situated on Low Divide Hill, in the vicinity of the copper mines. Attention was first directed to the chrome ores in 1868; claims were located, opened and worked in 1869. The Tyson Smelting Company, of Baltimore, Md., from 1869 to 1873 made annual shipments of 1,500 tons of this ore. The ore averages forty per cent. From 1873 to the present time the shipments have been irregular and light, and but little work has been done in the Winter, the annual product averaging about 600 tons.

The Low Divide District is one vast body of mineral wealth. Not only does it contain enormous quantities of copper and chrome, but immense deposits of iron ore of various grades and classes are found there. Iron ore is found in various parts of the county, but the bulk of it is situated in the Low Divide District. Besides the chrome, there are deposits of the red and brown hematite and the magnetic iron ores. These ores have all been tested by scientific men, who have pronounced them as of very high grade, but no attempt has ever been made to extract or work them.

Coal was discovered several years ago on Point St. George, and a company was formed to work the mines. But like many other companies who have attempted to work mines in the vicinity of Crescent City, the coal company was destitute of capital; and after sinking a shaft some seventy or eighty feet, and finding excellent prospects, they were compelled to suspend work at the urgent request of creditors. This is the only coal mine that has ever been worked here, though the same coal--a brown coal of valuable properties—has been discovered in various parts of this section of country.

That portion of the county comprising Elk Valley and Smith's River Valley consists of eighteen square miles of the richest and best agricultural land, the former containing three square miles and the latter fifteen. The quality of the land varies somewhat in different localities, but in general it is a heavy black soil, raising the finest of vegetables, oats, wheat and barley, and the best and most nutritious grasses. A compar-

atively small amount of the arable land of the county is cultivated, dairying being the great industry, which requires nearly all the land for grazing purposes. The yield of grain is about thirty bushels of wheat per acre, fifty bushels of oats, forty bushels of barley. New land yields from eight to twelve tons of potatoes per acre, and land which has been under cultivation for years from two to five tons per acre. There is a small amount of arable land in the vicinity of Happy Camp, and on Indian Creek. Of the cultivated fruits, the apple and plum do exceedingly well.

The climate is similar to that of Humboldt county. In that portion of the county near the sea, comprising Crescent City and vicinity, Elk Valley and Smith's River Valley and vicinity, it is in general very mild and healthy. Severe frosts are seldom experienced, the heat in Summer is not oppressive, and although little or no rain falls in the Summer months, the close proximity of the ocean insures moisture enough in the atmosphere to sustain the vigorous growth of plants. During five months of the year, from the first of November to the first of April, much rain falls, and occasionally furious wind storms occur. The temperature is nearly the same throughout the year, there being but little difference between the Winter and Summer months. The warm gulf stream of the ocean, which has such a great influence on the climate of other parts of the county, has little effect on that of Happy Camp, and during the Winter season it is sometimes very cold there, snow frequently falling several feet in depth. The surrounding mountains are covered with snow

during a greater portion of the Winter, and the trail between Crescent City and Happy Camp is sometimes covered by drifts to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet. During the summer months it is warmer than at Crescent City, the heat of Summer being more intense than the cold of Winter.

Trinity—also intimately associated in commercial relations with Humboldt Bay—is almost exclusively a mining county. As the gold miners were the first settlers of the county, so mining has continued to be the chief industry of the population. The earliest mining was confined to the beds and bars of the numerous streams, but with the introduction of hydraulics operations were carried on upon a more extended scale. Two causes, in the meanwhile, combined to keep the county from advancing in population and consequent development to the same degree enjoyed by other counties whose natural resources were not greater. One was the distance which all kinds of mining supplies had to be transported; another, the fact that the greater portion of the county lay away from any direct line of travel. Other points much nearer a base of supplies, and more accessible, offered as inviting fields of labor, and it followed that during those years when the mines were in the flush of success counties of less area possessed three times the population. The result is that at the pres-

ent time there are openings for successful mining here that, had the country been more favorably and conveniently situated, would have been worked out years ago. One thing, however, should be borne in mind—to mine successfully with the methods now in use requires organization. With each year that passes the miner requires more water for working, as the deposits are followed back. It is not now so easy a matter for three or four men to combine together, and, by putting a ditch on some place they have found, secure themselves in the possession of a claim which will furnish labor for years. There are many places in the county to which the attention of capital can be directed for safe and profitable investment.

The town of Weaverville is the county seat. It is a pretty and busy place. The business houses are mostly built of brick, while the residences of the citizens are surrounded with tasteful grounds and orchards. The town and vicinity contain 800 inhabitants, exclusive of Chinese.

Trinity county is one hundred miles in length, North and South, and from twenty-six to seventy miles in width. It contains over 3,000 square miles of territory, and 2,300 inhabitants, excluding the Chinese, who probably number two-thirds as many more.

There is an inconsiderable amount of farming land in the county, nearly all of which is situated in two valleys, the Trinity and Hay Fork. Aside from these two valleys the farming land is generally in small patches, used for the production of fruit and vegetables. Fruits grow to perfection, and in flavor are

much superior to the fruit grown in the Sacramento Valley. The climate is cold in Winter and warm in Summer, resembling some of the moderate regions of the Eastern States.

It is in the production of gold that Trinity excels, the annual yield being nearly one million dollars. The Trinity gold bears a high standard of fineness—all the camps, with two or three exceptions, producing dust that assays over 900 fine.

Weaverville is distant from Sacramento City 218 miles. The route is by the California and Oregon Railroad to Redding, 170 miles; thence by stage nearly due West through the town of Shasta to the Tower House. At this point the stage road divides, one route leading through French Gulch in Shasta county to Trinity Centre, and thence to Fort Jones and Yreka; the other crossing the mountains by way of Lewiston to Weaverville, the terminus. The distance from Redding to Weaverville, 48 miles, is made by stage. Passengers leaving Weaverville at nine A. M. reach San Francisco the next evening. Commercial communication with Humboldt Bay is had by means of pack-trains, over mountain trails. In former years fully three-fourths of the merchandise exported to Trinity went by way of Humboldt Bay and over the trails, and at the present time there is a large traffic from Humboldt to the mines on New River.

C. Hart Merriam
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